MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

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MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

CHEF DE BATAILLON IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE

Officer of the Legion of honour, Knight of Saint-Louis, etc.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

VOL. I

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TO THE READER

Miles Byrne, the author of the following memoirs, was born at Monaseed, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, on the 20th of march 1780. His family suffering like the generality of Roman catholics, in Ireland, from the spirit of persecution on the part of the Orange-men and other violent adherents to the English government, he became engaged in the insurrections of 1798 and 1803, along with the great body of catholic and protestant gentlemen who wished for toleration of all religions and a free and just government in their native country. Their efforts failing, he came to France in the month of August 1803.

The first volume of these memoirs contains a simple narrative of what fell under M. Byrne's own observation during that period — 1798 and 1803.

In november 1803 the first consul Buonaparte issued a decree for the formation of an irish legion in the service of France, to consist of a regiment of infantry, one of

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cavalry, and another of artillery. On the formation of this legion, M. Byrne got his commission of lieutenant of infantry.

The old irish brigade in the service of France, was broken up at the great revolution of 1789; but the officers of that body had quite different opinions and principles to those of the irish legion organized by the first consul of the Republic of France. The irish « brigade » was originally formed of the followers of James II and the Stuarts and were the advocates of absolute government. The irish « legion » on the contrary, was composed of those patriotic Irish who were exiles from their native country, on account of the part they took in the cause of its civil and religious liberty.

The second volume of these memoirs gives a full account of the campaigns of the irish legion under the emperor Napoleon I in Flanders, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Silesia, etc., from 1804 to 1815, when it was dissolved by the government of the second restoration of the Bourbons, after the battle of Waterloo. The irish legion was much distinguished in all these great wars, and was the only foreign regiment to which Napoleon confided an Eagle.

M. Byrne was made captain, then chef de bataillon (a rank equal to that of lieutenant colonel in the British army) by the emperor. Unfortunately the abdication of Napoleon I, took place before the formality of signing M. Byrne's commission as chef de bataillon had been go-

ne through. This rank he however gained immediately upon the Revolution of July 1830 taking place. After the revolution, there being no irish, or other foreign regiment, in the service of France, M. Byrne was appointed chef de bataillon to the 56th regiment of the line in the french army; for he held his rank all along in the french army as a naturalized frenchman.

Officers who knew french and english equally well being wanted for the staff of general Maison going to command the french army in Greece in 1828, M. Byrne was named as one, and while in Greece had several employments of importance, such as commanding the castle and town of Patras, Modon, etc. He often said, that he never set out on any campaign with so happy a feeling as for that of Greece, because it was in the cause of liberty.

The third volume of these memoirs consists of biographical sketches of various irish patriots, exiles, etc., whom M. Byrne knew in France. On his appointment as chef de bataillon to the 56th he came from Greece to Grenoble, where the regiment was then in garrison, in the autumn of 1830. He continued to serve in that regiment for five years. In the month of june 1832 the 56th was sent from Dijon to Brittany to put down the insurrection of la Vendée, which had been got up by the duchesse de Berri and her partisans. In 1835 the 56th regiment came to Paris, and as there was then no prospect of war, M. Byrne gave in his resignation, as he had a right to do, after 30

years service, according to the French law, being liable to be called out only in the event of war.

In 1835 he settled at Paris as his home.

It is much to be regretted that he has left but a fragment of his campaigns in Greece, only 24 pages. He was engaged writing them within a short while previous to his lamented death in january 1862.

The reader will find in these three volumes, the truthful narrative of a modest, brave, high-minded soldier. One who possessed the soundest understanding and the most tender heart, and who was ever desinterested and humane.

I cannot but believe that these memoirs may have a happy effect on the rising generation of Ireland, as the picture of a true irishman, warmly attached to his loved native land, for whose welfare he was ready to his last hour, to lay down his life, and to make any sacrifice within the bounds of honour. They may also awaken sympathy in England and Scotland for the wrongs of Ireland.

FANNY BYRNE.

Paris, 45, rue de Ponthieu, may 1862.

NOTES

OF AN IRISH EXILE

OF 1798

CHAPTER I

Various circumstances occur almost daily which remind me that I should leave some notes respecting the part I was forced to take in the struggles of my unfortunate country, after the year 1796, when the people expected to be able, through the united-irish system, to accomplish their independence. I say « forced », because it was impossible to remain neuter. I may give as a proof, the fate of my unfortunate first cousin Patt Breen, and his father Terence Breen; both shot in cold blood by the ancient Britons, accompanied by the yeomen of the county, and in the presence of my aunt and her daughters. My cousin Miles Breen was saved only on account of his youth, he being but 16 years of age : but he was sent on board a transport ship in the harbour of Dublin.

Yet neither my uncle nor his son ever fought in the ranks of the insurgents, nor left their homes — unluckily for them! — Had they followed the people's camp, they might have escaped the cruel end of being put to death in the presence of all that were dear to them, without judge or jury.

Thomas Knox Grogan of Castletown, having served in the Green Horse, received a commission from government in the end of 1796 to raise a corps of yeomen cavalry. Possessing two estates, Monaseed and Castletown, he found no difficulty in getting men well mounted amongst his tenants, who enrolled themselves with pleasure, for it was difficult to find a more upright, honourable man; tho' he was not very well fitted for command, being subject to the gout. Sir Thomas Esmond of Balinastra was first lieutenant, Laurence Doyle of... his first cousin, second lieutenant, Mert Mernagh of little Limerick, adjutant. The last was my near relation. Seeing several of my best friends and school-fellows, such as Nick Murphy of Monaseed, Ned Fennell, of deer Park, John Doyle and his brother James of Knoch, and my aunt's husband Michall Morning all sending their names to captain Knox Grogan, I readily consented to leave mine, but added, my mother would not consent until she got the lease of the land called the Fox cover renewed. She could never forget what she suffered, a few years previous, when leaving Ballylusk, the townland and place where I was born, and which had been in the family for centuries : she could not get the lease of that place renewed, as the landlord J. Doyle wished

to come and live on it himself. Catholics could only get then leases of 31 years. M. Grogan at once complied with my mother's wishes and had the leases filled up immediately with three lives, mine, my sister Bridgets, and my first cousin Miles Morning. The latter was then about 15 years of age; he died a few years after. My poor father was then sick and confined to his bed-room.

After M. Grogan had signed the leases in the presence of my uncle Morning, and his land agent Jackson, he requested these gentlemen to accompany my mother to Monaseed, a distance of six miles from Castletown, in order for my father to sign them in their presence. My mother was quite happy at having this business settled, and expected it would cheer my poor father's spirits. She was cruelly disappointed. For, when she told him I was enrolled in the corps of yeomanry with all my friends and comrades, he declared, « he would rather see the leases « burned and me dead, than ever see me put on a red « coat. » I was then very young, and the pang I felt left me motionless for some time. All he had so often told me of the persecutions and robberies that both his family and my mother's had endured under the English invaders came to my recollection. How often had he shewn me the lands that belonged to our ancestors, now in the hands of the descendants of the sanguinary followers of Cromwell, who preserved their plunder and robberies after the restoration of that scoundrel Charles II. My poor father was low spirited and pining in consequence of the death,

a short time before, of my sister Katherine; she was every thing that was beautiful, intelligent and good and extraordinary for her age, being but 18. My father did not long survive her. He died in a few months after the period I allude to; and if I did not follow all his last injunctions, I at least conformed with one; I never wore a red coat. On my father's demise, being an only son, and my presence being necessary to take charge of the land, captain Knox Grogan had my name taken off the roll of the yeomanry.

Every exertion was made by government to get yeomanry corps organized throughout the country, but scarce any were equipped or armed when Hoche's expedition appeared off Bantry bay in december 1796. But the following year they were raised and embodied in every part of the counties of Wexford, Wicklow and Carlow. These are the counties I know best, and where I had many friends. The corps generally assembled for drill twice a week, and these meetings frequently were terminated with dinner parties and other amusements.

Had Hoche's corps of army (consisting of about 15,000 men) landed, as there was then no english force in Ireland, nothing could have prevented them marching on Dublin and establishing there a provisional government; every where he would have been joined by the people. Then, in place of « yeomanry, » lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor and Wolfe Tone would have been charged to organize national guards to keep order in the

towns and villages throughout the country, whilst waiting to raise a national army or militia for its defence. As to men, a hundred thousand could have been enrolled at once; with the 20,000 stand of arms brought by the French, and the arms found every where, they would soon have been equipped. The country possessed all the resources necessary for this great undertaking; the church property becoming immediately the property of the state; and the estates of all those who should emigrate, or remain in the English army, fighting against their country being confiscated, the revenue arising from these funds would have been employed to provide for and defray all the expenses necessary for the defence and independence of the country.

For fourteen years previous to this period, the volunteers were well equipped and armed throughout every part of Ireland; of course all these arms were well preserved and would be delivered up immediately to the governors of the different provinces, if the actual possessors did not come forward to make use of them themselves. But the protestant counties of the north were all organized and ready to shake off the English yoke. The united irishmen, and the Presbyterians, whether they were united Irishmen or not, were all republicans. They knew that Hoche came not for conquest, but to afford them an occasion for declaring their right to self government, therefore all the north would have joined him at once. As to the south, it being a catholic country, though the

united irish system was scarcely known there at that time, the people every where sighed for that equality of civil and religious liberty, so long refused to them, and so insultingly refused by that great bigot lord Charlemont and by Henry Flood. The immortal Grattan was for the full and complete emancipation of his fellow men, though he counted too much on the guarantee obtained from the government of that deceitful epoch, for the independence of his unfortunate country. The removal of lord Fitzwilliam should have shewn him that there was nothing to be expected but treachery and infamy from those who replaced him.

It is quite fresh in my memory, and I shall never forget it, the mournful silence, the consternation of the poor people at the different chapels on christmas day and the following sunday, after learning that the French had not landed, and that the french fleet had returned to France. Had Hoche been at the head of his troops in the Bay of Bantry, instead of Grouchy, he would have landed them immediately, and from that moment the then english government was shaken to its centre.

Hoche knew well that the irish people only waited for a fit opportunity to change the form of their government, and his presence in Ireland at the head of a powerful army afforded them an excellent one... He was determined that the new irish government should recognize the french republic, and allow the french people the right of choosing that form which suited them best.

As to the independence of Ireland, that would be already accomplished and no more to be questioned. Such were the solemn engagements given to Tone, and they would be renewed with the provisional government when sitting in Dublin. What a blessing it would have been for humanity had all this taken place, and what torrents of blood and treasure it would have spared to England and the continent of Europe ! But providence seems to have decreed, that Ireland should remain the most degraded, the most miserable country on the face of the globe.

The principal chiefs of the united irish, both in the north and in the city of Dublin, did not yet despond; on the contrary they prepared an extensive plan for organizing all Ireland, and in the spring of 1797 whilst government shewed the greatest activity in getting yeomanry corps equipped and armed through every part of the country, and had them ready for active service, united-irishmen were made by thousands daily. No one scrupled to take the test, which indeed had nothing in it treasonable or dishonourable. Thomas Addis Emmett took it and kissed the Book in presence of a court of justice (before which he was pleading for a man who was charged with being a united irishman, to shew the absurdity of wanting to punish a man because he wished to obtain an equal and adequate representation of irishmen of every religious persuasion in parliament.

For my own part, « I » took it with pleasure, and worked to the best of my abilities in every way to for-

ward the cause, and to shew the great advantages that might be obtained by the union of irishmen of all religious persuasions; and I now most solemnly declare, in the presence of the almighty, that I never regretted the part I took, and that if it were to be done over again, I should do the same; the only difference would be, that from the experience I have acquired, as a military man (who has had the honour to serve in the french army), that I might be enabled to do it better. Thus my confession of faith being made, I shall now begin to relate every thing worth mentioning, which took place previous to the 23d of may 1798, the day that was fixed upon for a general rising of the united irishmen of Ireland, by the Directory then acting under the presidency of lord Edward Fitzgerald.

There were very few united irishmen in my part of the country when I was made one; but before a month had elapsed, almost every one had taken the test, by the exertions of Nick Murphy, Johnny Doyle, Ned Fennell and myself. The priests did every thing in their power to stop the progress of the association of united irishmen: particularly poor father John Redmond, who refused to hear the confession of any of the united irish, and turned them away from his knees. He was ill requited afterwards for his great zeal and devotion to the enemies of his country: for after the insurrection was all over, Earl Mountnorris brought him in a prisoner to the british

Camp at Gory, with a rope about his neck, hung him up to a tree and fired a brace of bullets through his body. Lord Mountnorris availed himself of this opportunity to shew his « loyalty, » for he was rather suspected on account of not being at the head of his corps when the insurrection broke out in his neighbourhood. Both Redmond and the parish priest father Frank Cavanagh were on the best terms with Earl Mountnorris, dining frequently with him at his seat Camolen Park ; which place father Redmond prevented being plundered during the insurrection. « This » was the only part he had taken in the struggle.

The good effects of the united irish system, in the commencement, were soon felt and seen throughout the counties of Wexford, Carlow and Wicklow, which were the parts of the country I knew best. It gave the first alarm to the government; they suspected something extraordinary was going on, finding that disputes, fighting at fairs and other places of public meeting, had completely ceased. The magistrates soon perceived this change, as they were now seldom called on to grant summons or warrants to settle disputes. Drunkenness ceased also, for a united irishman to be found « drunk » was unknown for many months. The man who had had the misfortune to drink too much, considered himself a lost man, as soon as he became sober, fearing that no more confidence would be placed in him. I often had to console men

who feared it might be thought, that because they had formerly been prone to drinking, that they could not be trusted with any enterprise of importance. Such was the sanctity of our cause and the assistance we received from every new member who joined our society, that we soon organized parochial and baronial meetings, and named delegates to correspond with the county members. Robert Grahame of Corcannon, near Coolgrany, a cousin of my mother, was named to represent the county at the meeting to be held in Dublin at Oliver Bonds. He was too late for the meeting, and indeed had the good fortune to escape being taken, being apprized in time that the house was surrounded by soldiers and police.

Anthony Perry of Inch was one of the first and most active of the united class ; he being a protestant and originally from the North, we had the greatest confidence in him. Poor Ned Fennell and I went frequently by night to consult and get instructions from him : we had to ride seven miles and to return before day. We used all our influence to prevent the people going by night to take arms; they were anxious to be prepared for the rising, which they longed much for : — we were very successful in this undertaking; and had it propagated, that the Orangemen were seizing the arms, in order to throw suspicion on the poor people. One night, returning from Inch, we left the high road and passed through a little village of about a dozen houses; we passed and

repassed several times, making a great noise with our horses and calling out the names of some of the well known chiefs of the Orange party. Next day, the poor people of this hamlet were ready to make affidavit that the Gory yeomanry had come to take the arms from the protestant gentlemen of that neighbourhood, in order to have a pretext to have the country proclaimed, as if the catholic peasantry had been seizing the arms. The people every where believed it, and it had the best effect, for consequently « they » gave up all idea of taking arms by night.

Ned Fennell was bold and active, and brave to temerity. He was handsome and well made, and of distinguished manners, and though but, the son of a respectable farmer, might have been taken for a man of the first rank in the country from his high tone and daring address.

His elder brother Garret, was also handsome and brave. — Nick Murphy though young, inspired great confidence in all who knew him; he was active and honest, and thought he never could do enough to forward the cause of the united irish system and in organizing the baronial meetings; he was one of the first to correspond with the county members.

He and I had been intimate from childhood ; he was two years older than me, but we never had a secret from each other.

A large quantity of powder in jars, was confided to

us, to have made into cartridges, but a search for arms and ammunition being ordered by the magistrates, we decided at once to have it hid in a field on my land.

Lest we both should be absent, or in custody, we thought it right to have another person with us, less likely to be arrested, and who would be forthcoming and be able to find the powder when it was wanted. We agreed to communicate the secret to a neighbour, John Sheridan, a very worthy man, and who, though a united irishman, could not be suspected, we thought, as he did not commit himself to any but to Murphy and myself. Notwithstanding, when Murphy and I were hiding, previous to the insurrection, poor Sheridan was taken up and on the point of being shot. To save his life, he discovered where the ammunition was hid, and it being found on my land, I had nothing to expect, had I fallen into the hands of the Orangemen. Sheridan did every thing he could afterwards to make amends, and we forgave him; he fought bravely with us throughout the insurrection, and died in exile after all was over.

John Doyle of Knockbrandon was one of my school fellows and one of the most active young men in the country; unfortunately he was killed early in the insurrection; had he lived, he would have been one of the most daring chiefs: he was wealthy and had the greatest influence over people of every class.

The first united irishman's funeral that took place being attended by vast crowds, and put into sections and marching order, by a young man of the name of Toole (of Anagh), who wished to imitate one he had seen in Dublin, attracted the notice of Hunter Gowan and of course made him suspect that something extraordinary was going on in the country. — As I shall have often to allude to the cruelties and cold-blooded murders committed by this monster, it is necessary to mention what he was.

He had for many years distinguished himself by his activity in apprehending robbers, for which he had been rewarded by a pension from government. He was a low fellow, but this pension enabled him to hold some rank in the country. He called his place « Mont Nebo » and planted his land with trees of different kinds. He kept a pack of hounds, and wished to be looked upon as a great sportsman ; he felt much mortified when the neighbouring gentlemen refused to hunt with him.

He happened one day to be led by the chase some miles from his own place, and fell in with old Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, who, with his hounds, was in full chase. The latter enraged at being crossed in his sport by an « upstart, » as he called Hunter Gowan, gave him a horse whipping and told him never to presume to come in his way again. Gowan took the law of Garrett Byrne and ran him into great expense. This occurence (of th horse

whipping) took place many years previous to 1798, but it would appear, that, from that moment, Gowan swore eternal hatred to catholics in general, but most particularly against the Byrnes.

A brother of Hunter Gowan lived in Gory and kept a saddler's shop there; he was considered a good sort of man, without any pretence of being above what he was.

Garrett Byrne was a descendant of one of the oldest and most distinguished branches of the Byrnes of the county of Wicklow; he inherited the small estate of Ballimanus and lived in great style, associating with men of the highest rank in the county, all of whom esteemed and feared him : he was a perfect gentleman; he was dexterous in the use of arms, particularly the small sword and pistol. My father often saw him shoot swallows from his hall door with a pistol ball. He brought up his family with high notions of what they owed to their ancestors. He had five sons, all splendid men, Garrett, John, Coclough, Edward, and poor Billy or William, who was executed at Wicklow, and two daughters, Nelly and Fanny, both very fine women, and very well educated.

Garret Byrne finding himself getting old and feeble, and wishing to secure an independency to his daughters, proposed to his eldest son Garrett, who had been lately married to a miss White, to give him up the estate

and that he and his daughters would go to reside in Arklow. The son readily complied, and settled on his sisters what their father thought sufficient for them, and they gave up Ballymanus to young Garrett and his wife, a few years previous to 1797.

From this epoch, young Garrett Byrne was looked up to by the people of that part of the county of Wicklow as a chief in whom they could confide, when the rising should take place, and they were not deceived. From that moment, Garret Byrne became active and enterprizing in organizing the country, where he was destined to command, and the people looked up to him as one who was to lead them to victory when the campaign began.

During the summer of 1797, all the yeomanry corps of the counties of Wexford, Carlow and Wicklow, cavalry and infantry, were equipped in the most splendid manner. Reviews took place in districts, where several corps were assembled for the purpose. The greatest harmony reigned amongst them; although these corps were composed of catholics as well as protestants, religious animosity was unknown. The united-irish system contributed not a little to promote this blessing, and to remove the chance of a religious war, had not the infernal Orange system making its appearance about this time, from the north of Ireland into the province of Leinster thwarted its good effects. The united irish laboured for nothing but civil and religious liberty for irishmen of all persuasions, and for the independence of their country.

How sickening it is to reflect, that no man independent of English influence, has yet come forward to write the history of that period, and to give the lie to the calumnies that were invented and propagated against those brave patriots who were ready to sacrifice life and property and every thing dear to them to see their unfortunate country well governed and happy as she ought to be!

I frequently went to see the reviews of the yeomanry corps, at Shillelah, Camolen, Gory, Castletown, Coolgrany, etc., to meet friends and ascertain from them the progress our system was making in their various districts; likewise, to consult with them about the best means of keeping the people quiet until the proper time arrived for acting and taking the field.

All seemed to be going on as well as we could wish, till the autumn of 1797, when the chiefs of several yeomanry corps became alarmed, and proposed to them to take a test oath that they were neither united irishmen, nor Orangemen, and never would be either the one or the other.

Captain Knox Grogan assembled his corps at Little Limerick and begged them to take this oath. Michael Redmond, one of the finest young men of the corps, and the most eloquent, made a speech in reply, and said, that for his own part, he took the proposition as an insult, and therefore would resign : « If there were proofs, »

he said, « against any one of them of mis-de-meanour, let « him be arrested and brought to trial, but not insulted : « that they were men of honour and could not put up « with such treatment. » All the corps, except two officers, sir Thomas Esmond Bart and Laurence Doyle, lieutenants, and two sergeants-instructors, who had served with Grogan in the Green Horse, joined Redmond, and arranged to go to captain Grogan Knox's residence the next day, to give in their resignations, and all that had been furnished by government, such as arms, saddles, etc. Poor Grogan was much dejected, and left the field, followed only by sir Thomas Esmond, lieutenant Doyle and the two sergeants. He recruited a few men amongst his poor protestant tenantry, to whom he furnished horses, and at the head of some twenty or thirty of them, was killed, at the battle of Arklow, fighting against the insurgents, on the 9d of june 1798.

Sir Thomas Esmond Bart and Laurence Doyle, although they fought beside Grogan, during the battle, were arrested on the 12d of june and sent prisoners to Dublin. As they were catholics, the only way for them to have been considered loyal subjects in those days, was, to have died beside their unfortunate captain. A curious coincidence, the brave and undaunted Michael Redmond who commanded a corps of the insurgent army, was killed about the same time, fighting against Grogan and his English allies, the Durham fencibles, commanded by general Skerrit. Poor Redmond's death was sorely felt;

he would in a short time have become one of the principal leaders of the great cause, the « redemption and independence of Ireland. » His younger brothers, Dennis and John, fought bravely and had to escape to Dublin and abandon their families and homes.

The corps of yeomanry cavalry, commanded by Beaumont of Hyde Park, in which Anthony Perry of Inch, or Perry Mount, and Ford of Ballyfad were officers, refused to take any oath respecting their being Orangemen, or united-irishmen; at the same time they resolved not to resign, but to continue their service as usual. Soon after, the corps was ordered to assemble, when a regiment of militia was in waiting, and the suspected members were surrounded and disarmed; that is to say, all the catholics, which were about one half of the corps, with Perry and one or two other protestants, being considered too liberal to make part of a corps that was henceforward to be upon the true protestant, or Orange system.

Captain Beaumont's sisters being catholics, one married to William Talbot of Castle Talbot, another to Barry Lawless of Shank-hill, her first cousin, he thought it necessary to shew his aversion to their religion, that he might not be suspected of lukewarmness in the protestant cause, and from that moment he became a savage and cruel bigot, and a great tyrant wherever he had an opportunity of exercising his power. The brave men of his corps, whom

he had had disarmed, deeply regretted that they had not had the satisfaction of resigning, as Grogan's corps had done, before having met with such an affront. They felt it keenly and consequently became the more active in organizing the country; amongst those may be mentioned in particular Perry and Garrett Fennell. They knew well that they were marked out for vengeance, but that, they did not mind. No proof could be brought against them from the impossibility of procuring informers to give evidence against united irishmen. Such was the holiness of the cause they were embarked in, that they dreaded no danger, from any quarter, and continued quietly and successfully with the preparations necessary for the general rising; they waited, no doubt, with impatience for that great event, which they hoped would leave them free and independent of the detestable english yoke to which their country had been subjected for centuries.

In the towns there were corps of foot yeomanry as well as cavalry. White of Bally-Ellis raised a foot corps and got great praise from the government, as he had it equipped and armed when Hoche's expedition came to Bantry Bay in 1796.

If this corps was one of the first that was ready to march, it was also one of the first to be disbanded and disarmed, for it was composed principally of catholics, tho' the officers were protestants.

It is curious for me to relate now, that only for the illegal and arbitrary disbanding of the Bally-Ellis corps of yeomanry, I should probably never have enjoyed the influence I had in the country ; but this requires explanation. — These brave and most honest men felt that they were badly treated by their captain Mr. White, against whom they intended to enter a law-suit. Some of them called on me to have my opinion and I advised them to name two or three of the corps, who could afford it, to go to Dublin, and that I would give them a letter to my half brother Edward Kennedy, who was intimate with counsellor « Thomas Addis Emmett, » and that from that gentleman, they could have the best law opinion on their case. Two were immediately named, John Keelly and his brother-in-law; both very simple, but very honest, worthy men. I gave them a few lines to my brother, who, on their arrival in Dublin, accompanied and presented them to Mr. Emmett. He at once undertook their affair. He saw it would afford a good opportunity of punishing and exposing those tyrants who selfishly thought of nothing but their own advancement.

Counsellor Curran joined Emmett, and both promised poor Keelly, that the law-suit should be carried on free of all expense to the brave Bally-Ellis corps : they bid him return and get all his comrades immediately to sign a paper which they gave him, for the purpose of proceeding forthwith against White, who, it would appear, felt himself open to the law by his improper conduct.

It is needless to add, that Keelly followed to the letter, the instructions he received from his lawyers, and that not only the members of the corps, but all the people of the country, were enchanted to hear of the kind reception he had met with, in Dublin, through my means, and that injustice could not be committed with impunity on any member of their society. Certainly my brother enjoyed a good deal of influence and consideration amongst the leading patriots of the day, such as Keoph of Mount Gerum, Thomas Braghal, Emmett, Edward O'Reilly, Richard Maccormick, etc., and he was always ready to avail himself of it to serve his countrymen, who were continually calling on him in Dublin, from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow in particular. Indeed it is only justice to his memory to add, that he made the greatest sacrifices, both pecuniary and otherwise, for the great cause we were all embarked in. From 1798 till 1803 he lost no opportunity of serving those brave men, who had had to escape from their homes and take refuge in Dublin, in procuring situations and employments for them ; and finally, he had to pass three years of his life in Kilmainham Jail, without ever being brought to trial and he only got out of prison in 1806, on Mr. Fox coming into administration.

I think it necessary to enter into these details before I begin to relate what I saw and experienced during the insurrection which followed, and to mention some of the incidents which took place in the country previous to it.

White of Bally-Ellis little thought he was drilling and preparing some of the bravest fellows that ever pulled a trigger against tyranny. His corps would have rendered the greatest service as instructors, had the insurgents succeeded. Many of them excelled in dexterity and military acquirements; both Isaac and Jacob Byrne were very much looked up to by their comrades as chiefs. Three brothers of the name of Finn, Laurence, Luke and Dan, rather small sized men, distinguished themselves by their bravery and by their brotherly attachment ; they seldom separated, and frequently saved one another in the greatest danger.

One day, when charged by cavalry on the high road, Luke fell under the horse's feet, whilst his brother Laurence escaped over a hedge or ditch ; the latter turning round to ascertain what had become of Luke, perceived him lying on the ground and two horsemen in the act of firing their pistols at him; he instantly shot one of them : Luke, though knocked down, kept his fowling piece by his side, raised it up, shot the other horseman, escaped with his brother and gained the main body soon after. They were first in every action, and always the last to quit the field of battle. After many adventures and dangerous enterprises, they effected their escape into Dublin when the insurrection was put down : they left their widowed mother and sister to the mercy of White and the Orange ruffians of that neighbourhood. The elder brother, Laurence, went to America ; Luke became a clerk

and book-keeper in a mercantile house; Dan, the youngest, had to become a waiter in a porter house in Patrick street. Such was the reputation of the Finns, that the worthy proprietor, Thomas Mac Gauran, had to enlarge his establishment and open a second house next door, for all the good patriots of Dublin began to frequent it. Soon after, young Finn married Mr. Mac Gauran's niece and became his partner. When I left Dublin, they were making a fortune. In consequence of the explosion of the depot, in Patrick street, in 1803, they were imprisoned and much injured in their business, though no charge whatever could be brought against them. Poor Finn died some time after getting out of prison. Mac Gauran came with all his family, after the peace, to reside at Ingouville near Havre de Grace and in some years after, he had the misfortune to take nitre instead of salts, of which he died immediately, much lamented and regretted by all the irish patriots who knew him and leaving several young children unprovided for.

The situation of the few Catholics who still remained in the different yeomanry corps, became every day more insupportable and humiliating and particularly so in those of Shillelah and Carnew, these corps being principally composed of Orangemen, or to say the least, of very prejudiced and bigoted protestants. Poor Thomas Cullen, a very able sculptor, and a very enlightened man, fell a victim to the rage of his fellow yeomen when the insurrection broke out, for his being a Catholic.

Towards the end of the year 1797, the Orange magistrates used all their influence and made every effort to find out a clew by which they might discover what the united irishmen were bent on doing; but all in vain. They could not for any sum of money find any to turn informer and betray the sacred cause. Thus the proverb was found untrue, for an irishman could not be found to turn the spit.

An incident occurred however in the neighbourhood of Carnew, which caused great alarm throughout the country. A young man of the name of Whelan, who had been riding home in a shower, bid his servant put his great-coat on a hedge to dry; it had scarcely been placed there, when it was stolen by a man passing that way. Whelan instantly pursued the thief, and when he overtook him with his great-coat under his arm, he gave him a drubbing, instead of taking him a prisoner, as he ought to have done. This fellow was known by the name of Cooper, the sowgelder. He went to the next Orange magistrate to swear information against Whelan for beating him, but the magistrate told him, it would be a surer way to get revenge and also to obtain compensation, were he to swear that Whelan had made him a united irishman. Cooper readily followed the advice of this honest magistrate and a few days after numbers of innocent men were arrested on this fellow's information and sent to Wicklow and Wexford jails. Fortunately the

assizes circuit came on soon after, and Mat Dowling being employed as solicitor and counsellor Curran specially retained to plead for all those imprisoned in Wicklow jail, the perjured villain was soon unmasked, and proved by Curran to be a returned felon of the name of Morgan, and not Cooper, who had been transported for ten years for robberies and other crimes and had only returned a short while before. Thus his evidence was scouted and the prisoners acquitted; but not before Curran had stigmatized those magistrates who could encourage and bring forward such a villain; he declared in the open court, that the baseness and infamy of such transactions, would reflect eternal infamy, not only on them, but on the government, if they were allowed to retain their commissions. The formality of bail being required, my step-brother Kennedy, and Mr. Thomas Seagrave of Keven street who were at the trial in Wicklow, went bail for twenty of those who had been acquitted; two of our tenants were amongst the number.

Mat Dowling exerted himself in the most surprising manner on this occasion. It was past twelve at night before he was able to get the last of these brave fellows out of prison. Not having had time to dine or eat any thing all day, it is needless to say that he and the gentlemen who bailed the prisoners, supped heartily together, and passed a merry night after the victory of the day. Mat Dowling was a most honest attorney and an agreeable companion and one of the truest patriots that could

be met with in all Ireland. I made his acquaintance at Paris in 1803, after he got out of fort George, and I must say I passed many happy days in his company. He was full of talent, witty and generous beyond description; every one liked him that knew him, and was delighted with his agreeable manners.

Counsellor Curran learned from the Judge who went the circuit, that it was not thought expedient to bring Cooper to Wexford to prosecute the prisoners who were in jail there on his information. They were all set at liberty, on the Judge entering the court house at Wexford, to the great mortification and disappointment of those upright magistrates who did not scruple to have so many honest men torn from their homes, their wives and children when no charge could be brought against them, save from the information of the villain Morgan or Cooper, who had in fact been instigated to swear against them by these same magistrates.

All these brave patriots who had to quit the different yeomanry corps, knew well that they would be regarded by the Orange magistrates as men who should be closely looked after, and that no pains or expense would be spared to procure informers to swear against them. All this only served to excite them to exert themselves in every way to forward the organisation of the united irish system and really obtained for them greater consideration and influence than they otherwise would have had. Already the people began to look up to them as their chiefs

and leaders, although only a few of them were entitled to rank by the organization then known in the country.

It was well understood that the ensuing spring was finally fixed on for the great struggle and simultaneous rising; therefore the winter of 1797 and 1798 only remained to complete the preparations necessary for this long-wished-for event. Nothing could exceed the readiness and good will of the united irishmen to comply with the instructions they received to procure arms, ammunition, etc., nothwithstanding the difficulties and perils they underwent purchasing those articles. Every man had fire arms of some sort, or a pike; the latter weapon was easily had at this time, for almost every blacksmith was an united irishman The pike blades were soon had, but it was more difficult to procure handles for them and the cutting down of young ash-trees for that purpose awoke attention and caused great suspicion of the object in view. However as there were no informers, all went on smoothly, until the fatal 30^{d} of march 1798, when all Ireland was put under martial law and officially declared to be in a state of rebellion, by a proclamation of the lord lieutenant and the privy council of the realm. By this proclamation, the military were directed to use the most summary method of repressing all kind of disturbance. From that moment every one considered himself as walking on a mine, ready to be blown up and all sighed for orders to begin.

What a pity that lord Edward Fitzgerald, or the Directory did not, at this juncture, immediately issue their decree to take the field, instead of waiting, until the chiefs were in prison, or hiding to escape the most cruel tortures that ever were invented by any savage nation on the face of the globe. The furious inquisitors of Spain might have taken a lesson from the Beresfords of that day : flogging, half-hanging, picketing, were mild tortures in comparison of the pitch caps that were applied to the heads of those who happened to wear their hair short, called croppies; the head being completely singed, a cap made of strong linen well imbued with boiling pitch was so closely put on, that it could not be taken off without bringing off a part of the skin and flesh from the head : in many instances, the tortured victim had one of his ears cut off, to satisfy the executioner, that if he escaped, he could readily be discovered, being so well marked.

The military placed on free quarters with the inhabitants, were mostly furnished by the ancient Britons; a cruel regiment, which became obnoxious from the many outrages they committed, wherever they were stationed : being quartered in houses where the men had to absent themselves, the unfortunate females who remained, had to suffer all sorts of brutality from these ferocious monsters. What hardships, what calamities and miseries had not the wretched people to suffer, on whom were let loose such a body of soldiery as were then in Ireland ! It was

on this occasion that sir Ralph Abercrombie, unwilling to tarnish his military fame, rather than sanction by his presence, proceedings so abhorrent to his nature, resigned the chief command of the army in Ireland, on the 29th of april 1798.

Many of the low-bred magistrates availed themselves of the martial law, to prove their vast devotion to government, by persecuting, and often torturing the inoffensive country people. Archibald Hamilton Jacob and the Enniscorthy yeomen cavalry never marched out of the town without being accompanied by a regular executioner, with his ropes, cat o'nine tails, etc.

Hawtry White, Solomon Richards, and a protestant minister of the name of Owens were all notorious for their cruelty and persecuting spirit; the latter particularly so, putting on pitch caps and exercising other torments. To the credit of some of his victims, when the vile fellow himself was in their power, and was brought a prisoner to the insurgent camp at Gory, they sought no other revenge than that of putting a pitch cap on him. I had often difficulty in preventing the others, who had suffered so much at his hands, from tearing him to pieces. He, in the end, escaped, with many other prisoners, being escorted and guarded by men who did not consider that revenge, or retaliation of any kind, would forward the sacred cause they were embarked in : particularly, as they were desirous it should not be thought

that it was a religious war they were engaged in. Although several of the principal chiefs of the united irishmen were protestants, the Orange magistrates did all they could to spread the belief, that the Catholics had no other object in view, but to kill their protestant fellow subjects, and to give weight to this opinion, they did what they could to provoke the unfortunate people to commit outrages and reprisals, by killing some and burning their houses.

In short, the state of the country, previous to the insurrection, is not to be imagined; except by those who witnessed the atrocities of every description committed by the military and the Orangemen, who were let loose on the unfortunate, defenceless and unarmed population.

The infamous Hunter Gowan now sighed for an opportunity to vent his ferocious propensity of murdering his catholic neighbours in cold blood. When the yeomanry corps were first formed, he was not considered sufficiently respectable to be charged with the command of one; but in consequence of the proclamation of martial law, he soon obtained a commission of the peace and was created a captain and was commissioned to raise a cavalry corps: in a short time he succeeded in getting about thirty or forty low Orangemen, badly mounted; but they soon procured better horses, at the expense of the unfortunate farmers, who were plundered without redress. This corps went by the name of the black mob;

their first campaign was, to arrest all the Catholic blacksmiths and to burn their houses. Poor William Butter, James Haydon and Dalton, smiths whom we employed to shoe our horses and do other work, for many years before, were condemned to be transported, according to the recent law enacted, that magistrates upon their own authority could sentence to transportation. But the monster Hunter Gowan, thinking this kind of punishment too slight, wished to give his young men an opportunity to prove they were staunch blood-hounds. Poor Garrett Fennell who had just landed from England, and was on his way to see his father and family, was met by this corps, and tied by his two hands up to a tree; they then stood at a certain distance and each man lodged the contents of his carabine in the body of poor Fennell, at their captain's command.

They then went to a house close by, where they shot James Darcy, a poor inoffensive man, the father of five children. The bodies of these two murdered victims were waked that night in the chapel of Monaseed, where the unhappy women and children assembled to lament their slaughtered relatives. This chapel was afterwards burned. Poor Fennell left a young widow and two children. This cruel deed took place on the road between our house and the chapel. The day after, the 25th of may 1798, distant about three miles from our place, one of the most bloody deeds took place that was ever recorded in irish history since the days of Cromwell. Twenty eight fathers

of families, prisoners, were shot and massacred in the Ball Alley of Carnew, without trial. Mr. Cope the protestant minister, was one of the principal magistrates who presided at this execution. I knew several of the murdered men : particularly, Pat Murphy of Knockbrandon, at whose wedding I was two years before; he was a brave, and most worthy man and much esteemed. William Young, a protestant, was amongst the slaughtered.

At Dunlavin, county of Wicklow, previous to the rising, thirty four men were shot, without any trial : officers, to their disgrace, presiding and sanctioning these proceedings. But it is useless to enumerate or continue the list of cruelties perpetrated : it will suffice to say, that where the military were placed on free quarters, and where all kinds of crime were committed, the people were not worse off than those living where no soldiers were quartered; for in the latter instance, the inhabitants were generally called to their doors, and shot without ceremony; their houses being immediately burned or plundered.

This was the miserable state our part of the country was in at the beginning of may 1798. All were obliged to quit their houses and hide themselves the best way they could. Ned Fennell, Nicholas Murphy and I agreed, the last time we met, previous to the insurrection, that through the means of our female friends, we should do every thing in our power to keep the people from des-

ponding, for we had every reason to hope, that ere long, there would be orders received for a general rising from the Directory. We also promised to endeavour to get news from Dublin if possible, and at least from Arklow through Phil Neill and young Garrett Graham of that town; both of them very active and well known to the principal men in Dublin, and through them and Anthony Perry, we expected shortly to receive instructions for what was best to be done, under the critical circumstances in which we were placed. I was daily in hopes of getting some information from my step brother Kennedy (at Dublin), and on this account, I remained as long as I could in the neighbourhood of our place, keeping away however, from my mother's house; sleeping at night in the fields, watching in the day time from the hills and high grounds, to see if the military or yeomen were approaching.

The 22^{d} of may I ventured to call on Ned Fennell's father, who I met on his own land, to enquire if he had any news for me; he told me he had seen my sister and also Nick Murphy's sister that morning, and that neither of them had learned any thing new, the communications then being every where intercepted, and that they had little hopes of being able to procure any. Mr. Fennell assured me I might accompany him to his house without any risk, and there take some refreshments, of which I stood in great need; he promised that both he and his young son Mathew, then 17 years of age, would be on

the look out, that they could see in every direction to a great distance, if the military were approaching. I accepted his kind offer, and in less than fifteen minutes after I entered the house, the son came in, in haste, to tell me, that the Carnew yeomanry were crossing the river from Burkstown, at the bottom of the land, but that we could escape unseen by a hedge and get to a hill about a mile off without being perceived. I followed his advice, and soon reached it. On this hill I met Ned Nowlan and Mirk Kearney, both very fine young fellows. They had just escaped also from the infernal Carnew corps. We agreed to remain together, and I proposed to them to go to my step sister Mrs Doyle at Ballyntemple, county of Wicklow: it was a woody country and offered more facilities for hiding, and about five miles from Arklow.

We set out in the night and arrived in the morning, when I found my poor sister in great distress, fearing every moment that her husband would be arrested; the house having been ransacked the day before, under pretext of searching for concealed arms; but she was convinced that it was me they were looking for, so we immediately left the house, took some bread with us and got into a wood where we passed the day, near the vale of Avoca.

When night came on, we decided to go to Arklow. Nowlan had a friend of his, James Earichty, who had

gone there, a few days before, to conceal himself at his brother's place : the latter being an inhabitant of Arklow and a sea faring man, and keeping also a small inn or pub lichouse.

We expected we could stop some time un-noticed ; besides, we thought it was necessary to learn something from the leaders in the town. One of my father's sis'ers and her husband had been living there for some time, which was another inducement for me to go there.

Next day being the market-day of the town, we got in without being remarked. I went instantly to my aunt's and got her husband to procure me an interview with Garrett Graham, who was to be one of the principal chiefs there. In the garden belonging to the house he came from (his own); I found him, terribly cast down ; he told me how he expected to be arrested every moment, and that he could not think of escaping, as his father would be taken in his place, the house burned, etc., if he was not forthcoming. He told me that Phill Neill had surrendered himself, to save his father from imprisonment and destruction ; he seemed to envy my situation, and added, « that he was convinced, from all he had learned « that morning, and from the different movements of the « military and yeomanry corps of the town and neigh- « bourhood , that there was fighting going on some « where, and that it was reported that the insurgents « were in great force in the counties of Kildare and « Carlow. »

I took my leave of Graham and went instantly to meet Nowlan and Kearny at Earichty's brother's house. They had heard all the news Graham gave me, and even more, and from better authority. We, in consequence, decided to quit the town immediately and to get again into the country, and if possible, go in the direction where we might expect to meet the insurgents.

Earichty who resided in Arklow knew two recruiting sergeants of the fourth dragoon guards, who had been quartered there for some time and frequented his house. They had just received orders to rejoin their regiment at Carlow. Mrs Earichty arranged with them that his brother and his three comrades might march with them as long as it suited their convenience; of course we readily availed ourselves of this opportunity. But as it was known in town that their orders for recruiting had ceased, they did not wish us to march through the streets with them; consequently as soon as Mrs Earichty had procured us four cockades, we set out by a back-way and joined our two sergeants on the great road. We stopped in a village about three miles from Arklow for the night and next morning rejoined our two horsemen on the high-road to Hackets-town.

James Earichty was on friendly terms with those sergeants, having seen them so much at his brother's. He saw that they seemed rather alarmed and asked them if they had heard any news during the night? They replied, « that they had got very bad news; that it was

« probable they would have to return ; that the insur-
« gents were rising and attacking the military in diffe-
« rent places, but that they did not get any satisfactory
« details one way or another. »

We got no farther news until we reached Hacketstown in the evening, and on entering it, poor Ned Nowlan was met by a clerk of Ralph Blaney's of Carnew, Effy Page, who arrested him and had him put into prison immediately.

On seeing this, one of the sergeants came instantly and told Earichty that he thought we should do well to go outside the town to pass the night, and that we could rejoin them in the morning on the great road to Carlow, and if we saw them accompanied by any cavalry, that of course we knew what was best to be done. We followed their advice, and next morning at daylight we saw them at a great distance and alone, which raised our spirits very much ; as we had heard during the night from the country people, that Rathvilly was attacked, and also, the town of Carlow ; we hoped to meet the insurgents some where or other in force but unfortunately, we were again cruelly disappointed. Passing at Rathvilly we saw a great number of men lying dead on the roadside, where they had been killed the day before by the military who were quartered there

On arriving in Carlow, we saw every appearance of the greatest confusion and dismay. The insurgents in great force had attacked the town, at two o'clock that

morning, the 25ᵈ of may, and altho' they were defeated and dispersed and many of them burned in the houses in Tullow street, where they took shelter, yet it was generally thought, that they would muster again in greater numbers than ever, as they were not pursued by the cavalry to any distance from the town. We had remarked, that we did not meet a single corps of yeomanry from Arklow to Carlow; they were so frightened that they preferred keeping concentrated in the garrisons of the regular troops.

Kearny, Earichty and I all concluded, that from every thing we had witnessed and learned during the last two days, there must have been an attempt at a general rising in the counties of Carlow, Wexford and Wicklow. We therefore decided at once on making the best of our way back to our own country, where we should be more likely to render service.

We instantly left Carlow, and at a short distance in the fields, went into the first house we came to. There we remained till night. Earichty had been a good deal at sea with his brother, and seemed to know how to direct his course on land by the stars, as well as if he had been on the ocean; he promised to guide us across the country to my mother's place, a distance of more than twenty miles, without following any of the principal roads, where we might be liable to meet patroles — he kept his word. But of all the forced marches I ever made, this was the worst on account of being obliged to leap over hedges and dit-

ches to avoid the high-way. Poor Kearny caught a dysentery by it, of which he died soon after. He was a fine young man of twenty years of age. — Earichty was twenty eight or thirty; six feet two inches high — powerfully made, and well proportioned, sagacious and clever. To him I may say I owed my existence, for we never could have made the journey by night, but for the knowledge of astronomy he acquired at sea.

We arrived a little before day-break at my mother's house. I approached the house with great precaution (lest there might be soldiers placed there), and I must add, overwhelmed with anxiety, fearing to learn every thing for the worst. However, finding all silent, I went at once and knocked. My poor sister came to the window, trembling and alarmed, until she saw it was me. She told me that my mother had gone to Gory to strive to get our step brother Hugh out of prison ; he was in the last stage of a decline and had only arrived a short time before from Dublin, to recover his health. Still the cruel Orangemen took him up, as they could not get me.

Before I had time to ask any questions, my sister told me, « she hoped to have good news to tell me in the « morning ; that it was certain the people were rising « in every direction, and had already defeated the troops. « She could not then give me the details, but in an hour « or two, she was sure to be able to satisfy me in every « particular. » Until she ascertained something more posi-

tive, Earichty, Kearny and I thought it prudent to remain out in a field, concealed near the house, whilst waiting for the news.

When it was broad day light, we saw my sister running to look for us, to give us the cheerful tidings, with all the joyful enthusiasm so characteristic of a young Irish girl of eighteen. She told us that the troops had ran away from Gory, and that all the prisoners were at liberty to go where they pleased ; but still the people, or the insurgent army, as we must now call them, did not march that way, but were in great force in the neighbourhood of Camolen and Ferns.

We instantly prepared to go and join them. I distributed the few arms I had concealed. My fowling piece not having been hid, was taken a month before by Earl Mountnorris corps of yeomanry : but I expected to be able to bring a treasure to our camp, in an immense large jar of powder, which Nich Murphy, Jack Sheridan and I hid some time before. I was cruelly disappointed, when I went to the field and found that it had been dug up and taken away. My sister told me, that some days before, she had seen Sheridan in company with soldiers in that field, but she could not say what they were doing; the unfortunate man discovered this treasure no doubt to save his life.

It was only now that I heard for the first time of all the barbarous murders that had been committed whilst I was away : the massacre at Carnew — the murder of

poor Garrett Fennell, Darcy and a list of others who had shared the same fate. My dear sister thought she could never tell me enough about all that had happened during my absence; how our horses were taken, and that three men mounted my mare, and sprained her back, etc. — But if I had not remarked a long scar on her neck, she would not have mentioned any thing about herself. A yeoman of the name of Wheatly, of the Gory corps, the day on which poor Hugh was arrested, threatened to cut her throat with his sabre, if she did not tell instantly the place where I was hiding : the cowardly villain no doubt would have put his threat in execution, had not some of his comrades interfered to prevent him.

Being joined by a few of our farmer workmen and tenants sons, who heard I had returned, I prepared again to take leave of my sister, knowing that my dear mother would soon be home to keep her company. This time she saw me depart with joy and delight, for she had set her heart and soul on the success of our undertaking; her courage and spirit was surprising under such circumstances, for a girl of her age and she never despaired. — I bid her farewell and marched off with my faithful friends Earichty, Kearney and the others who had just joined us on the great road to Camolen, a distance of seven miles, and reached this town without meeting with a single armed man to oppose us. Here, we learned all the particulars of father John Murphy's wonderful success

the night before, and we instantly resolved to march and join him without delay.

The reverend John Murphy of the parish of Monageer and Boole-vogue was a worthy, simple, pious man, and one of those roman catholic priests who used the greatest exertions and exhortations to oblige the people to surrender their pikes and fire arms of every description. As soon as the cowardly yeomanry thought that all the arms were given up, and that there was no farther risk, they took courage and set out on whit saturday, the 26ᵈ of may 1798, burning and destroying all before them Poor father John seeing his chapel and his house, and many others of the parish all on fire, and in several of them the inhabitants consumed in the flames, and that no man seen in coloured clothes could escape the fury of the yeomanry, betook himself to the next wood, where he was soon surrounded by the unfortunate people who had escaped; all came beseeching his reverence to tell them, what was to become of them and their poor families : he answered them abruptly, that they had better die courageously in the field than be butchered in their houses : that for his own part, if he had any brave men to join him, he was resolved to sell his life dearly, and prove to those cruel monsters that they should not continue their murders and devastations with impunity. All answered and cried out, that they were determined to follow his advice and to do whatever he ordered. « Well then, » he replied, » we must when night comes,

« get armed the best way we can, with pitch forks and « other weapons, and attack the Camolen yeoman « cavalry on their way back to Earl Mountnorris, « where they will return to pass the night, after « satisfying their savage rage on the defenceless « country people. »

Father John's plan was soon put in execution ; he went to the high road by which the corps was to return, left a few men near a house, with instructions to place two cars across the road, the moment the last of the cavalry had passed, and at a short distance from thence, half a quarter of a mile, he made a complete barricade across the high way, and then placed all those brave fellows who followed him, behind a hedge along the road side; and in this position he waited to receive this famous yeomanry cavalry returning from being glutted with all manner of crimes during this memorable day, the 26^{d} of may 1798.

About nine o'clock at night, this corps, riding in great speed, encountered the above mentioned obstacle on the road, and were at the same moment attacked from front to rear, by father John and his brave men with their pitch forks. The cavalry after discharging their pistols got no time to reload them, or to make much use of their sabres. In short, they were literally lifted out of their saddles, and fell dead under their horses feet. Lieutenant Booky who had the command, in the absence of Earl Mountnorris, was one of the first killed ; he was

a sanguinary villain, and it seemed a just judgment that befell them all : but be that as it may, father John and his men were much elated with their victory, and getting arms, ammunition and horses by it, considered themselves formidable, and able at least to beat the cruel yeomanry in every rencounter. They marched at once to Camolen Park, the residence of Lord Mountnorris, where they got a great quantity of arms of every description, and which had been taken from the country people for months before; and even the carabines belonging to the corps, and which had not been distributed, waiting the arrival of the Earl from Dublin.

During the night, and the next day, whit sunday, the 27th of may, the people flocked in to join father John's standard, on hearing of his success; and as soon as the news was known in Gory, the troops took fright and abandoned the town, letting the prisoners go where they pleased. But finding that father John had marched in another direction, they returned and resumed their persecutions as before : they again arrested great numbers and had them placed in the market house loft, ready to be butchered, the moment the insurgents made their appearance before the town. Poor Perry was amongst the prisoners, and in a dreadful state, having the skin as well as the hair burnt off his head. Esmond Cane was arrested that day and made a prisoner.

Father John might have marched to Gory and even to Acklow, without meeting with much resistance, but

he thought it would be more advisable to raise the whole county of Wexford first, and get possession of the principal towns. In consequence of this decision, on whitsunday, the 27th of may, he marched with all his forces, then amounting to four or five thousand men, to Oulard Hill, a distance of ten miles from Wexford, and five from Enniscorthy. He encamped on this hill for the purpose of giving an opportunity to the unfortunate people who were hiding, to come and join him. He soon perceived several corps of yeomanry cavalry in sight, but all keeping at a certain distance from the hill, waiting till the infantry from Wexford arrived to make the first the attack.

Shortly after, he saw a large force on march, flanked by some cavalry, and as soon as they began to mount the hill, father John assembled his men and shewed them the different corps of cavalry that were waiting, he said, « to see us dispersed by the foot troops, to fall on us and « to cut us in pieces ; but let us remain firm together « and we shall surely defeat the infantry, and then we « shall have nothing to dread from the cavalry, as they « are too great cowards to venture into the action. » All promised to conform to his instructions. « Well then, » he rejoined, « we must march against the troops that are « mounting the hill, and when they are deployed and « ready to begin the attack, we must retreat precipita- « tely back to where we are and then throw ourselves « down behind this old ditch », pointing to a boundary

on the the top of the hill. All his instructions were executed as he had ordered.

BATTLE OF OULARD HILL

The king's troops were commanded by colonel Foote and major Lombard, and as soon as they came within about two muskets shot of the insurgents, they deployed and prepared for action, but became enraged when they saw the insurgents retreating back to the top of the hill; however they followed quickly, knowing that the hill was completely surrounded by the several corps of yeomanry cavalry, and that it was impossible or the insurgents to escape before they came in with them.

Father John allowed the infantry to come within half musket shot of the ditch and then a few men on each flank and in the centre stood up, at the sight of which, the whole line of infantry fired a volley. Instantly father John and all his men sallied out and attacked the soldiers, who were in the act of re-charging their arms; and although they made the best fight they could with their muskets and bayonets, they were soon overpowered and completely defeated by the pik-men, or rather by the men with pitch-forks and other weapons; for very few had pikes at this battle, on account of having given them up by the exhortations and advice of the priests.

Of this formidable expedition which was sent from Wexford on the 27th of may, to exterminate the insurgents, very few returned to bring the woeful tidings of their defeat, and the glorious victory obtained by the people over their cruel tyrants. Of the North Cork party, that had been the scourge of the country, for several months previous, and so distinguished for making Orangemen, hanging, picketing, putting on pitch-caps, etc. Major Lombard, the hon^ble^ captain De Courcy, lieutenants Williams. Ware, Barry and ensign Keogh, with all the privates but two, were left dead on the field of battle In short, none escaped except colonel Foote, a sergeant, a drummer and the two privates, mentioned above. The insurgents had but three killed and five or six wounded. The Shilmalier cavalry commanded by colonel Lehunt, as well as the different corps of cavalry that surrounded the hill during the battle, and which did not take any part in the action, in their precipitate retreat to Wexford, Enniscorthy and Gory, shot every man they met on the road; went to the houses, called the people to their doors and put them to death : many who were asleep, shared the same fate, their houses being mostly burned.

Solomon Richards, commander of the Enniscorthy cavalry, and Hawtry White who commanded all the troops of cavalry sent from Gory to exterminate the people, surpassed any description that could be given of the cruel deeds of those cowardly monsters, who ran away that memorable day, « whitsunday » the 27th of may

1798. They little thought however that for every one they put to death in cold blood, they were sending thousands to join the insurgent camp.

Father John and his little army now became quite flushed with their last victory. Seeing the king's troops flying and escaping in every direction, they were at a loss to know which division they should pursue, they however (having as yet no cavalry), marched from Oulard Hill and encamped for the night on Carrigrew Hill. Next morning, the 28th of may, at seven o'clock, they marched to Camolen, and from thence to Ferns. Not meeting with any of the king's troops in this town to oppose them, and having learned that they had retreated to Gory and to Enniscorthy, father John resolved at once to attack this last town; in order to afford a better opportunity to the brave and unfortunate country people to escape from their hiding places and come to join his standard, he and his little army crossed the Slaney by the bridge at Scarawalsh; and certainly this skilful manœuvre or countermarch had the happiest result; for, immediately on crossing the river, he was joined by crowds, and amongst them, many of those splendid young men who so much distinguished themselves in every action afterwards against the enemies of their country; such as, Ned Fennell, John Doyle of Ballyellis, Nick Murphy of Monaseed, Michael Redmond and Mat Morney from little Limerick. Thomas Synnot of Kilbride, though not so young

as many of the others, surpassed them in activity. In short, all the fine brave young men of the most respectable class of farmers in the neighbourhood joined on this memorable day; all of them agreed to obey and comply with father John's instructions, and to have his order strictly executed ; offering him, at the same time, their opinions on the best way of carrying on the war : to all of which this courageous, simple man, listened with delight. Thus he became general in chief « provisionally. » Would to God he had been confirmed in this rank all through! His lieutenants now only vied with each other in shewing their skill and bravery against the cruel enemy that had been desolating the country for months.

These young men only wanted a little drilling, to become great leaders and excellent officers, to enable them to obtain by their courage and tolerance the complete independence of Ireland. Nothing could be farther from their views than a religious war. The best proof of this assertion is, their love and sincere attachment to Perry and all the other protestant chiefs embarked with them in this holy struggle to get rid of the cruel english yoke and to have established in its stead, perfect toleration for every creed and religious persuasion — that is to say, civil and religious liberty for « all » to the greatest extent possible. Such was the sacred engagement of the united-irishmen to one another, from the commencement of the war, and which they never suffered to be violated in

their capacity as chiefs, whenever they had the means to prevent it. Yet because three or four priests were driven from their neutral position by the blood-thirsty Orangemen, to join the people's camp, the English government wished to stamp the war in Ireland of 1798 as merely a religious war carried on by priests. Yet now, strange to say, this same government and English nation, holds up to the skies, as the greatest heroes of the age, those bishops and priests who marched forward with the crucifix as their standard, at the head of the people in Spain, Portugal, Hungary and Lombardy, to drive the French and Austrians from their various countries. The unfortunate Irish Roman catholic priests of that day did not shew their love of country as the Spanish and Italian clergy did, and for this want of patriotism, they were but ill requited by the English government who profited by it.

The priests saved the infamous English government in Ireland from destruction, and for their pious assiduity and earnest endeavours on this occasion, to keep the people in thraldom, they were but poorly recompensed. With the exception of doctor Troy, the catholic arch-bishop of Dublin, few or none got favours for themselves or their friends. Had ten counties of Ireland produced, each at the same time, a father John Murphy, with his success, the remaining thirty two would all have followed the example. Then the english forces would have been obliged to have evacuated the country; their army reduced

by desertion and sickness would have been overwhelmed in every part by the multitude of people pouring in upon them in every direction.

I feel this long digression necessary at this epoch of my narrative, on account of the great pains taken by the enemies of the independence of Ireland, to make it appear, that the catholic united Irishmen had no other object in view than retaliation and revenge on their protestant fellow countrymen during the war. If none but the slanderer sir Richard Murgrave had propagated such a calumny, I would not deign to refute it, but the book-making bigot, the protestant minister Gordon, whilst he allows that the greatest atrocities and murders were committed by the protestant yeomanry on the unarmed and innocent catholics, previous to the rising, still condemns father John Murphy, as a vulgar, ferocious fanatic, because he had the courage to take the field and give battle to those blood-thirsty troops in which Gordon's son was an officer. Is this impartial history?

On the other hand, honest Edward Hay, one of the catholic aristocracy, who had his brother executed in Wexford as an united Irish man, and chief of insurgents, wishes to make it appear, in his narrative, that there were very few united Irish men in his country, the county of Wexford; because, the reports found at Oliver Bonds scarcely made mention of the county of Wexford. The reason is simple. The county Delegate, Robert Gra-

ham, had the good fortune to arrive too late at Bonds, and escaped Therefore, his report of men and arms, to the provincial meeting could not be ascertained.

In an other page Edward Hay tells, that from the exhortations and exertions of the priests in every parish, the pikes were surrendered, and generally lodged in the chapels at night. He also mentions that Baynel Harvey had brought all from his district the day he was arrested. Thus, as none but united Irishmen would risk having pikes, and they were discovered every where, it proves that the great mass of the people were united Irishmen. The government knew it perfectly. Therefore it is useless to strive to maintain, that the county of Wexford people were less desirous than those of other counties to shake off the yoke of England.

What a misfortune for Ireland not to be able to produce one historian who could boast, that he was neither a place hunter, placeman or pensioner of the English government! To such a man, the most valuable materials could be furnished. — What a pity and misfortune, that the author of « captain Rock » did not possess a thousand a year, or at least an independence which might have enabled him to live out of England! He could have brought his history of Ireland down to the union, and even later, instead of leaving it off at the reign of Henry VIII; thereby he would have had an opportunity of doing justice to father John, and to all those brave pa-

triots of 1798 who sacrificed every thing dear to them, life, fortune, all the enjoyments on earth, to see Ireland free and governed by Irishmen, and as she ought to be, in place of being the last and most unfortunate country on the face of the globe.

Another Irishman who took upon himself to write and publish the history of the brave united Irishmen, says : « he is not for revolutions made by the sabre; » but as this declaration coincides so well with the fulsome cant of « not spilling one drop of blood; » I shall leave these divines to be judged by posterity, and return to father John Murphy, who would have been the last man in the world to transgress the divine laws of his religion. By acting as he did, to resist english murderers, he shewed to the tyrants of the earth, how dangerous it is to drive even slaves to desperation ; his success in this just war affords a fine specimen of what a people are capable when resolved to be free.

Battle and taking of the town of Enniscorthy without capitulation. Precipitate retreat of the king's troops to Wexford. The people of the Irish army encamp on Vinegar Hill, 28th may 1798.

As soon as it was decided to attack the town of Enniscorthy, father John marched his little army to the hill of Balliorril. I still call it his army, amounting now to about seven or eight thousand men, six or seven hundred of whom were armed with muskets or fowling pieces and tolerably supplied with ammunition : but not having either artillery or cavalry, it required the greatest care and precaution to provide provisions, and have them always at hand, to leave no pretext to the men to quit the camp in search of them ; consequently, a park of cattle was soon collected and driven by careful men at the rear of the column. A halt on this hill of Balliorril became necessary after a march of six hours, in order to let those who were fatigued, repose themselves. Besides, vast numbers were seen escaping from the Orangemen and marching towards the hill. Amongst these was the reverend Michael Murphy of Ballycarnew, who was accompanied by several fine young fellows, who, though badly armed, had all some kind of weapon, and each longed for an opportunity to use them.

Every disposition that could be thought of was now in readiness, and at half past one o'clock, father John at

the head of his little army left the hill and marched to attack Enniscorthy. A small advance guard of two hundred men with fire arms flanked by some pikemen, preceded him. They were met at the Duffrey gate, outside of the town, by the whole military force of the garrison, composed of several corps of infantry and cavalry, commanded by captains Pounden, Cornocks, Richards, Jacobs, etc., with the exception of captain Snow of the North Cork militia, who did not think it prudent to quit the town and march with the infantry under his orders: probably in consequence of the severe lesson which his regiment had received the day before on Oulard Hill. But be that as it may, father John's advance guard was attacked and charged desperately by the Enniscorthy cavalry, the moment it approached the Duffrey gate, and was forced, not to retreat, but to get behind the ditches on each side of the road, and thus escaped the fury of the further charges of the cavalry, who had to fall back on t' eir infantry corps, that were placed in the rear, at the point where two or three roads join leading into the town from the Duffrey gate.

Father John fearing it would be very difficult to get his pikemen to attack this mass of infantry so well posted, flanked on one side by the river Slaney, and on the other by houses and walls, from which a continual fire was kept up, and many of his men killed when they advanced, bethought himself of a stratagem, after consult-

ing with the other leaders; it consisted, in getting some thirty or forty of the youngest and wildest of the cattle brought from the rear of his column goaded on by some hundreds of brave, decided pikemen, which immediately threw the Enniscorthy infantry into the greatest confusion. The more they fired, the more the cattle and their drivers advanced through the smoke and balls, until the line was completely broken, and all forced to retreat precipitately into the town, where captain Snow and his infantry had remained on the bridge and secured thus the passage to this panic striken army, that boasted in the morning they would never return until all the insurgents were exterminated. They now however betook themselves to the houses, from which a tremendous firing was kept up from the windows and doors on the insurgents, who bravely pursued them into the town. Though exposed to the greatest danger, under the terrible fire, and seeing their comrades fall dead by their side, yet the people set to work calmly and determinedly to besiege every house where the enemy took refuge. Such perseverance and courage finally succeeded. The king's troops seeing some houses on fire in the suburbs, on the road to Wexford, and a great number of people appearing suddenly on the top of Vinegar hill, which commands the town completely, they believed they were going to be attacked on all sides; and from what they had already experienced of the intrepidity of this gallant little Irish army, they suddenly sounded a retreat and fled to Wex-

ford, in the greatest disorder, abandoning the town without being able to put their threats into execution, to have all the prisoners put to death that were confined in the castle. Fortunately the keeper of the prison was one of the first to escape and took the keys with him, so the cruel Orangemen were disappointed, not having time to have the doors broken open before their flight.

But had father John's army been less fatigued and exhausted, after the long march made in the morning, and fighting all day, without having had time to take any nourishment, half this infernal band would have been made prisoners, before they reached Wexford; for they neither observed order nor discipline on the way : officers taking off their epaulets and other marks of distinction, to try to pass for privates, in the event of being overtaken by the people.

No doubt they fought bravely and defended themselves as well as they could during the battle, until they were over powered, but I will never call a man brave who kills his fellow man in cold blood, whom he finds unarmed and unable to resist. This was the kind of bravery the military were practising every where throughout the country, previous to the insurrection, without having the pretext, or excuse of reprisals, or retaliation of any kind; — cowardly murderers, wantonly committing all sorts of crimes for months before, and now they were

forced to abandon their houses, and far the greater part to leave their families behind them, at the mercy of this brave army that took the town by storm, and after a battle that lasted more than four hours, and during the latter part of which, the people had to fight with the greatest disadvantage. Yet compare and contrast their conduct after the victory with that of the cruel yeomanry and military. There were no houses burned or pillaged after the town was taken : yet the victors did not want for pretexts for reprisals and revenge. The houses were no doubt searched for arms and ammunition, for the people stood in the greatest need of ammunition, having used almost all they had during the battle

No doubt, the sudden flight of many of the families belonging to the yeomanry excited the greatest sympathy, when they arrived in Wexford, amongst the inhabitants of every class ; but there was little pity shewn to the unfortunate women and children who had been forced to sleep out in the ditches for weeks before, and whose husbands and fathers were hunted day and night by this same yeomanry, and who were sure to be shot if they fell into the hands of those blood thirsty monsters, who were a disgrace to humanity.

A camp was immediately formed on Vinegar hill, and the Irish army marched there without delay to pass the night. A report that fresh troops were coming to attack them had the best effect, as it caused all the stragglers to quit the town and join their respective corps on the hill.

The numbers of killed and wounded was nearly equal on both sides; however in the town the people had more killed on account of having been fired at from the houses as they entered. But at the Duffrey gate, the king's troops had more than a hundred killed, with several officers; captain John Pounden of the Enniscorthy infantry, lieutenant Hunt of the yeomanry and lieutenant Carden of the Scarawalsh infantry were found amongst the dead after the battle.

I trust that one day, when poor Ireland will be free, that there will be a monument raised to the memory of those brave men who so heroically contributed to gain the battle of Enniscorthy: to Thomas Synnott, who with his little band waded the river Slaney, above the town, under the fire of the enemy; and to those fine fellows in the suburbs, who set fire to their own houses in the rear of the king's troops, and made them thereby suppose that they were surrounded on all sides, and caused them to fly with confusion in every direction.

REFLECTIONS

It would be indeed difficult to appreciate the great and precious results that might have been obtained after the victory at Enniscorthy, for the independence of Ireland, had this victory been promptly followed up by another,

which could have been easily accomplished the day after the battle, the 29th of may, in place of waiting on Vinegar hill to receive deputations from the garrison of Wexford, which had literally capitulated, by letting out their prisoners, and sending these same prisoners to make terms for them, or in other words, to give them time to escape. The entire irish forces, amounting then to ten or twelve thousand, should have marched at once on New Ross, which town they would have readily taken, for the military there were equally terror struck as those of Wexford. From New Ross, the army could follow the river Barrow to Carlow, and this rapid march would have afforded an opportunity to the Queen's county as well as the county of Kilkenny to rise in a mass and form camps of their own; and on the same day, the 29th, three or four thousand could have been spared and sent to take Bunclody or Newtown Barry, where the troops were also terror stricken, in place of giving them time to recover from their panic, to the first of june, four days later, when the town was taken, but evacuated the same day, on account of re-inforcements coming to the aid of the garrison.

Newtown Barry in possession of the Irish army, they could have followed up their victory along the river Slaney to Tullow, where those brave men who failed at Carlow on the 25th of may, would all have joined and have had a better occasion, and more time to prepare for new combats. Another great advantage would have been

obtained by this rapid march, Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus would have marched with his brave county of Wicklow men to this camp, and the junction once formed, he would have had the chief command, which would have had the happiest effect, as he enjoyed the highest consideration and was beloved and esteemed by all. All would have obeyed and executed his orders most willingly. But instead of this, those brave Wicklow men were making night marches, in groups of twenties, to join the camp at Vinegar hill. By the time they arrived, it was not men that was wanting; for the brave and dauntless Thomas Cloney of Moneyhore, joined the camp on the 29th of may, at the head of a splendid corps of fine determined fellows. Cloney though young, being about 24 years of age, was a man of the soundest judgment, the purest honour and coolest bravery, and well fitted to be a chief. He was six feet, two or three inches high, well proportioned and handsome. He would, had the war continued and succeeded, not only have become a good general, but a stateman and senator. He was ever ready to save the lives of all prisoners, and often at the risk of his own: still he was cruelly persecuted for his humanity and uprightness. His long imprisonment and sufferings are well known to every true irish patriot. I feel at a loss for expressions to do justice to the memory of Mr Cloney; I knew him well, and as I shall have to speak of him often, before my narrative is finished, I shall endeavour to make amends for any omissions of what could have redounded to his honour.

Another gentleman, one of the purest irish patriots that ever lived, joined the people's camp at Enniscorthy on the 29th of may. William Barker was a wealthy resident of the town, connected not only with all the catholic aristocracy of the county, but nearly allied to the first protestant families of the town and county; not belonging to any political society whatever, he did not hesitate to take a command, when a chance offered to set Ireland independent and free. He had, in my mind, more merit than almost any one who took part in this war.

Mr Barker having served with distinction in France, in one of the irish brigades, Walsh's regiment, the people had great confidence in his experience as an officer and a brave soldier, and were therefore ready to obey and execute his orders. His brilliant conduct at the battle of Vinegar hill, on the 21st of june, when, at the head of the division, he commanded the important post at the Duffrey gate, against the english troops, and where he lost his arm, proved that the people had made a good choice. But I shall enter more fully on that subject, when I come to describe the battle. Mr Barker being consulted, proposed at once to march to take New Ross the same day, which would probably have been accomplished without much loss, the panic then being so great amongst the king's troops. Unfortunately, Mr Barker was outvoted by the other chiefs, all of whom wished to take Wexford first. No doubt it was of great importance to have the county

town at once, but it was of still greater importance not to give the enemy eight days to recruit their forces at New Ross, as was the case, for it was not attacked till the 5d of june. Had it been taken on the 29th of may, it would have opened a communication and roused the people of the whole province of Munster to take up arms against the common foe, as it was the key and leading road into that country where there were few regular troops; and as to the yeomen cavalry, they were only good for shooting the poor defenceless people in cold blood, and in the event of a general rising, their cruel conduct would soon have proved more prejudicial to the king's army than to the Irish, as it would drive every one able to carry arms, to join the irish standard. The people of the adjoining counties of Waterford, Tipperary and Kilkenny not rising at this critical moment, afflicted and saddened the lovers of the independence of Ireland, for the awful crisis had arrived when every true hearted irishman should have taken up arms to drive the common enemy out of his country. It was not want of courage, but want of unanimity amongst the chiefs to take the field, according to the pledges or promises they had solemnly given. No doubt, many of them were absent, or in prison, but still sufficient remained to head the people to victory and to follow the sublime example of the brave people of the county of Wexford. But alas! the destiny of poor Ireland is still depending on chance, as it was in december 1796, when general Grouchy, in the absence

of general Hoche failed, not from want of courage, but of a fixed determination to land at once the french army then under his command in Ireland and march straightforward to Dublin; there being no english forces sufficient in the country at the time to oppose him. On the contrary, more than a hundred thousand irishmen would have joined him before he had reached the capital, where he would have found the means of equipping and arming them in a very short time.

I may be asked, if it was so easy to raise a hundred thousand men, why not do the business without french aid? The reply is simple — a rallying point and arms were wanting to the irish patriots of 1796. But the battle and victory of Enniscorthy, in 1798, would, in a great measure, have supplied those deficiencies, had two great faults not been committed after this victory. The first I have already described, which was, not having followed Mr Barker's advice, to march on the 29th of may to New Ross, in place of Wexford, and thereby afford an opportunity to the province of Munster to rise en masse. This general rising would give sufficient occupation to the king's regular troops; and as to the yeomanry, I have said before, they were rendering service to the irish army by their cruelty to the people who had not joined the camp.

The second great fault was, having concentrated the irish forces at Vinegar hill, there to wait and accept a

general battle on the 21d of june, with scarcely any pieces of artillery, or cavalry of any kind, against the english army, well supplied with both. Nothing was more easy than to have avoided this battle; if the division which came from the county of Wicklow, in place of marching to Vinegar hill to cover Wexford, had marched into the mountains of the county of Wicklow, where it had nothing to dread from either cavalry or artillery; and by this manœuvre approaching Dublin, the english division would have been obliged to fall back immediately to cover the capital. Thus, the war would have been prolonged until the French landed, in august, under general Humbert. Although the forces which this brave general brought only consisted of a detachment of eight hundred men, from the moral effect it would have had, it would have been quite sufficient to raise the three provinces en masse: for all knew well, that other expeditions were in readiness to sail from France to reinforce general Humbert's advance guard, for as such it was considered. Then, the ever-to-be-lamented Tone, Tandy, and many other chiefs would have accompanied french troops to every part of Ireland, when the people would have rallied round them as their liberators.

I thought this long digression necessary to prove and to explain the immense importance of the victory gained at Enniscorthy, had it been rapidly followed up by one or two more, which at that time, could have been so

easily obtained. It was only necessary to continue to obey for a few days longer those chiefs under whose command the last two battles were gained, and to wait to make a proper choice of a commander in chief and staff from amongst the splendid young fellows who were distinguishing themselves in every combat against the common enemy.

CHAPTER II

CONTENTS

Great indecision in the camp. Arrival of the deputies from Wexford with propositions from the garrison and king's troops there. The irish army march and encamp on the three rock mountain near Wexford to pass the night. Next morning, the 30th, defeat of the Meath militia; two pieces of cannon with their ammunition waggons taken. Negotiation and surrender of Wexford to the irish army. Bagnel Harvey released from prison and named commander in chief by the people. Cruel conduct of the king's troops in their retreat to Dungannon fort. A general rising of the inhabitants of the baronies of Bargy and Forth, in consequence. They name Cornelius Grogan to be their chief Great resources afforded to general Harvey and his staff and army by the town of Wexford.

The camp of Vinegar hill on the morning of the 29d of may 1798, after the victory, presented one of the most glorious and splendid scenes that ever occurred for the independence of Ireland. The finest young fellows that any country in the world could produce, were pouring in from all directions, but particularly from the barony of Bantry, and the country leading to Ross. No doubt great confusion and excitement prevailed, but it was the excitement of a mass of people beseeching their leaders to lead them on to victory, which they could not fail to obtain; so bent were they on meeting the enemy and on

having an opportunity of being revenged on the cruel monsters who were committing every crime, violating the women, burning the houses, shooting the owners in cold blood at their doors, in the presence of their wives and daughters, etc. The disputes between contending parties respecting the next town to be attacked were very warm indeed; some wished to return to Gory, which they knew was again occupied by the king's troops; others wished to march on Carnew, to take vengeance for the slaughter of the 28 fathers of families slaughtered there, previous to the insurrection, without judge or jury, save the protestant minister Cope, who presided at the massacre. Many came forward to shew themselves as victims, because they had had their hair cropped short; caps with boiling pitch having been put on their heads; these not only brought off the skin, but the flesh in many instances; numbers by this inhuman treatment were disfigured for life. — Some who had been picketed and half hung, claimed the right of vengeance on the towns where these unheard of persecutions had been perpetrated.

Such were the conflicting scenes to be witnessed on this memorable morning, at the camp of Vinegar hill.

The brave men who gained the battles of Oulard hill and Enniscorthy, tho' they were fifteen and twenty miles from their homes, being mostly from the north and north-east of the town, still agreed with the thousands

of young fellows who had just joined the camp, to march forthwith and attack Ross, when unfortunately, the appearance of Edward Fitzgerald of New Park and John Colclough of Ballyteague changed this plan. These gentlemen had been for some days prisoners with Bagnel Harvey in Wexford jail, charged with being united irishmen. They were liberated and requested to go to the people's camp on Vinegar hill, to pray them to disperse and give up their arms, etc. The absurdity of telling a victorious army to disperse and go to their homes and there wait until they might be shot in detail, shewed how panic struck the cowardly garrison of Wexford was, and how easy it would have been to have captured them, and to have forced « them » to lay down their arms, had there been a rapid march made on the town, instead of the circuitous one to the three-rock mountain, which was made on the 29th and which gave the king's troops time to recover from their panic, and wait for the re-inforcements they expected hourly from Ross and the Fort of Duncannon.

It was decided that John Colclough should return to Wexford to tell the garrison that no terms but a complete surrender of the town would be listened to; and in consequence, as soon as he received his instructions, he set out as the bearer of these woeful tidings for the cruel Orangemen who composed the force of the place.

Edward Fitzgerald was detained at the camp, not as an hostage, but as a worthy man possessing a large pro-

perty and enjoying great influence in the country and to whom the people looked up, as a fit person to become their leader. Mr Fitzgerald knew nothing of military affairs, he seemed therefore disinclined to assume any command, but he remained and identified himself with the people and their cause, to which he remained faithful to the last.

Mr John Hay of Newcastle joined the camp this day, and as he had been some time in the french service, it was thought he would become at once one of the principal commanders; but whether from modesty, or from perceiving the want of warlike stores, discipline, ammunition, etc., that existed in the camp, and being accustomed to see nothing but regular service, he could not be prevailed on to take any command that day. Subsequently he fought bravely until he met his untimely end. He was executed at Wexford after the town was retaken.

It being decided that a small permanent camp should be kept up on Vinegar hill, the army at length set out on its march to attack Wexford.

Amounting now to at least sixteen thousand men, three thousand of whom had fire arms, and amongst these some of the best marksmen of the country; particularly those from the barony of Shelmaliere, where the men were trained from their infancy to shoot wild fowl in the marshes during winter as a means of gaining their livelihood; sending loads of barnacles or sea birds to Dublin weekly. An army flanked by such rifle men had

nothing to fear from the yeomen cavalry : nor were there any english regular forces assembled at the time in any part of the country, that could have dared to venture to meet them in the field. Thus the march of this valiant little irish army to the three rock mountain, three miles on the other side of Wexford, was effected without impediment. A camp was immediately formed and out posts placed to guard against surprise, and the wearied mass soon betook themselves to rest for the night. But early next morning, the 30th of may, they were roused up by the intelligence, that an armed force with artillery was perceived at a distance on the road leading from Duncannon fort to Wexford, to reinforce the garrison and king's troops there.

This news afforded a fortunate occasion to those brave fellows who had lately joined, and who longed so much for an opportunity to prove that they were not inferior in courage and intrepidity to those who had gained the battles of Oulard hill and Enniscorthy. This advanced guard of the king's forces sent forward by general Fawcet who remained himself at Tagmohn, was allowed to proceed on its way until arrived on the road under the three rock mountain, when it was attacked in front and rear at once, by a force detached from the people's camp, led on by the brave Cloney, John Kelly of Killan, Robert Carty, and Michall Furlong of Templescoley. The fight did not last more than fifteen minutes: the whole detachment of the king's troops was either killed

wounded, or made prisoners : it consisted of about one hundred men of the Meath militia, artillerymen and three officers comprised, with two pieces of cannon. The result of this brilliant action had the happiest effect, as it not only caused Wexford to surrender forthwith, and struck terror into the enemies and persecutors of the people every where throughout the country, but it shewed that this same people could produce the greatest heroes. when fighting for the independence of their beloved country, against their cruel english tyrants.

I have in another part mentioned Thomas Cloney as fitted to have filled the highest situation ; I must now speak of the ever-to-be-lamented John Kelly of Killian, who was considered by all those who knew him, or who saw him in battle, to possess all the finest qualities of the truest patriot and the bravery and heroism of the greatest general of antiquity; this fine young man would have become the « Hoche » of Ireland, had the war continued and succeeded. He was recovering fast from the wounds he received at the battle of Ross, when the relentless Orangemen of Wexford had him executed after the town was re-occupied by the king's troops.

No doubt the result of the victory gained under the three rock mountain was great, but how much greater might it have been, had Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roache and John Hay (all three considered by the people, from the high station and influence they had in the

country, as destined to take a special command), instead of negotiating with the enemy and affording it thereby time to get away by land and sea, marched at once on the town with fifteen thousand men and the two howitzers just taken, to intercept instantly all the roads leading out of the place, particularly the one to barony Forth, to prevent the possibility of a retreat on Duncannon Fort. This measure properly executed, the garrison would have been obliged to surrender at discretion and lay down their arms, or be slaughtered to the last man. The moment to have put this plan into execution was, when colonel Watson, marching with the garrison to attack the camp at the three rock mountain, was killed at the head of the king's troops and that all his men fled back to the town in the greatest disorder and precipitation and with the utmost terror and dismay. Pursued vigourously then, the people would have entered with them pell-mell, without the least hinderance. Besides, at the same time thousands were assembled at the country side of the wooden bridge, ready to co-operate with the irish army coming from the camp at the three rock mountain to attack the town. This plan not being thought of in time, or at least not put into execution, caused the irish chiefs to become the dupes of the most infernal deception or ruse de guerre ever practiced in such cases. Two respectable and liberal protestant gentlemen, counsellor Richards and his torbher, were deputed from the garrison to proceed to the people's camp, to treat for the surrender and

evacuation of the town by the king's troops; they brought a letter from Mr Bagnel Harvey. This gentleman had been a prisoner several days in Wexford jail and was now liberated for the purpose of being made an instrument by his cruel enemies to obtain time for them to get away with their arms and ammunition, all of which should have been surrendered, had the people's decision been executed. The Mess[rs] Richards were well received at the camp, and it was immediately agreed on, that one of them should remain as an hostage, whilst the other returned accompanied by Mr Edward Fitzgerald, to see the terms of the capitulation fulfilled. On their departure, the camp began to move forward from the three rock mountain, with ridiculous precaution, to the Windmill hills, near the town, to be ready to receive the arms, ammunition and other military stores, to be surrendered according to the articles of the capitulation. But by the time Edward Fitzgerald and counsellor Richards arrived in Wexford, the king's troops had fled, carrying off with them, or destroying, all the arms and ammunition the town contained and of which the people stood in such need.

Their exasperation and indignation became so great at the idea of being outwitted by the cowardly garrison, that it required the greatest exertion on the part of the chiefs to prevent the town from being burned to the ground and this danger was not so much apprehended from the over-cautious army of the three rock mountain, as from the thousands of brave fellows who were coming

from the other side : and had these men not been delayed repairing the bridge, where a part of it had been burned at the other end, Ferry Bank, they would in all probability have arrived in time to intercept and destroy great numbers of the troops that were escaping in the utmost confusion and disorder, without observing any kind of military discipline. It only required a few hundred resolute men to be sent after them, to have defeated them completely, before they reached the « Scar » at Barry's town. Thus pursued, they would not have had time to quit the high road, to go and kill in cold blood as they did, the unoffending and innocent people through the country, wherever they passed.

Mr Edward Fitzgerald, in place of having to stipulate with the king's forces for the surrender of the town, was prayed by a few of the civil authorities, Dr Jacob the mayor at the head of them, to proceed to the bridge to beseech the mass of people then crossing it, not to set fire to the town He succeeded with the greatest difficulty in appeasing and preventing them for a moment putting into execution the vengeance they thought themselves so well entitled to, from the many persecutions practiced by the cruel magistrates who had fled with the king's troops, and who had contributed so much before and after the insurrection to deluge the country with the blood of its worthiest citizens.

Whilst Mr Fitzgerald was thus occupied in endeavou-

ring to pacify those brave fellows who were pouring into the town over the bridge, and shouting « victory and vengeance » the army of the three rock mountain, that had halted at the Windmill hills, entered the town with more order, their chiefs at their head, and all exerting themselves in the most praise-worthy manner to prevent pillage, or harm of any kind being offered to the inhabitants, but most particularly for respect to be shewn to the females of every class and party ; they succeeded beyond their expectation, which was wonderful, from the exasperation and disappointment of the people in not getting the military stores they were led to expect that the town would have preserved for them. Nothing could surpass the joy and enthousiasm of the patriotic portion of the town's people, to find that their cruel enemies had fled and to see their liberators marching into the town in great triumph. Almost every house was decorated on the occasion with green flags, green boughs and ornaments of one description or another. All this, with the doors thrown open every where and refreshments of all kinds most freely offered and distributed by the inhabitants, to an army now twenty thousand strong, contributed in a great measure to keep order : besides, parties were immediately sent to search all the ships and vessels in the harbour, in which a good deal of ammunition and arms was found, with those Orangemen who intended to escape by sea, and who were brought on shore as prisoners.

Considering all that had happened during the day, Wexford was remarkably quiet on the night of the 30th of may, but very early next morning the 31st all began again to be in commotion; the army became anxious to obtain new victories; orders were given to march out and encamp on the Wind-mill Hills, and to have it divided into two separate bodies or divisions, one of which consisting of those who inhabited the Wexford side of the Slaney, marched to Taghmon; having learned that general Fawcet had fled from that town precipitately back to Duncannon fort, with the 13th regiment or Meath militia as soon as he had heard of the defeat of his advanced guard at three rock mountain; there was nothing now to prevent this division of the irish army marching instantly to attack and take the town of Ross. But unfortunately a want of bold determination prevailed amongst the leaders. At length they named Bagnel Harvey to be their commander in chief. This gentleman though liberal and patriotic and enjoying the most unlimited confidence for his integrity and zeal in the sacred cause of the people, did not possess the military talents or qualities necessary for such an important rank and situation : besides, his very delicate constitution rendered him quite unfit for such a command.

Mr Harvey being a protestant of the highest respectability, and chosen by his catholic country men to become their commander in chief, should have been a sufficient proof that it was not a religious war that the Irish were

engaged in against their cruel enemies the English, but a war to obtain equal and adequate rights for people of every religious persuasion, and for the complete independence of their country.

The commander in chief now made choice of a number of splendid young men to compose his staff, all of whom would, with a little experience have become distinguished field officers. Amongst these was, John Devereux of Taghmon, afterwards general Devereux in the South American service, and who contributed so much to the independence of that country with Bolivar, after he had been forced to expatriate himself to North America to escape the persecutions of the Orange magistrates of Wexford. But his worthy father did not escape the wrath of those vile tyrants ; they had him arrested and lodged in Wexford jail, where he died soon after, before they had time to have him executed.

Besides the means of composing his staff with young men of exemplary courage and talent, the general in chief Harvey found many other resources in the town of Wexford for his army; such as gunsmiths for repairing the fire arms, and blacksmiths for forging pikes; a press for printing proclamations, which should have been issued and distributed in thousands, prohibiting pillage or plunder of any kind, but particularly against taking the life of the greatest criminal before he was tried; and

for this purpose, a special commission or court martial should have been formed and attached to each army to try all offenders, and have impartial justice rendered to all parties; no doubt it would have been a difficult task in the first instance to prevent the thousands who had had their nearest relations killed in cold blood previous to the rising, from taking revenge when any of those monsters fell into their hands, but unfortunately the innocent sometimes become the victims of this kind of retaliation, and it might have proved better policy to do the reverse of what the enemy was practising every day; at all events, cold-blooded murders could never be serviciable to any cause.

The baronies of Forth and Bargy afforded great resources to general Harvey as to provisioning his camp with eatables of different kinds; the inhabitants were very industrious and of course well supplied in general with provisions, but they were less alive to the degraded and enslaved state they were kept in than the people of the other baronies of the county, and had not numbers of them been shot by the king's troops retreating from Wexford to Duncannon Fort, very few of them would have joined the camp; but the news of the murder of so many innocent and defenceless people roused them from their apathy, and filled them with indignation, and in consequence, some thousands of them assembled and waited on Cornelius Grogan of Johnstown and asked him to

become their chief. This aged gentleman though ill with the gout at the time, accepted; he mounted his horse immediately and went at their head to Wexford, with green banners flying; it caused the greatest joy to the patriots of the town to see a protestant of his high station and large fortune in the country, join their standard. But a cruel destiny awaited this worthy man; he fell a victim to the rage of revenge, being one of the first executed when the town was retaken by the English. His brother Thomas Knox Grogan, captain of the Castletown yeoman cavalry was killed at the battle of Arklow, fighting in the english ranks against the people. The third brother John Grogan, commander of the Heathfield cavalry, retreated with the king's troops to Duncannon Fort, and yet, nothwithstanding the active part he took at the head of his corps, and his great devotion and loyalty to every thing english, he had not influence enough to save his unfortunate brother Cornelius from being hanged. Such was the gratitude and the way the best services were requited by the enemies of Ireland, at that awful epoch!—

Captain Keugh a protestant gentleman well known, was named to command the town of Wexford, which was divided into wards, and a commission of the most respectable inhabitants elected to act as the police, procuring provisions, and seeing them distributed equally to all without distinction. Civil guards were organized; the men chose their officers, the guard did duty night and day, and rendered great service in keeping order.

CHAPTER III

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The irish army separate into two corps or divisions. On the 31st may at the Windmill Hills one of these under the orders of general Harvey, march to Taghmon, Carrick Byrn, Corblet Hill, and New Ross. The other corps march in the direction of Gorey, to Vinegar Hill, and Carrigrew Hill, where a camp is formed. On the first june Newtownbarry or Bunclody taken and abandoned the same day by a small division of the irish troops. 4th of june battle of Tuberneering or Clough gained over general Loftus and colonel Walpole: the latter killed and his army destroyed. Gorey taken the same day. All the prisoners put at liberty. A camp formed on the hill near the town. 5th and 6th june reconnoitring parties sent from the camp in all directions. 7th of june the army march to attack Carnew and encamp on Kileavan Hill, having learned that general Loftus and all the king's forces there had fled to Tullow. The 8th of june the army return to the camp at Gorey. 9th of june the battle of Arklow.

This was the favourable state of things at Wexford, when general Harvey and his corps of army marched from the Windmill Hills to Taghmon, where he encamped for the night of the 31st may 1798, whilst the other body or division consisting principally of those from the north side of the Slaney and who had gained the battles of Oullard Hill and Enniscorthy, marched back from the Windmill Hills in the direction of Gorey to Vinegar hill and to the hill of Carrigrew. This brave little army though

having many distinguished leaders, had not as yet chosen a general in chief. Father John Murphy always preserved his influence with all those who knew him.

The reverend Philip Roche had joined by this time, he was a clergyman of the most elegant manners, a fine person, tall and handsome, humane and brave beyond description. He had been attached at one time to the parish chapel of Gorey, and thereby knew of the many inhuman deeds committed by the Orange magistrates in that neighbourhood on the defenceless, unarmed people, so he did not hesitate to take an active part in the struggle.

The reverend Father Kearns having also joined and immediately availing himself of his influence as a clergyman, proposed to march and attack Newtownbarry or Bunclody. He was instantly followed by about two thousand five hundred brave, determined men; badly armed as to fire arms, but with pikes and other weapons. Father Kearns was one of the strongest and most powerful men that could be met with in any country, and his bravery equalled his strength. Had he been bred to the military profession, in a country like France, where courage and merit were sure of being recompensed, he would have been a Kleber, and soon have been raised to the first rank in any army he made part of.

On the first of june, Kearns and his small division marched in good order, following up the river Slaney, and

driving the yeomen cavalry before them whenever they came in sight, or dared to make any stand. He halted and drew up his men on a small hill near the town of Newtownbarry to give time to the rear guard and the stragglers to arrive and join the main body. During this halt I approached him for the first time; he was on horseback and well mounted, and indeed it required a good horse to carry him. I took the liberty of observing to him how desirable it would be to have such a military position on the other side of the town, as the one on which we were standing, as soon as we should be masters of the place. He cut me short. I had still more to say; he replied, holding up his whip. « Tell all those you have any con-« trol over, to fear nothing, as long as they see this whip « in my hand. » It was the only weapon he possessed. I need not add that this abrupt answer caused a smile on the countenances of all those who were listening to our very short conversation and no doubt augmented their belief that this powerful man was destined to lead them to victory. To speak to him of a rallying point in case of being forced to retreat, would be worse than treason; his ships were always burned.

When Father Kearns thought his little army sufficiently rested, he took off his hat, being still on horse-back, and beseeched all to join him in a short prayer; all knelt down; he then gave the signal for the attack, which was executed with such promptitude and vigour, that colonel

Lestrange who commanded the garrison, with five hundred regular infantry, besides the yeomen cavalry, was overwhelmed and forced to retreat precipitately and in the greatest disorder. About twenty of the garrison having been cut off, not having time to escape, took possession of an isolated house belonging to a Mr Maxwell and from the windows of it fired out and killed several people in the streets. It was endeavouring to dislodge these men, that Father Kearns lost time, and was prevented pursuing the king's troops that were flying in such disorder, when they were met by a reinforcement of the king's county militia that was coming to their assistance, rallied them and of course gave then new courage. They returned to the town, and did not meet the little irish army in a formidable position to resist them, it being dispersed through the leading streets. These were the real motives which obliged Kearns and his men to retire and evacuate Bunclody, or Newtownbarry; and not drunkenness and pillage, as the eternal enemies of every thing irish, had it propagated, in order to bring disgrace on our cause. For my own part, I must declare, that I did not see a single man intoxicated during the time we occupied the town. Besides, the strongest liquors could scarcely have caused drunkenness in the short space of time the place was occupied. For, in less than an hour, Kearns and his men were again outside the town, and being separated into different detachments they had no doubt to fight their way through

gardens and lanes for some time; but not being followed by the infantry, they had little to apprehend from the cavalry; for twenty pikemen that kept together with two or three with fire arms, was quite sufficient to keep the best of those corps at a respectful distance. The number of killed and wounded was nearly equal on each side.

Thus Father Kearns' brave little army, so formidable in the morning, and from which so much was expected, had to retire without being able to accomplish the great object for which the expedition was undertaken; namely, the opening of the communication up the Slaney into the counties of Carlow and Wicklow, and thereby affording an opportunity to the persecuted inhabitants of these counties that had been dispersed and hunted daily, like wild beasts, to rally again and assemble in such force that their enemies would have been forced to fly before them like chaff. Besides the infamous towns of Carnew and Dunlaven, in the county of Wicklow, where so many cold-blooded murders were perpetrated previous to the rising, would have been chastised as they merited. The town of Tullow would have been taken at once and Carlow would have been afforded another chance of revenging its disasters of the 25th of may, and the cruel death and execution of the excellent and humane sir Edward Crosby, whom every one lamented, with the two or three hundred victims of military executions

which took place in Carlow, would have been sufficient to rouse the whole country again.

If Newtownbarry had been retained, as could so easily have been accomplished, had colonel Lestrange been vigorously pursued for a mile outside the town, he would have been forced to quit the great road, disperse and escape through the fields with the troops he commanded and the reinforcements coming to his assistance would have followed the example. For such was the terror and panic spread by the yeomen cavalry in their flight, that nothing could rally them until they got to Clonegal; and as to the few Orangemen who took refuge in the town, it would have been better to give them an opportunity to escape, which they would have had as soon as night came on, or have been burned in the houses, if they persevered in firing from them.

Kearns men being obliged to abandon Newtownbarry by different ways, still kept together in small detachments, any of which was quite sufficient to make head against the yeomen cavalry. Not knowing any rallying point at the time but Vinegar hill, they all directed their course that way, marching at their ease, stopping for the night whenever it suited them, regaining the camp in two or three days afterwards, as it answered their purpose; meeting no enemy they had plenty of time to recover from their great fatigue and prepare for new actions. For my own part, I longed to rejoin the main body

as soon as possible, and not being certain where to find it, I proposed to those who kept by me, to march at once to Vinegar hill, where no doubt we should get all the information we required. We arrived there on the 2d of june, and learned that all those who marched under the orders of Father John Murphy, Father Roche, and the other chiefs, were then encamped on Carrigrew hill. We immediately set out, and arrived at this camp on the 3d of june, where I met hundreds whom I had not seen for months before, and who knew me from my child-hood. The greater part of these brave fellows were just escaping from their hiding places, and had run the greatest danger coming to join the camp, having to pass through those parts of the country which were occupied by the enemy, and where all kinds of outrages were perpetrated by these cruel monsters; particularly a cavalry regiment, the « ancient Britons, » accompanied by the Orangemen and Hunter Gowan with his black mob. — To the honour of the people, the females of this murderer's family were respected by them. Hunter Gowan had fourteen daughters, all grown up ; they were escaping to Arklow on the 28th of may, when they were met by a party of the people commanded by Mert Mernaigh of Limerick. These young women knowing well the number of innocent persons whom their father had shot in cold blood, expected no doubt every kind of ill treatment; but Mernaigh and his followers assured them they had nothing to fear ; and after searching the jaunting cars for arms

and ammunition, Mernaigh and his men escorted them on the great road leading to Arklow, for some distance, until they were out of the way of meeting other parties of the same description : he did this at the risk of meeting the enemy in superior force. Had he fallen into their hands, this humane and generous conduct towards these young women would have been considered sufficient proof that he was a chief ; consequently, he would have been tried and executed immediately as such. This was the sort of turkish justice practised by the English throughout this war. Yet no provocation on their part could make the people debase themselves to retaliate on helpless females. They were every where respected, as they should be ; not a single instance to the contrary could be brought forward when the war terminated ; nor was there a protestant church injured, with the exception of one at old Ross, whilst every place of worship belonging to the catholics was burned.

It was on the 3d of june I had the happiness of meeting my poor step-brother Hugh Kennedy for the first time since I was forced to leave home in the beginning of may. I found him looking better than I could have expected, after all he had suffered. He was busy forming platoons and sections. The men seemed to obey him cheerfully ; he being a Dublin man, was considered capable of giving them instruction and of shewing them how to form a line, how to break from the line into column by

platoons and sections. I saw with pleasure the great desire every one at this camp evinced to see a military organization take place by parishes or towns. That the men of each assembled should freely choose their own officers and promise to obey them : but unfortunately there never was sufficient time to accomplish a work so necessary for the success of our cause. Being always on the march, or skirmishing with the enemy, it was nearly impossible. Yet one thing might have been done which was neglected ; that was, to oblige the chiefs and officers that were known in the united system, to wear on their arms, a distinctive mark, according to the rank they held. This would have prevented many disagreeable occurrences that took place during our night marches. Another measure was also in contemplation which would have had the best effect. This was, that as soon as the men had chosen their officers and had consented to obey their orders, that they should consent also to have their coats cut in a kind of military form, with the skirts turned up behind : no matter what was the colour. This kind of uniform (until a better could have been provided), would have prevented them in a great measure from quitting the camp without permission from their officers. They would certainly have felt ashamed to have been seen scampering through the country, whilst others were obliged to do severe duty in their place ; and to be seen with their coats of a military shape in a village whilst fighting was going on at some distance would dishonour them

for ever; and if they attempted to change this coat, or Irish uniform for one not cut in this fashion, it would be considered not only as desertion, but high treason, and thereby amenable to the severest punishment. But instead of those necessary regulations, every one wore what he fancied made him look to advantage and appear « warlike, » green of course was the favorite colour, and wherever it could be had, put on in profusion. As it could not be got in sufficient quantities to furnish all, it would have been adviseable to have adopted the simple green cockade and to require all to put it in their hats and nothing else. The officers wearing the same cockade, and stripes on their arms to distinguish the different ranks, would have sufficed until such time as uniforms and epaulets could have been procured. Drums or some musical instrument was wanted, to call the men to assemble. This deficiency was remedied by the standard bearers of each corps accompanied by a small guard, marching through the camp and crying to the men of such a corps to join their colours forthwith; and as the name of the baronies, towns or parishes that the corps belonged to was always mentioned, it probably answered the purpose better than the sound of a drum to the ears of the country people, who as yet not having had any thing to do with the drill sergeant would be quite at a loss to know what the drumming meant: but the sweet cry of the name of their native barony or village roused them up at once. How often have I admired the alertness of these brave

fellows at the cry of the standard bearer « Shelmaliere men come to your colours », « Men of Monaseed corps, join your colours immediately ; we are going to march etc. » This last mentioned town contained very few houses, but the manor of Monaseed was considerable enough, and all the inhabitants took a most active part in this war and furnished many who distinguished themselves in every battle or skirmish to the end, and all being united irishmen, they followed the chiefs which they themselves had named with an entire confidence, and never had reason to regret the choice they had made. The standard bearer of the Monaseed corps, Pat Murray of Crane, a determined man, rendered the greatest service by being always at his post ready to call the men to arms when required. He was quite proud of his splendid colours, and with reason, for it was one of the handsomest of the camp, being adorned with harps and green emblems, put on by handsome young ladies who sympathised in our sacred cause. Murray had the honour of taking this standard himself the first night of the rising, at Earl Mountnorris at Camolen Park, after Bookey and his cavalry were defeated : it belonged to one of the volunteer corps of 1782 and kept no doubt by the earl as a trophy of the scanty parliamentary independence that was torn from the English at that epoch for poor Ireland, and which the great lord Charlemont and the great Orator Flood deemed quite sufficient at the time; for the enslaved roman catholics, according to those bigots, were not

entitled to be emancipated, nor to participate with their protestant fellow countrymen in the new acquired liberties. It is a well known fact, that not one roman catholic was admitted into the volunteer corps of the county of Wexford in 1782. How different were the enlightened views taken a few years later, by the ever to be lamented lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor, Emmett, and the other great patriots, who sacrificed every thing that was dear to them to obtain equal and adequate representation for irishmen of every religious persuasion. These great men knew too well that no justice could be obtained for Ireland but by force of arms. Unfortunately we were deprived of their aid and council ; the greater number of them being in prison, or fled to foreign countries before the rising took place.

The brave men who belonged to the different yeomen corps who had either resigned, or been dismissed as suspected of being united Irishmen, were now at the camp of Carrigrew, rendering the greatest services, both as chiefs and instructors; particularly Grogan's corps of Castletown, Beaumont's of Hyde Park, and White's of Ballyellis : the latter being an infantry corps, and all the men well drilled, all of them were acting as instructors and teaching the country people how to load and prime their firelocks with safety. Whilst those who had served in the cavalry, being excellent horsemen, were looked up to as experienced military men, and consequently they, for

the most part, acted as chiefs and leaders, and were obeyed and followed by the innocent country people as such, without hesitation, which had the happiest effect during our short campaign.

BATTLE OR TUBBERNEERING OR CLOUGH

The halt during the 2d and 3d of june at the camp of Carrigrew hill was considered necessary to afford time to those who had gone to enquire about their families on their way back from Wexford, to rejoin the camp. These two days were well spent in preparing for new combats, and in acquiring accurate information as to the strength of the enemy, and the respective positions and towns where they were concentrated. This information was soon obtained from the poor people who had to fly and escape from their homes before the king's troops that were marching on and devastating every thing as they passed. Early on the morning of the 4th of june it was known that four divisions, each with artillery, and accompanied by several corps of yeomen cavalry, were marching to attack our camp at Carrigrew; one division from Carnew, one from Newtownbarry, and two other divisions were coming on two different roads from Gorey. General Loftus commanded the centre division; the division on his left was commanded by colonel Walpole, and

all these divisions were to arrive and attack the hill at the same moment.

Our little Irish army consisting now of about ten or twelve thousand men, with a scanty supply of powder and ball for our fire arms, and without either cavalry or artillery (with the exception of a few gentlemen farmers who were still tolerably well mounted, as « all » their horses had not been taken by the Orangemen.

We had to prepare for battle and to make head against all those regular forces, that were on march to annihilate us and drive us into the sea. It was at once decided by all the chiefs assembled, Father John Murphy and others, to march and attack the division of the king's troops coming from Gorey; to take the town if possible and release the second batch of prisoners confined there, before the cruel magistrates could have time to have them executed.

About nine o'clock in the morning of the 4th of june, our army was drawn up in line in Mr Donovan's domain near Carrigrew hill, and I must say, in a more military order than usual. The line being now broken into column and an advanced guard of two or three hundred men formed, some of whom were mounted, orders were given to march on the road to Gorey; the advanced guard, flanked by some good sharp shooters, set out in good order and preceeded the column at the distance of a mile : I made part of this advanced guard, and almost all my friends

and relations that I met at the camp made part of it also. We marched in good order, until we arrived near Tubberneering, where the road leading to Gorey turned a little to the left and formed a kind of elbow. At this turn or point of the road, we perceived the English army drawn up in line of battle; their artillery all placed ready to fire. Instantly one of our mounted men was sent back to apprize the head of our column of this circumstance; but before he had time to go far, a discharge of the enemy's artillery and musketry sufficiently shewed where they were in a position to receive us. We had a great number killed and wounded by this volley; still we kept our ground and advanced through a large field to take advantage of a ditch (a hedge) that lay between us and the enemy at our left flank and which brought us within half musket shot of them. But this manœuvre cost us dear. Whilst crossing this field, our men were literally mowed down. My first cousin Pat Bruslaun had a part of his thigh cut away with the grape shot, and on my other side, I saw several I knew fall and amongst them, Ned Doyle who had been for many years a servant at my father's house: he received a musket ball through the thigh, but soon recovered from his wound and fought in many battles afterwards with double courage. Once we got to our new position, being so very near the enemy, we had less to fear, as we could bring more readily our pikemen into action; our men with the fire arms having a kind of breast work in front, kept up

a well directed fire, every shot of which must have told.

Whilst we thus occupied the enemy, our column or main body in the rear formed their line of battle, which extended much to our left flank, advanced in a kind of half moon or crescent. Colonel Walpole seeing this manœuvre, and not finding general Loftus's division yet in sight, and which was marching on his right flank, in order to gain time for this division to arrive ordered a retreat: but the moment the fire of his cannon had ceased, we sallied out, ran on the artillery, and before the drivers had time to put to the horses, had captured three pieces of six pounders, with cases of ammunition, and in short every thing appertaining to this artillery.

The drivers and gunners were treated with respect, but though prisoners, they were obliged to shew the men under whose guard they were left, how to manœuvre and manage this artillery.

Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of our line of battle, not marching, but running to the assistance of the advanced guard; particularly so when they saw the fine park of artillery which had fallen into our possession; they very naturally thought the battle was completely gained; but they had still to fight another not far distant from thence, as colonel Walpole halted and rallied his troops at Clough, about a mile in the rear from Tubberneering, where he was joined by a hundred grenadiers,

sent to him by general Loftus. With this reinforcement he expected to be able to keep his position until the general himself with his entire division came to his assistance.

It is only justice to the memory of this unfortunate man to say, that he displayed the bravery of a soldier and fought with the greatest perseverance in his critical situation : but he was soon overpowered by our men, now so flushed with victory, that nothing could retard their march onwards. Walpole was nearly surrounded by our forces, that out-flanked him before he fell. We saw him lying dead on the road, and he had the appearance of having received several gun-shot wounds. His horse lay dead beside him, with a number of private soldiers dead and wounded. His troops now fled in great disorder and could not be rallied ; they were taken by dozens in the fields and on the road to Gorey. After they had thrown away their arms, accoutrements and every thing to lighten them, they were yet overtaken by our pikemen. It was curious to see many of them with their coats turned inside out; they thought no doubt by this sign of disaffection to the English, that when made prisoners, they would not be injured. But this manœuvre was unnecessary, for I never heard of a single instance of a prisoner being ill treated during those days of fighting : our men were in too good humour to be cruel after the victory they had obtained.

Although the battle was gained at Clough and the king's troops in full retreat, still there were two things to be feared and to be guarded against; first, that the cowardly yeomen who did not venture to take part in the action, would have time to massacre the prisoners who were confined in vast numbers in Gorey, particularly those who were placed in the market house loft in the main street, through which these ferocious men were to pass; secondly, it was to be feared that the infantry escaping might have time to get into some isolated house. and there barricade themselves until reinforcements came to relieve them. To obviate these two disasters, we decided to pursue them so rapidly as not to afford them time to do either. From Clough to Gorey, a distance of several miles, we never allowed them to rally or make the least resistance, and so arrived in the town of Gorey at their heels. They had only time to fire through the windows where the prisoners were confined. Fortunately Esmond Kyan who was one of them made them all lye down quite flat on the floor, the moment he perceived the enemy approaching, and by this precaution, both he and his fellow prisoners escaped, for none were wounded; the balls only broke the windows and lodged in the walls on the other side of the market house loft.

I must here say, without vanity, that I never before felt so proud, or happier than I did on this occasion, to think that I was among the very first of our forces who contributed to save the lives, and put at liberty, so many

brave men. I only knew Esmond Kyan by reputation, but he was well acquainted with my father, and of course he knew all about me and our family. He was the greatest acquisition to us at this moment, for his bravery and activity could not be surpassed; though he had lost an arm some years before. He had a cork arm and did not appear to want one at all.

Being well instructed in gunnery, he went instantly to the hill or rising ground above the town, where our camp was pitched and immediately took charge of our newly acquired park of artillery : and certainly a braver or more experienced officer could not have got the command of it. He soon had the honour to fire the first salute with this cannon, when general Loftus appeared in sight with all his forces to attack us, which made this over cautious general quickly disappear. Seeing this volley so well directed, he naturally thought that he had approached too near our camp and thereby ran the risk of having his artillery captured also. But fortunately for him, our men were quite exhausted, not having had time to repose or take refreshments of any kind during the day, otherwise he would have been pursued and probably forced to leave some of his cannon behind him. A few of our men who were pretty well mounted, were sent after Loftus's division to see what direction it had taken. These men soon returned and told us, that the king's troops were not marching but running away on the road to Carnew. What a pity, that we had no cavalry equip-

ped and well armed to follow and attack their rear guard, which making off in such confusion would have been forced to surrender; or at least, great numbers of prisoners would have been made.

The result of this day's fighting was incalculable for our cause; to see such number of fine fellows rushing into the greatest danger for the love of their country and its independence, as military discipline as yet could scarcely be expected to prevail. I wish I could recollect all their names, to mention them in this narrative, as a small tribute to the memory of such true patriots, who risked every thing that was dear to them on earth to see Ireland as she ought to be. Some however I can never forget, such as, Ned Fennell, John Doyle, Nick Murphy, Michael Redmond, Mert Mernagh, Laurence and Luke Finn, Isaac and Jacob Byrn of Ballyellis; as to poor Anthony Perry of Inch, though he had got out of prison a few days before, he was suffering so much from the cruel treatment he had received there, the application of a pitch cap on his head, which raised all the skin of his head and a part of his face, that he was miserably low-spirited and weak and could not render the service he otherwise would have afforded us had he been well and in his usual state of health; for he was a real soldier and devoted to the cause.

The very innaccurate accounts published of the battle

of Tubberneering or Clough, by persons, who evidently were not there, oblige me to be more particular in mentioning all that came within my own knowledge during that memorable day, the fourth of june 1798. That day the great power of the pike as a war weapon, if the men are properly disciplined, was fully shewn.

One version attributes Walpole's defeat to his love of dress, about which it is said, he spent more time than on military operations and tactics. Yet we see he lost no time that morning at his toilette, for he would have been exact to the moment at the hill of Carrigrew, according to the concerted plan he had with general Loftus, had we not met him on the road ; as to his not having scouts out, the best proof that he had, is, that they apprized him of our march, and that he was not surprized, as he had his division drawn up in line of battle, ready to receive us ; and certainly he had plenty of time to retreat back on Gorey before our main body could have come up with him, had he preferred running away to fighting, or risking a battle. Another says, « no vedette was out from either army and that the collision was sudden, etc.» Our advanced guard on the contrary, marched with all the precautions usually taken by detachments sent to reconnoitre, that is to avoid falling into an ambuscade on either side, and to push on until the enemy was properly discovered. All this we accomplished, and after having met the enemy, we might have fallen back on our main

body without fear or blame of any kind. Fortunately we kept our position and thereby contributed by our perseverance to the victory. A third version is, that general Loftus on hearing the report of Walpole's cannon and other fire arms in the engagements, not being able to go across the country, proceeded by the road to the scene of action, etc. Why could he not have come by the same way the grenadiers came that he sent to reinforce Walpole at Clough, and he would have arrived in time to participate in the action. The divisions that were marching from Newtownbarry and Carnew to attack us, as well as the one commanded by general Loftus himself, all heard the firing and knew well that the battle was going on. Why did they prefer keeping at so respectful a distance? Their cavalry were so well mounted and such great fox hunters, they might have crossed the open country any where, and have arrived in our rear and thereby have caused a timely diversion in favour of Walpole's army. The truth is, they were panic struck, and could not readily be brought into action. Besides, their « speciality » was, to murder inoffensive people in cold blood, not to meet the armed foe in the field of battle.

I have already mentioned that by our driving the regular troops, and the cruel yeomanry, through the town of Gorey, in such a rapid manner, we not only saved the lives of more than a hundred prisoners who were lodged in the town jail and on the market loft, but also the lives

of many others who expected every moment to be torn from their homes and families. Amongst these were several of my acquaintances, and I need not say with what joy and alacrity they came to welcome us as their liberators, and to join our standard and to share henceforward all our perils and fatigues. Denis Doyle was one of them whom I knew from my childhood, as both he and his family were our neighbours and we were accustomed to meet every sunday at the chapel of Monaseed. He had been a short time settled in Gorey as a timber merchant, and he expected every moment either to be dragged to prison, or shot. I was the first he recognized amongst our forces, and he ran to meet me with open arms : he could scarcely contain his wonder and joy when I told him about the battle we had just gained ; he mentioned to me how Walpole had laid several wagers that we could not resist twenty minutes on the hill of Carrigrew, and Doyle himself told me, he thought it was impossible that we could make head against the regular troops he saw assembled and marched off that morning to attack our camp, with artillery of every description and accompanied by a dozen corps of yeomanry cavalry.

Denis Doyle from that day became one of our brave and active officers : he was young, handsome and spirited. When the war terminated, he had the good fortune to escape to America and set up in the same business at New-York, which he had been following at Gorey. His

brother Davy had been practising as a lawyer in America for two a three years previous to this, which no doubt induced him to go and join him there. Another of his brothers Mr. James Doyle, took a very active part all through the war, and after the defeat at the Boyne, he escaped and got to Dublin, were he had to hide for a long time, and could never venture to return to his home. He was married to a daughter of Mr Kavanagh of Ballycarten and a niece of Father Frank Kavanagh. My friend and school-fellow Johnny Doyle, who distinguished himself so much, and whom I have mentioned before was first cousin to these Doyles. Mr James d'Arcy, brother to the reverend Father d'Arcy (roman-catholic priest) who had replaced at one time Father O'Leary as chaplain to the spanish ambassador at London, acted throughout the insurrection with coolness and bravery. He was married to another of Mr Kavanagh's daughters. Being obliged to abandon his home and property he came to reside at Dublin. His elder brother Mr Matthew d'Arcy, was forced to quit Gorey with his young family, to escape the vengeance of the Orangemen; he settled at Island Bridge, Dublin.

The MM. Redmond (Denis and John) first cousins to the d'Arcys and brothers to the brave Michael Redmond who was killed at the battle of Arklow, escaped to Dublin, where they had to hide for some time; they could not return to their homes.

Edward Byrne, « or little Ned, » as we used to call him,

tho' he was nearly six feet high, because he was the « last » of the brothers, was brother to Garret Byrne of Ballymanus, and to the ever-to-be-lamented William Byrne, who was executed at Wicklow, and to whose sister Miss Fanny Byrne, lord Cornwallis had promised a reprieve; but this cold-hearted inhuman man did not keep his promise. He allowed the unhappy young lady to repair to Wicklow to weep over the cold remains of her beloved brother, whose only crime was, having saved the lives of many prisoners, at the risk of his own; his innocence became proverbial ever after through the country; when any one was going to be tried, the people would cry out, « oh! surely that man is as innocent as poor Billy Byrne. »

After the insurrection was over, Ned Byrne married in Dublin, the third and youngest daughter of Mr Kavanagh of Ballyscarton and sister to the brave Thomas Kavanagh, who was killed at the batttle of Arklow. He thereby became brother-in-law to James Doyle, James d'Arcy and Ned Kavanagh, and allied to the Redmonds.

Nearly half a century after, I was transcribing these notes one day at Paris, when I received a Dublin newspaper, in which I saw an account of a great entertainment given by the catholic lord Mayor of the city of Dublin (at the Mansion house), Mr. John d'Arcy, son to

the late Matthew d'Arcy, nephew to Mr James d'Arcy, cousin to the Redmonds, and allied to many of the other insurgent chiefs of 1798, to the English protestant lord lieutenant of Ireland, « Clarendon, » under whose administration the unfortunate country suffered greater miseries that at any other epoch of her history. I dont mention this coincidence to disparage Mr John d'Arcy, for whom I feel the greatest esteem, for he only complied with the duties incumbent on the high situation he owes to his fellows citizens, when he entertained the enemy of the independence of Ireland, for which so many of his near relations suffered.

I only mention the circumstance on account of the questions put to me so often by my french friends, who cannot conceive why such vast numbers of Irish catholics are abandoning the land of their birth to escape famine and the many unheard of miseries there, to go off to America, whilst they have still the means of paying their passage, whilst the catholic lord Mayor and the protestant lord lieutenant of Ireland, are on such friendly terms; it is quite beyond their comprehension, for they say that if there was any thing like a St Bartholomew or a revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they could easily understand the matter; but it appears to them quite incomprehensible to see catholic lords and catholic members of the H. of C. sitting in the english parliament, whilst Irish catholics are allowed to die every day from want and hunger; they think this state of thing is equal if not

worse, to the massacre of S. Bartholomew « that » only lasted a day, but the extermination never ceases in Ireland. —To all this I answer, that many causes may be assigned for all this misery, but the great one is, religious dissensions; that about the time I was born, no catholic could purchase land as a perpetuity, tho' all the soil had belonged to his ancestors. They were allowed to rent it on leases of 21 years, but as soon as the land was reclaimed and improved, it was let over their heads to some descendants of the followers of Cromwell; these men on account of professing the protestant religion got leases of nine hundred and ninety nine years, or ninety nine years, renewable for ever. They thus became the middle men and cruel task masters of the unfortunate Irish serfs : and although at a later period, a law was passed empowering roman catholics to purchase land, very few were able to avail themselves of this concession, on account of the difficulty, or I may say the impossibility of getting small portions of land to buy. The titles to the large estates were so disputed in chancery, that no one cared to have any thing to do with them. The law to sell encumbered estates only passed when the million had fled, or were about to emigrate to America; that happy country where the labourer is sure of his hire, and where he cannot be evicted when he has improved his land. The Irish catholics so justly renowned for the steadiness with which they have borne persecution on account of their religion, see the numbers of the members of that religion

diminishing yearly, from starvation and bad government. I add, that until such time as the Irish have the power of making their own local laws, no redress can be expected, english whigs and english tories seeming delighted to witness the decrease of the Irish population. — Thus that unfortunate country is doomed to remain an enslaved province of England, and to be despised by every Clarendon who may be sent over to misgovern it. But I must quit this painful digression and resume my narrative at Gorey.

Although the king's troops had retreated in every direction, still it was thought, that when they met reinforcements on their way, they might return. It was therefore deemed necessary for us to take every precaution not to be surprised as we were at Newtownbarry after we had taken that town, and in consequence, Denis Doyle and I were intrusted to place guards and out posts at every entrance into Gorey; whilst others were charged with the same service at the camp. We took particular care to place a strong guard on the road to Arklow, from which direction an attack was to be dreaded. We chose men of confidence as chiefs of each post, and after we had given them the watchword and counter sign, we made several rounds during the night and found all those chiefs of posts doing their duty perfectly well, altho' I believe it was the first time any of them ever performed such a service. Some time before day we were relieved from the

danger of being attacked from the Arklow side, as a large body of Arklow men came to join our standard and told us how the king's troops had evacuated that town and were retreating on the road to Wicklow. This was joyful news to me, as I could now lie down with safety to rest; not in a bed, for that was a luxury I had not been accustomed to for many months past. — When I awoke in the morning, the 5th of june (1798) I found that several small parties had been sent from the camp to reconnoitre, one of them specially charged to burn the house of that monster Hunter Gowan, about two or three miles distant from Gorey. This kind of retaliation was a poor compensation, and no consolation to the unfortunate relations of his victims. — Fathers, mothers, wives, children, brothers, sisters, all had been left to mourn those butchered by such magistrates in the pay of the english government.

About this time a proclamation was issued from head quarters, Wexford, out-lawing Hunter Gowan, James Boyd, Hawtrey White, and Archibald Hamilton Jacob, all magistrates and commanders of yeomen corps, all of whom had committed the most horrid cold blooded murders of the peaceable and well-disposed people throughout the country, previous to the insurrection.

It has been frequently asked, why Arklow was not occupied forthwith by our forces, as the enemy had aban-

doned the place. No doubt a small body of our men might have been detached there, to keep possession of the town and to make a general perquisition for arms and ammunition, which we stood in such need of. But it would have been imprudent to have marched with all our forces, and leave general Loftus in our rear at Carnew, where we were told he was assembling an army and making the greatest preparations to come and attack our camp, having received reinforcements from Tullow, Carlow and different other places. Perhaps too much time was allowed to elapse before the march on Carnew was ordered : but let that be as it may, a halt became absolutely necessary, to afford time to procure provisions for so numerous a body of men as we now were, amounting to nearly twenty thousand, and at that season of the year, when all the old provisions become so scarce, it was on meat alone we could count, to furnish our troops the means of living. As to rations of bread and other victuals, we found the greatest difficulty in procuring any quantity, the country being every where pillaged and devastated by the king's troops and Orangemen, who had been placed with the unfortunate inhabitants on free quarters previous to the rising.

Killing cattle at our camp to supply the men, was often attended with great inconvenience and waste; when the distribution of the meat was made, the men not having immediately the means of cooking it, never thought of carrying it with them raw, when the order to march was

given. The offal and hides being left on the ground would have caused a pestilence in the hot weather, had it not been for the great exertions of an old gentleman of eighty, Mr Barney Murray of Gory, who rode every day to the camp and had them carried away and buried. For this act of humanity, he was imprisoned when the tyrants returned.

On the 6th of june I made a part of a detachment sent to reconnoitre; we were about thirty in number, tolerably well mounted and armed; we gave directions in different villages where we passed, to the elderly men who could not jōin the camp, to take fat cattle from the domains of our enemies, have them killed, the meat boiled and cut in small portions, and have it forwarded without delay to our army at Gory. Our orders were complied with as well as could be expected under such circumstances. We pushed on our reconnoissance in the direction of Shillelah and had already made seven or eight miles without meeting the enemy, when all at once, we perceived a corps of cavalry on march. We of course did not advance but halted to see what direction they would take; they drew up and halted also, the moment they saw we would not advance. After remaining a short time they wheeled about and marched back. We concluded that by this manœuvre they wished to draw us into an ambuscade. Perhaps they only followed their instructions, or that they supposed we could not have ventured so far, if we

had not had our main body very near us to fall back on. Be that as it may, we thought it prudent to avoid a combat with a force three times our number : besides, our mission being accomplished; we returned to our camp at Gory without having exchanged a shot with the enemy.

The next day the 7th of june I got the command of another small party to reconnoitre. We took nearly the same direction as the day before, but I wished to return by another way in order to obtain something certain about the enemy's force at Carnew. and to approach this town as near as I could with safety for that purpose. Being assured by some country people that the king's troops had left that place, I now longed to get back to communicate to the leaders all the information I had acquired, and as Monaseed lay in the way, I wished to pay a short visit to my dear mother, and to let the men who accompanied me take some refreshments at our house. We had not been there many minutes, when we perceived a horseman coming on the road we had just left; I went out and met him. It struck me at once that he was a spy, as he did not give any satisfactory account of who he was, or where he was going. I thought it right to have him arrested : he was rather well-looking and about twenty two or three years of age; his horse, bridle and saddle were fit to mount any man, he had no arms. We could not find the least scrap of paper on him; he no doubt might have had one sewed in his clothes, but we

had no time to make a minute search. I had a musket primed and loaded in his presence, placed him on his knees and had it levelled at him, threatening to shoot him forthwith if he did not tell me something about where he was going. All to no purpose, nothing would he divulge, and yet I was convinced he was going on a mission for the enemy. Being eager to rejoin our camp without delay, I got one of our tenants, Maguire, who had been seeing his wife and children, and was about returning on foot to the camp, to mount the prisoner's horse and get him (the prisoner) up behind him.

We rode off quickly and about two miles from Gory, we met our entire army in full march to attack Carnew. I was instantly surrounded by the chiefs who were desirous to hear all the news I had acquired during the day. When I had satisfied them on this point and told them all the particulars about the prisoner, the column was ordered to halt and Esmond Kyan took charge of him and engaged he would soon make him speak. For this purpose, he made him put his head into the mouth of the howitzer or mortar, and threatened to blow him up into the air, if he did not immediately confess all he knew. But just as with me, nothing whatever could he extort from this most extraordinary young man, and yet it was evident he came from the country then occupied by our enemies. As it was useless to try any further experiments on this obstinate fellow, he was sent to the rear of the column to be escorted with the other prisoners, and

our army resumed it's march towards Carnew; altho' it was now well known that general Loftus had quit the town the day before and marched with all the forces under his orders to Tullow; but it appeared that a march on Carnew, or a demonstration of some kind had become necessary to appease the wrath of the vast numbers who had had their dearest friends and relations slaughtered there, previous to the rising. How far this march was inconsistent with our military operations, we learned before many days passed; but it was a difficult matter to avoid committing faults, circumstanced as we were.

Our army encamped the 7th of june on Kileavan hill near Carnew, and in a short time afterwards, the greatest part of this town was burned. Many houses however belonging to those who were known not to have participated in the cold blooded murders and tortures perpetrated there, were exempted from this useless retaliation.

To destroy isolated houses, liable to serve as citadels or places of refuge to the enemy, became necessary, according to our plan of carrying on the war, but otherwise it was bad policy to destroy any habitation, no matter who the owner might be. Bob Blaney's malt houses, and indeed all his concerns were saved, because he was so well known for his humanity and exertions in endeavouring to save the lives of the unfortunate people who were brought to Carnew to be tortured there previous to the insurrection; his brother Ralph was less po-

pular, and of course his house shared the fate of his neighbours. Yet it was known that Raph Blaney after the war was over, did many kind acts to people who were in distress. His handsome house at Buckstown not being destroyed, made him very grateful to the people of that neighbourhood, whom he knew had contributed to save his property there.

Our camp on Kileavan hill was visited by some protestants of the neighbourhood, who feeling they had nothing to dread on account of the neutral part they maintained during this struggle for independence, approached their catholic acquaintances with confidence. They received them well, as persons considered friendly to our cause. But judge of my surprise, and how glad I was, when I saw amongst these visitors, young Aiffy Page, Ralph Blaney's clerk, he, who had had poor Ned Nowlan taken prisoner on the 24th of may, when we were passing at Hacketstown. I have mentioned all the particulars of this matter in the beginning of my narrative. Of course I had Page taken into custody, and given up to Nowlan's two uncles, Taddy and Darby Laughlan, and to his brother John Nowlan. All three were fortunately present at the camp at the time. I related to them in Page's presence, how he had their nephew and brother arrested and thrown into prison at Hacketstown : he owned it was true, and added, that Nowlan was safe, and would be exchanged for him; hoped he would not be ill treated,

etc. I impressed in the strongest manner on the uncles and brother of poor Nowlan, the necessity of keeping this young scamp, well guarded, until the exchange took place; that if they had not been there, I should have taken charge of Page myself and never lost sight of him before all was accomplished. Of course they replied I might rest assured they would do every thing necessary to hasten the release of their relative. I quit them upon this, having a good deal to do else where. I was happy to think that chance had thrown this young scoundrel into our hands, and that thereby poor Nowlan would be snatched from an untimely end. Think then of my sorrow and indignation, when Taddy Laughlan, the uncle, told me next day, that young Page's father, with whom he was well acquainted, came to him and pledged himself in the most solemn manner, that if his son was put at liberty, they both would go immediately and have Nowlan liberated. Laughlan had the fatuity to accede to this proposition, thinking no doubt it was the surest way of getting his nephew out of prison; but unfortunately, he was cruelly disappointed. In thirteen days afterwards, poor Nowlan was brought back to Carnew, and there immolated, to appease the thirst of the bloody orangemen of that place.

Ned Nowlan was a powerful strong man, twenty four years of age. The murder of so fine a young fellow was deeply felt by all who knew him; particularly as no charge whatever could be brought against him. But it

sufficed, that he was brave and a roman catholick, to have him sacrificed to the fury of the relentless tyrants and magistrates of Carnew. — It makes me melancholy to think that he was not saved. His mother's sisters were married to respectable farmers, enjoying consideration and influence in the country. They did not exert themselves on this occasion as they might have done. Both Page and his father should have been retained prisoners and the females of their family charged with negotiating the exchange of the prisoners. Alas! nothing was done. —

An incident occurred scarcely worth noticing, if it did not shew how much we stood in need of discipline and some kind of control, to prevent our young men scampering through the country, without any object in view.

Before quitting the camp at Kileavan hill, I wished to leave a provision of salt at my mother's; it was an article we then began to feel the want of, and for this purpose I brought my nephew James Kennedy, a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, mounted on a breeding mare, more than twenty years old, and the only one of all our horses that the Orangemen left on the land. I was accompanied by Jacob Byrne of Bally Ellis. We were riding slowly, when we stopped to speak with some friends we met who were just coming out of the town of Carnew. My nephew who preceded us about two hundred yards,

was thrown on the road in the most brutal manner by two fellows who mounted the old mare and came up meeting us. The poor boy all covered with dust was running after them, crying and shouting to stop them. I crossed them in the road and desired them to alight instantly, which they positively refused to do. Jacob Byrne in assisting me to arrest these fellows, narrowly escaped; my piece in the struggle went off and shot his horse dead under him; both fell so suddenly on the road, that I feared he was badly wounded. Fortunately he did not receive the least injury; he lost a fine horse, that was all, and the scamps betook themselves to the fields, leaving the old mare behind them. So we proceeded to Carnew. Mrs Leonard a widow, who kept a great warehouse and establishment there, and whose premises were respected in the general conflagration, had put aside for me, a small bag of salt, which young Kennedy took charge of. But I had to have him escorted back to our house, three miles distant. This circumstance with many similar that occurred, shewed the necessity there was to have companies formed, and the captains and lieutenants regularly elected by their men. These companies to be from one to two hundred strong, to answer the proximity of the locality the men belonged to : each company to have a first and second captain, a first and second lieutenant, a first and second ensign. One at least of each of these ranks to be continually present with his company. Their duty of course would be to look after the welfare of all those

who elected them, to the honour of the command; to see that provisions were procured and regularly distributed, but of all things, to pass a minute inspection every morning of the arms of their respective companies, and to be more particular about the pikes, as on this weapon so much depended; it being remarked, that many of our men, as soon as they got any kind of firelock, even an old pistol, which could not fire a shot, gave away their pikes to others. These men at the inspection, could be mildly admonished and made ashamed of having given away a fine pike that such good use of had been made at the last battle, etc. A simple organization of this kind, with a few other military regulations, would have made our army of pikemen formidable indeed. Our fire arms being of different calibres, we could not easily get cartridges made to fit them all; and this was another reason why we should have paid more attention to see that the pikes were always in good condition.

By the march of our army to Kileavan hill we shewed the enemy that had retreated on Tullow under the command of general Loftus that we expected to have met them in the open field; but they preferred shutting themselves up in the town, after evacuating Shillelah, Tinnahilly and all that part of the county of Wicklow, bordering on the county of Wexford, sooner than risk a battle against our pikemen in the plain, though they had cavalry well mounted and knew we had none. Thus we

were obliged to go and attack them in their towns, where they were intrenched and barricaded in such a strong way, that our pikemen found the greatest difficulty in making use of their arms.

But there was a plan suggested, which if it had been put into execution would have in some measure remedied our critical situation and have forced the enemy to quit their strong holds. This plan consisted in having a corps of six or eight thousand men detached as a corps of observation, manœuvring from Tinnahilly to Rathdrum, and menacing to intercept the Dublin road leading to Arklow; the command of this corps to be intrusted to Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus. This gentleman was well known to the gentry of the county ot Wexford and much esteemed by them : but he was still better known in the county of Wicklow, where all the people were ready to follow him through thick and thin It was in this situation he could have rendered the most important service; aided by so many chiefs, all of whom had distinguished themselves in each combat with the enemy, such as, Dan Kervin, of Ballanacar, and a host of others, equally brave and enterprising. Garrett Byrne's instructions were to be, to avoid a general battle; to attack all small parties of the enemy and harass them in every way; to keep open his communication with the main body or army; but if separated by a superior force of the enemy, he could retire into the mountains of Wicklow, to Glen Muller and the seven churches, where his men would

have flocks of sheep at their disposition and from thence he could have easily opened a communication with the Kildare men. Had this plan been decided or and carried into execution on the 5th or 6th of june, we should not have had to fight a battle at Arklow, for the town was abandoned by the king's forces, and the panic was so great, that we might have reached Dublin, without meeting much resistance, and in all probability have assembled there in a few days under the walls of the capital, more than sixty thousand fighting men, that would have come flocking from all parts of Ireland, to join the standard of independence.

All these plans were suddenly relinquished on learning that the town of Arklow was re-occupied by the english, and the orange yeomanry, and by re-inforcements from Dublin; carriages, jaunting cars, carts, waggons, etc., all being pressed into requisition to transport troops there in all haste, to strengthen the garrison.

Our army returned on the 8th of june to it's former camp at Gory hill, to make preparations for the attack of the enemy at Arklow. Our ammunition became very scarce, except for the artillery, of which we had still, a tolerably good supply, and provisions of all kinds were very difficult to be had for so numerous a body as was now agglomerated at our camp.

Different applications for gunpowder was made to the town of Wexford, which were not complied with, under the pretext that it was all wanted for the defence of the

city; as if we were not defending the town more effectually than its inhabitants; tho' we were thirty miles away, still we were fighting their battles as well as our own. At length we received a very small barrel of powder from Wexford; a scanty supply no doubt, but it arrived very opportunely, the eve of a great battle; it was distributed immediately to those who had firelocks, as there was no time to have it made into cartridges. It was whilst witnessing this distribution that poor Nick Murphy and I lamented the loss of our large jar of fine powder, which held sufficient to have supplied our army for a long time

I have mentioned already how John Sheridan had discovered to Hunter Gowan the place where we had this jar concealed, whilst Murphy and I were absent, going from place to place to conceal ourselves and to escape the fury of the orangemen.

About this time the result of the hard fought battle at Ross was known at our camp, and also that Bagnel Harvey had resigned the chief command and that Father Philip Roche had been chosen by the people to replace him, as commander in chief of their forces before Ross. — Roche was a very superior, intelligent man; of course we regretted seeing him leave our corps of army, though we were in no want of chiefs to lead us to victory. We had still Father John Murphy and Father Michael Murphy, both enjoying immense influence amongst the fighting men.

Besides, we had Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, and many other distinguished leaders, all of whom by this time were well known to have merited the rank they obtained in the united irish system. What we wanted most, was gunpowder and a proper plan of campaigning, to draw the enemy from their intrenchments into the plain, and thereby enable us to bring our intrepid pikemen into action, as we did at the memorable battle of Tubberneering against Walpole.

We were now in possession of the whole of the county of Wexford, except Newtownbarry on the Slaney confines of the county of Carlow, New Ross on the Barrow confines of Waterford and Kilkenny county, and the Fort of Duncannon. We were also masters of that part of the county of Wicklow bordering on the county of Wexford, from Carnew to Shillelah. Tinnahilly, to the town of Arklow. It is only justice to say, that those districts of the county of Wicklow furnished our army with the most determined, fine, brave fellows and all to a man, priding themselves on being united irishmen. They had all either personnally, or some members of their families, suffered the most cruel tortures and persecution; such as, having had pitch caps put on their heads; they had been picketed or half hung, they had had the king's troops living on free quarters at their respective homes, and there committing all sorts of atrocious crimes, shooting the inhabitants, burning the houses, etc. Several men

from Dunlaren came to tell the dreadful fate of their nearest relations who had been murdered there, in cold blood, previous to the rising. These fine fellows were now only occupied how they could best serve their country's cause. How much it is to be lamented, that the inhabitants of all the districts of Ireland were not then animated with the same love of independence! Then indeed the english yoke would have been soon shaken off, and no power could have fastened it on again. England would have had too much to do at home to keep her own population quiet, and guard herself against the french nation, at that time so powerful and so desirous to see England weakened and reduced to be a second-rate state, which evidently she would have been, the moment Ireland was separated from her.

A short notice of a man whom I knew well, from one of the above mentioned districts in the county of Wicklow, and who acted throughout our struggle for independence a most conspicuous part, first in the organization of the united irish system, and subsequently as one of our brave chiefs in the war, will be in its place here on account of what is to follow.

Matthew Doyle, who resided on the way between Ballyarthur and Arklow, was appointed by the provincial chiefs to travel in the adjacent counties, to give instructions to the societies, and to report on their progress. Putenham Mac Cabe was frequently sent from Dublin on

the same mission. I met them at Nick Murphy's house, at Monaseed, where they stopped the night, to take refreshments. No two men could be more dissimilar in manner. Mac Cabe was quite a man of the world, rather handsome, plausible in conversation, with a mysterious air of importance, which was greatly enhanced by his tie wig and other disguises he had to put on during the perilous mission he had undertaken for the welfare of Ireland — I met Mac Cabe in Paris in 1803. I never could rightly understand his patriotism. We were several irish officers at the time, just setting off from Paris for Brest, from which place we expected an expedition would soon sail to free our unfortunate country. Mac Cabe seemed to gibe at our great hurry to repair to the coast, just as if he knew the secrets of the government; nor could I ever learn that he volunteered to go on any of the expeditions preparing in the french sea-ports to invade Ireland. Yet he ran great risks going frequently to England and Ireland and returning to France during the war. In 1807 I was with a battalion of our regiment in garrison at Antwerp. Mac Cabe arrived there from England by way of Amsterdam; he had two ladies under his care, who were coming from Ireland, madame Berthemé and her daughter mademoiselle Berthemé. We invited these ladies and Mac Cabe to dine with us at our mess, which they accepted, and we spent a very pleasant evening, at the Hotel du Lion d'Or. Mac Cabe shewed us a handsome case of pistols he had purchased in London, and

which he intended for general Arthur O'Connor. This was the last time I ever spoke to Mac Cabe, though I saw him one day in the streets of Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons. He had just arrived from Dublin, where he had been imprisoned some time.

Matthew Doyle was a stout healthy looking man; when travelling he was always mounted on a good horse, as the farmers and graziers generally are when going on their business to fairs or markets. In this way Doyle passed through the country quietly, without attracting any notice, yet notwithstanding all his precautions, his dwelling was one of the first in the country where the soldiers were let loose on free quarters : the ancient britons finding Doyle had escaped into the woods, established themselves in his house, where they kept his wife and children prisoners, until they were called away when Arklow was abandoned on the 5th of june. Doyle had the satisfaction of seeing, before the war terminated, these cruel monsters nearly all slain, at the battle of Bally Ellis in which he took an active part. But in a few days after, he was taken prisoner and on the point of being shot, when it was thought better to put him into a regiment as a private soldier; this regiment being one of those sent to Egypt under the command of sir Ralph Abercrombie, Doyle made the campaign there against the french ; when discharged a few years afterwards, he was very vain of his military acquirements, which he trusted might one day be employed for the

emancipation of his country. — He was introduced to poor Robert Emmett in 1803.

I mention all these particulars about Doyle previous to giving an account of the battle of Arklow, because no man knew the environs of that town better than he did, and no one was more capable of making a diversion in the rear of the enemy's line, had it been resolved to do so during the battle and which no doubt would have rendered the victory less dear to our army.

BATTLE OF ARKLOW — 9TH OF JUNE 1798.

At about ten o'clock in the morning all the preparations that were possible to be made being now ready, and all our men who were absent during the night having joined their respective corps, the order to march from Gory hill was given and never did I witness any thing before like the joy that seemed to brighten every countenance when this command was repeated from rank to rank throughout the entire column; it had more the appearance of a march to some great place of amusement than to the battle field. I think we mustered twenty thousand strong at least, but we had not two thousand firelocks fit for use. The greater part of the muskets that were taken by the country people, little accustomed to make use of them, the locks soon became deranged, and

we had no gunsmiths following our army to repair them, nor had we even blacksmiths to repair our pikes; for those poor fellows were either shot, transported, or in prison previous to the rising; but still we had some three or four thousand tolerably well mounted pikes in our army, and the remainder of the men were armed with weapons of different sorts, all of which in close fighting would suffice against the soldier's gun and bayonet. We met no scouting parties from the enemy's camp before we reached Coolgreny; in this town we made a short halt, to let the men take some refreshments, and after a rest of less than an hour, we resumed our march on Arklow, the enemy's cavalry flying back before us, without waiting to exchange a single shot with our advanced guard. Thus we arrived between three and four o'clock (after making ten irish miles), in front of the enemy's line, which we found intrenched and barricaded, to commence a regular battle, with our very irregular troops, against a regular and disciplined english army. We first perceived a number of field officers seemingly very busy riding before their line of battle, but they, as soon as the first shot was fired from our troops, retired to the rear of their line, and we saw one of them fall from his horse, we supposed either badly wounded or killed. He belonged to the Durham fencibles that occupied this strong position.

Esmond Kyan lost no time in drawing up our artillery

to attack this position and the very first volley he fired, he had the satisfaction to see that he had dismounted one of the enemy's cannon. The Monaseed corps to which I belonged, entered the field in front of the enemy's intrenchments, at the same time with Esmond Kyan and the artillery; but we were instantly ordered to file to the right and attack the outlets or fishery, where the enemy was in great force, and the corps not yet arrived were to take our place to guard the artillery and force the enemy's position in that direction.

We immediately obeyed and marched to attack the fishery, but we were greatly exposed to the fire from the enemy's intrenchment in crossing an open field and by this prompt measure we lost several fine fellows. We were soon joined by other corps of our army that had made a circuitous road and consequently without losing any men. We being now in sufficient force, began the attack, and in a short time the battle became general in every direction where the king's troops were perceived, and the yeoman cavalry shewed more pluck on this occasion than usual. They accompanied the regular forces in several charges against our men, but without success, for we forced both them and the english troops to abandon their position in the fishery with great loss of men killed and wounded. Such were the prodigies of valour exhibited by our chiefs at the head of their respective corps, that general Needham, who commanded in chief the king's forces, from the onset despaired of success,

and he had already begun to take the necessary dispositions to effect his retreat before the great mass of our pikemen should be brought against him; his troops, he saw plainly, though they fought bravely, could no longer resist the impetuosity of our attacks in the open field. Besides, he feared every moment that his forces might disband in confusion, particularly that part of Walpole's division which escaped at Tubberneering and which although now considerably reinforced by the Cavan militia and other troops sent from Dublin, could not forget their late panic at Clough, where Walpole was killed.

General Needham had also the cavalry regiment of ancient Britons and at least a dozen corps of yeoman cavalry to bring against us, whilst we had scarcely any men mounted to make head against them; yet we defeated and dispersed them in every engagement during the day. Captain Thomas Knox Grogan at the head of the Castletown cavalry was one of the first who attempted to charge our troops; both he and his cousin James Moor of Monaseed and several others of his corps were killed in an instant and the rest dispersed. I knew them both well; Moor was a near neighbour, and we rented land from Grogan, one of the most worthy men in the country. All the other cavalry corps that came to attack us, were defeated and dispersed in like manner as Grogan's. So we were now after four hours of desperate fighting completely masters of the field of battle, with the exception of one

corner, the position occupied by colonel Skerret and the Durham fencibles, and this post was only attacked by our artillery, commanded by Esmond Kyan. Unfortunately this brave and experienced officer, after having forced Skerret to abandon his first stronghold, received a wound which disabled him for some time; he had his cork arm with a part of the stump carried off by a cannon ball; this accident afforded time to Skerrett and his much vaunted Durham fencibles to barricade themselves in their new position. But, had a few hundred of our pikemen been brought to bear on them during this manœuvre, they would have fled as well as all the other troops under the command of general Needham. For really those fencibles shewed no bravery, further than to keep themselves under cover and away as much as possible from our pikemen. They never once attempted during the battle to assist the other troops of their division, which were overwhelmed in every direction by our army. Thus by keeping as much as he could out of the fight, colonel Skerret made a reputation for himself, and for which, according to the military lottery, he was recompensed with the rank of general.

On the other hand, the intrepid and heroic chiefs of our irish army looked for no other reward than to see their country free and independent. Stimulated by this sublime aspiration, they cheerfully marched to meet the enemy; no matter how perilous the situation, and gene-

rally under the greatest disadvantage; suffering all manner of privations, and here it is only just that I should mention some of those who displayed the greatest bravery and courage during this action.

The brave Michael Redmond with the Limerick corps, and the men of his own neighbourhood contributed most powerfully in gaining the battle. After defeating the king's troops in the fishery, he was pursuing them into the town, when he received a mortal wound of which he expired instantly. This misfortune threw a damp over the men who looked to poor Redmond as their principal chief; but they were again cheered and encouraged by Anthony Perry, Merth Mernaye and other intrepid leaders.

The reverend Michael Murphy who led on his men with skill and courage, enjoying as he did, an immense influence over all those who knew him, his death in the heat of the battle, was no doubt a cruel loss, but not an irreparable one as some people would have it thought, for if it was considered necessary to have a clergyman to lead the people to victory, there was still one in our ranks who enjoyed a greater ascendency over the masses than the unfortunate man who was killed. Father John Murphy apparently with the simplicity of a child, was a lion in the fight; in short he knew not, nor cared, nor feared danger, from the moment he was forced to take the field to save his life from the tyrants who had burned his house, his chapel and all he possessed, on the 26th of

may : and this day at Arklow, he was seen in every critical situation encouraging the men and exposing himself to the greatest danger, wherever he thought his presence could be useful. He was so well known that the moment he was perceived, there was a general burst of joy and enthusiasm throughout the ranks of the army. Thus it may be fairly said of Father John, that he contributed most powerfully to the success of the day at Arklow.

James Kavanagh of Ballyscarton and Michael Fearet of Tara, with many other fine fellows were killed at the head of their men, driving the king's troops from the fishery. — Dan Kervan with the other county of Wicklow leaders, distinguished themselves by their coolness and bravery all through the fighting; and of the Monaseed corps, I must as usual mention Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Nick Murphy, and indeed I could add a host of others who shewed the greatest intrepidity in heading their men in the thick of the fire. In short, in every corps of our army, were to be seen during this battle very young men indeed, displaying the greatest courage and carelessness about the great danger they were exposed to. — Such was the endearing love of country and independence which animated the soul of each, that if they had been well commanded, the enemy had no force in Ireland to withstand them any time. I enter into these particulars to shew that we were not in want of brave and experienced leaders to head the men in the action,

What we wanted, was a commander in chief, who should have been chosen by all the other chiefs, previous to the battle, and whose orders alone should have been punctually executed; and no other that did not emanate from him. There were several trust worthy men to whom this important command might have been confided, such as, Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Fitzgerald of New park, and indeed many others who would have been quite equal to the task, with a council to direct them and a staff of aides-de-camp, composed of fine young fellows to carry their orders and assist them in the fight. But instead of having a general in chief and a staff organized in this way, we were often at a loss to know from whom the orders came. For my own part, I never could ascertain who it was that gave the order to our army to march back to our camp at Gorey hill, at the moment the battle was gained and the king's forces quitting the town and retreating on the road to Wicklow. The Durham fencibles that were left to cover this retreat, only waited till it became dark to begin their retrograde march unperceived.

Our army had only to make a few fires at a little distance to shew the enemy we were encamped for the night and in a short time after, the town would have been completely evacuated, not only by the english troops, but by the yeomen and orangemen of every description.

How melancholy to think a victory so dearly bought, should have been abandoned, and for which no good or plausible motive could ever be assigned. No doubt we had expended nearly all our ammunition, but that should have served as a sufficient reason to have brought all our pikemen instantly to pursue the enemy whilst in a state of disorder, and panic struck as it really was that day at Arklow.

My firm belief is to day, as it was that day, that if we had had no artillery, the battle would have been won in half the time; for we should have attacked the position of the Durham fencibles at the very onset, with some thousand determined pikemen, in place of leaving those valiant fellows inactive to admire the effect of each cannon shot. No doubt our little artillery was admirably directed and did wonders, until Esmond Kyan's wound deprived the irish army of this gallant man's services; he was in every sense of the word, a real soldier and a true patriot.

A diversion in the rear of the enemy's line during the battle might have accelerated their retreat and have thrown them into still greater disorder and confusion. — Matthew Doyle of whom I have already spoken, offered to execute this diversion, but it was considered unnecessary. Of course Doyle and his men betook themselves to the front of the fight. Had a house or two been set on fire in the rear of the enemy, as was the case at

the battle of Enniscorthy on the 28th of may, and which decided instantly the success there in our favour, the same result would have been obtained for us at Arklow for the king's troops finding themselves attacked in their rear would begin to fly in every direction ; and already disaffection was plainly seen in their ranks, and the irish private soldier had learned that he would not be badly treated if he fell into our hands. Thus, had we followed up our victory, in a very short time vast numbers of the irish would have deserted from the english and come to join our standard; for with the exception of the Orange men, all the irish that were brought against us, only waited a fit opportunity to abandon their tyrants and come over to us; and no one knew this better than general Needham. That was the reason he wished to effect his retreat in time, before the disaffection became general in his army. But the unhappy destiny of poor Ireland would have it, that we were really ignorant of our own strength and did not know how to avail ourselves of the immense advantages we had already acquired; having the whole country every where through the county of Wicklow favourable to us, by which the king's forces were obliged to pass, they never could attempt again to make another stand before they reached Dublin, and our army would, at every mile it advanced, be considerably augmented by those brave fellows who had had to take refuge in the Wicklow mountains, and who would now sally forth to attack the enemy in disorder, retreating in haste

and confusion to escape from twenty thousand men, by whom they were closely pursued after their defeat at Arklow.

Nothing but the most precipitate march or flight could have saved any portion of them. General Needham dreaded this desertion; of course he apprized his government of his critical situation. The government had no reinforcements to send him, but irish militia regiments, in whose loyalty now no confidence could be placed.

The infernal orange system and lodges which the government allowed to be organized in all the irish militia regiments, would soon have had the happiest effect for us, had we but followed up our victory. For all those who refused to take the orange test, particularly the roman catholics of those regiments, only waited a favourable occasion to escape from all kinds of persecutions and insults, which they had daily to put up with from the orange ringleaders, who treated them as vile united rebels, croppies, etc.

No redress could they expect from officers who were sworn orangemen themselves. Thus this schism and division was augmenting in every irish militia regiment, and with it insubordination and indiscipline, such as was never known in any army before, and which confirmed the prediction of sir Ralph Abercrombie, when he resigned the chief command of this army on the 29th of april 1798, sooner than tarnish his military fame by remaining to lead a band of ruffians to scenes of coldblooded

slaughter and desolation. « The english army », he declared, « in Ireland was formidable to all but the enemy. »

Never before had the english government in Ireland been so near its total destruction. When Hoche's expedition appeared on the coast in 1796, the irish nation was ready to avail itself of it, to throw off the english yoke ; but now the people found they were adequate to accomplish this great act themselves without foreign aid. — What a pity that there was not some enterprising chief at their head at Arklow, to have followed up our victory to the city of Dublin, where we should have mustered more than a hundred thousand in a few days; consequently the capital would have been occupied without delay by our forces; when a provisional goverment would have been organized and the whole irish nation called on to proclaim its independence. Then would every emblem of the cruel english government have disappeared from the soil of our beloved country, which would once more take its rank amongst the other independent states of the earth! —

My great anxiety to appreciate the result of the battle, or what might have been the result of our victory at Arklow, has led me away from our march back to Gorey, but I now resume the details of this sad march.

Being masters of the country all round and of the bat-

tle field, where not an enemy was to be seen, we should have deserved the greatest blame, had we neglected to carry with us our unfortunate wounded men. For my own part, I did all in my power to have those who were wounded near me during the action, carried away by their comrades, until the means of transporting them on cars could be procured, which was difficult, on account of its being now quite dark night. — Had we, as we should have done, got all the brave men who were killed in the action, buried, it would have deprived Earl Mountnorris and the ferocious ancient Britons of the cannibal pleasure they enjoyed in mangling the body and roasting the heart of the reverend Michael Murphy. — But I shall not dwell on this painful subject, of which so much has been published by the bookmakers of that epoch.

When I reached Gory late at night, I went to see about the wounded men of my acquaintance ; they were placed on a ground floor in the main street, and as yet their wounds were undressed. One of them poor young Owen Brucelann took me by the hand, when I proposed to bring a surgeon, he told me it was useless, that he could not recover, and in a few minutes after he expired. Two others died before I left the room. Many of those who were not badly wounded were taken by their friends to their respective homes, where they were sure to be well taken care of by the females of their families. A melancholy

occupation, no doubt, for the poor mothers, wives and sisters; but we had no regular hospitals as yet organized, which was the worst feature of our campaigning. Not to be left the hope of being cured of our wounds was grievous indeed, but what was still worse, was the certainty of being instantly put to death if made prisoners. Well, with this gloomy prospect before our eyes, I think we were more dauntless, and more ready to meet the enemy in open fight than ever; and so far from desponding and remaining at Gory hill on the defensive, notwithstanding our mistaken retrograde movement from Arklow, we resumed our military offensive operations the day after. Our losses in killed and wounded were no doubt considerable, and it must have been equally great with the enemy. The numbers could never be rightly ascertained; we brought some hundreds of wounded men away from the field of battle, and from the night coming on, it appeared that many more were not brought off. When those unfortunate men were discovered by the enemy next day, they were instantly slaughtered.

Esmond Kyan and some others of the wounded chiefs, had to go to Wexford to get surgical advice. Thus ended the battle of Arklow.

CHAPTER IV

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The principal events after the battle of Arklow, up to the concentration of a great part of our forces at Vinegar hill, on the evening of the 20th of june.

Our mistake at Arklow in not bivouacking when the enemy was in full retreat.

The battle we fight next morning the 21st of june 1798 against general Lake and his twenty thousand regular troops and yeomen at Vinegar hill and Enniscorthy.

Our retreat to Wexford, etc.

After we return from Arklow, the Irish army remain at the camp on Gory hill and is stationary there the 10th and 11th of june, to allow time to all those who went to visit their families to return and rejoin their respective corps, and by resting, to recruit their forces and prepare for new combats.

Owens, the protestant minister and magistrate, who was a prisoner with the irish army, pretending to be mad, thereby narrowly escapes death; having made himself conspicuous by putting on pitch caps on the unfortunate people who were brought before him, much irritation against him.

On the 12th of june, our army leave Gory hill and march to Limerick hill and encamp there; from which place scouting and reconnoitering parties are detached in the direction most likely to meet the enemy.

On the 13th of june, a strong reconnoitering force is sent on the road to Arklow, and meet the enemy who fly in disorder from them, back to the town.

John Thumping of Ballygullen, brother-in-law to Hunter Gowan, is brought a prisoner to the camp and put to death at the bottom of the hill, by men who had had their fathers and brothers murdered by his sons and his cruel brother-in-law, Hunter Gowan.

On the 14th of june several detachments of our forces are sent in the direction of Carnew, Shillelah and Tinnahilly. — Our manœuvering and exertions to induce general Needham and the garrison of Arklow to come out and meet us in the open field of battle prove fruitless.

15th of june. Great skirmisking with the king's troops, and after driving them before us we make a number of prisoner.

Having left Limerick hill and marched to Mount Pleasant on the 16th of june we prepare for battle.

17th of june. New combats, in which the enemy are defeated and forced to retire into the mountains. Brilliant conduct of Mathew Doyle and the Arklow corps on this occasion. Billy Byrne's humane interference to save the lives of prisoners at our camp, and for which he is executed afterwards at Wicklow. — His trial and execution cause much sorrow throughout the country, and sadden all to whom he was personnally known.

Mrs Meagher of Coolalug comes to visit our camp for the purpose of interceding for and saving prisoners. How I became acquainted with this lady.

18th of june. Arrival at our camp of men who had escaped from Dublin through the mountains of Wicklow, bringing intelligence that a french army is hourly expected to land. — Bad effect produced by this news. — A cruel delusion for the poor irish to be counting on aid from France at the moment the conqueror of Italy and his forty thousand men are on their way to Egypt! — This intelligence at such a moment, creates a difference of opinion between the leaders.

19th of june. Our army march to Kilkevin hill, and have smart skirmishing the whole day with the enemy but as usual, the king's forces refuse to risk a battle. — The irish army engaged the whole day skirmishing is not able to bring the enemy to a general action, when the pikemen would have been of such use.

On the 19th, bad news received from the irish army before Ross and an invitation from the commander in chief of that army to the chiefs of our

corps, praying them to concentrate all the forces under their orders at Vinegar hill. — The cruel result of this silly, untimely and unmilitary manœuvre but too soon felt.

On the 19th at night our army march from Kilkevin hill to Camolen and Ferns, and next day the 20th arrive at the foot of Vinegar hill.

Battle of Vinegar hill and Enniscorthy on the 21st of june 1798. — Great bravery and intrepidity is shewn all along the line by the irish army. Some of the chiefs recommend assembling all our forces and attacking the enemy's left flank.

The town of Enniscorthy and it's outlets defended by Mr William Barker and Father Kearns.

Retreat of the irish army after the battle to the town of Wexford.

Indignation of this army on hearing of the negociations that were carried on between the inhabitants of that town and lord Kingsborough, so early as three o'clock in the morning of the 21st to surrender to him and the king's troops the town on condition that they and their properties should be saved. — The result of the battle of Vinegar hill could not be known before eleven o'clock, as it only finished at nine, and the distance is eleven irish miles.

Mr Barker is taken a prisoner and lodged in Wexford jail, after having his arm amputated by an English surgeon and carefully dressed for, some days. — Mr Devereux the father of general Devereux, is lodged in the cell adjoining Mr Barker's, and dies of a fever. —Mr Barker with his wife and child make their escape to Hamburgh, and from thence proceed to Paris.

Humbert lands to late; when the irish armies are dispersed.

Our great mistake at Arklow of not bivouacking when the enemy was in full retreat, for I shall not call it a failure, as we gained the battle there, obliged us to adopt a new plan; it was, to endeavour to bring the enemy to meet us in the open field. This plan consisted in changing frequently our camp, marching and counter-march-

ing before the english line, to try to induce them to quit their strongholds and come to attack us in their turn, that our pikemen might be instantly brought into action.

Our camp on Gory hill (after we returned from Arklow) became stationary there for the 10th and 11th of june, to allow time to all those who went to visit their families, to return and rejoin their respective corps.

On the 12th of june our army marched from Gory and encamped the same day on Limerick hill, from which place scouting and reconnoitering parties were detached in the direction thought the most likely to meet with the enemy, who by the bye, fled back whenever we approached them and refused to engage in combat with our men.

The english forces at Arklow were particularly cautious to avoid meeting our pikemen, from whom they had so recently received a terrible specimen of the utility and advantage of this long handed weapon, called the pike, when properly brought to bear upon the foe. The garrison of Arklow however took courage and ventured to send out several detachments into the country and neighbourhood at some miles distant from the town; — not to meet our army in open fight, but to murder in cold blood all the unfortunate innocent people who were found in their houses. The ancient british horse regiment accompanied by the yeomen cavalry corps, glutted their

ferocious appetites in these most monstrous deeds. Even the Orange historian, Gordon, is obliged to own the great extent and enormity of those crimes. He at the same time wishes to palliate them by saying that the insurgents used reprisals at their camp. No doubt there were many, and it was nearly impossible it could be otherwise, in the presence of such vast numbers who had had their dearest parents slaughtered previous to the insurrection, by the inhuman magistrates and orange yeomanry. Yet notwithstanding, many prisoners were saved, against whom the most serious imputations for sanguinary deeds could be produced. I contributed in several instances as much as lay in my power to have those vile, ungrateful fellows spared; because, I thought, the spilling of blood in this way could never serve our cause. I on one occasion in the market house loft at Gory, had influence enough to prevent the famous magistrate and protestant minister Owens from being killed. He who had made himself so conspicuous in putting on pitch caps on the unfortunate people who had the misfortune to be brought before him, as a justice of the peace. When several of those who had been thus treated by this miserable bigot, insisted on having him put to death forthwith, I pointed out to them how « he » had had his sufferings from a pitch cap, which had taken all the hair and skin from his head, and that it would not be worth their while to inflict on him any other punishment; besides, that he had in consequence become silly. Owens finding I had succeeded in dissuad-

ing them from their design for the moment, played his part very well. Perceiving some young girls amongst those whom curiosity brought to see the prisoners, he offered his services to marry any of them who wished to be joined in wedlock to their lovers. A young man and a young girl being very near us, he advanced and put their hands together, and instantly began the ceremony of marriage, when the poor innocent girl gave a terrible scream and ran away, which caused much laughter and seemingly amused all present. Whether it was, that she did not like the young man, or scrupled being married by a protestant minister I did not learn. — Owens had to shew himself at the window of the market house loft whenever any of our corps passed through the street. Fortunately for him, the windows being very high from the ground, the pikes could not reach him. — A strong guard was continually left at this prison, until the day our army left Gory and marched to Limerick hill; then Owens and the other prisoners that were confined there were sent off to Wexford, escorted by brave men who did not thirst for spilling human blood, and thereby escaped from the reprisals, which sooner or later they might expect did they remain in Gory. — What a contrast was this humane conduct to the ferocious Hunter Gowan and the young bloodhounds who composed his corps of yeomen cavalry : these cowardly murderers being well aware of what awaited them if taken prisoners, took good care to keep out of the way of our army and never to risk

meeting in battle the friends of the fine fellows they had slaughtered in cold blood, previous to the insurrection breaking out. The father however, of two of those young blood hounds, who had made themselves so conspicuous in shooting poor Garrett Fennell, James d'Arcy, and many others, on the 25th of may, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner and brought to our camp at Limerick hill; John Thumping was his name, he lived at Ballygullen, he was brother-in law to Hunter Gowan, they having married two sisters, and the brother of their wives Tommy Norton, was the worthy companion of the monster Hunter Gowan, in all his cruel deeds during this lamentable period An epoch which, either by history or tradition must go down to the latest posterity, reminding the rising generations never to be at rest, nor to forgive, until they get completely rid of their sanguinary task masters, the inhuman English.

Returning one evening to our camp at Limerick hill, I passed on the way some men escorting a prisoner whom I recognized to be John Thumping : I knew him well by sight, though I never had spoken to him. I feared the worst for this unfortunate man, on account of his son's bad reputation, and his other infamous connexions, such as Gowan, etc. — I hastened to the camp, to communicate my apprehensions to Ned Fennell, whom I met on horseback. He was also just returning from a reconnoitering party, as I was. This fine undaunted fellow, like

every brave man, shuddered at the idea of having innocent blood spilt : he perfectly agreed with me, that Thumping should only be made accountable for his own acts, and not for those of his infernal sons. We both instantly rode back to meet the escort that was conducting the prisoner to the camp, when at the bottom of the hill we perceived a crowd of people and a man lying dead at some distance. It was the unfortunate Thumping, who being met by men who had had their fathers ad brothers murdered by his sons and Hunter Gowan, instantly put him to death. — Had poor Ned Fennell arrived a few minutes sooner, he would have saved the unfortunate man, as none could claim a prior right to retaliate, than he whose brother had been one of the first victims, having been murdered by the young Thumpings, but not by the father.

The winter after the war terminated, a poor young lad, who lived by his labour, having been one of those who escorted Thumping to the camp, was executed at Arklow for his death. — Mat Fennell, the brother of Ned and Garrett, was arrested at the same time; probably his youth saved him (for he was only sixteen) from being offered up as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the vindictive Orangemen and cruel magistrates of the country at that epoch. It is melancholy to have to speak of these sad reprisals. I witnessed none at our camp of Carrigrew hill, Kilkevin or Gory.

All our manœuvring and exertions to induce general Needham and the garrison of Arklow to come out and meet us in the open field of battle, proving fruitless, and learning that general Loftus had quit Tullow at the head of the king's troops there, and was marching in the direction of Tinnahilly, whilst general Dundas with his division had arrived from Baltinglass at Hacketstown, to co-operate with general Loftus, we immediately left our camp at Limerick hill and marched to meet them.

On the 15th of june our advanced guard had some smart skirmishing with the english forces, and after driving them before us and making a number of prisoners, we encamped at Mount Pleasant on the 16th of june, and there prepared for battle.

The next morning, the 17th, those generals at the head of the english forces, Loftus and Dundas, who had marched, one from Tullow and the other from Hacketstown, quite determined to attack our camp, and who had even boasted that we could not resist them or keep our position for half an hour at Mount Pleasant, when they approached in sight of our army, and found it in line so formidably drawn up to receive them, hesitated and suddenly halted their army, instead of coming to attack our line and begin the battle. — Our generals seeing this hesitation of the enemy, ordered our brave fellows to sally from the camp and to commence the fight, which was instan-

tly executed with great success. We forced the king's troops to retire precipitately and to abandon a large park of cattle, with a quantity of provisions they had following their army ; and notwithstanding the vast number of cavalry corps they had covering their rear, we took a great number of prisoners and forced the enemy to quit their first position and to take another on a hill at a great distance, from which position they were preparing to fall back on Tallow and Hacketstown. Here as well as in most other places where we engaged the enemy, skill alone was wanting to follow up the king's troops to insure success. — The people had numbers and courage enough to overthrow any force which had been sent against them, if they had been skilfully commanded.

On this day all our corps evinced the greatest courage and quickness to march to attack the enemy, but I must mention one corps in particular which proved to the english on this occasion that they would have been well received by our pikemen, had they advanced to attack our line, or have waited in their own to accept the battle

I dont mean to say that Matthew Doyle and the Arklow men whom he commanded, fought with more courage and displayed more intrepidity than the other corps of our little army, but this I must say, that I could not help admiring the clever military manner he kept his men, manœuvring, marching and counter-marching in presence of the enemy. — Doyle was stript, in his shirt,

a red girdle or sash round his waist, an immense drawn sabre in his hand. He was at the head of about two hundred fine fellows, all keeping their ranks, as if they had been trained soldiers and strictly executing his commands. At one moment a large corps of the enemy's cavalry came galloping on the road under where we were drawn up and quite near us, but before they had time to pass, Doyle had his men drawn up across the road, at a point which formed an elbow, ready to meet them. The cavalry on perceiving this formidable barrier impeding their passage, halted suddenly, wheeled about and ran away, which caused great cheering amongst our men, who were placed on an eminence near the road, and by this time within pistol shot of the cavalry, whilst they were in the act of wheeling about. Many of them must have been wounded from the fire of our gunsmen which was kept up as long as the enemy was within reach. The enthusiasm caused by this skirmish might have been turned to good account, for our pikemen were now ready to march against any cavalry, infantry or artillery, but it was late in the day, and the main body of the enemy was too far off to be reached before night. The town of Tinnahilly afforded us very little resource. As a military position it was not worth any thing to us; we got however some gunpowder, of which we stood in the greatest need, and a few fire arms, in bad condition, and which had been left by the Orangemen in the confusion of their escape.

We were joined here by many brave men who had been till then hiding in the mountains, hourly in danger of being discovered and shot if they attempted to quit their hiding places.

It was during the stay our army made at the camp of Mount Pleasant, that poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus by his humane interference saved the lives of several prisoners against whom charges of persecuting the people were brought. Amongst those prisoners was Thomas Dowse, a gentleman farmer and grazier, with whom poor Byrne was on intimate terms. Of course he used all his influence and succeeded in getting Dowse put at liberty. Could it be believed, that Dowse's evidence on Byrne's trial at Wicklow afterwards, in which he declared his heart felt gratitude, and said, that to Byrne alone he owed his life, was the principal one on which the unfortunate Billy Byrne was found guilty and executed there. Byrne's influence with the insurgents, shewing, he was a rebel to the British government.

At Mount Pleasant Byrne was in his own country and neighbourhood, where every one knew him and loved him and respected him; it was not extraordinary that he could save persons against whom no very serious crimes were proved, still this humane act sufficed to the cruel ascendency men who conducted the trial at Wicklow, to shew that Byrne must have been a chief, or he would not have had the power to save Thomas Dowse from being

put to death. — How monstrous, and how lamentable to have so fine a fellow sacrificed, to appease the thirst of the orange blood hounds!

Brigade major Fitzgerald of general Hunter's staff at Wexford, procured for Byrne a protection from the general in chief of the english forces there; on the faith of which protection, he quitted the country and came to Dublin to join his sisters. There he had been publicly walking about for more than a month previous to his arrest, so conscious was he of his innocence and that he had nothing to apprehend. Particularly as his elder brother Garrett Byrne, who was one of the principal leaders and distinguished generals of our irish army, had surrendered some time before to sir John Moore on condition of being allowed to quit the country and expatriate himself for ever. — What a pity that William Byrne had not to do with a man like sir John Moore, who valued his own word of honour and his reputation, pledged to Garrett Byrne more than any flattery or reward he could obtain from the castle inquisitors who presided over the destinies of the unfortunate country at that memorable epoch in the city of Dublin.

I trust it may not be thought presumption in me to say so much on this sad subject, but though very young at the time, I knew poor Byrne too well not to appreciate his high mind, and the horror with which he spoke of crimes committed previous to, and during the

insurrection. — I dined beside him two days before his arrest, at the house of my half brother Edward Kennedy. I came from my hiding place to meet him there, and could not help observing the serenity of his manner and the great security he felt, that no danger could await him, in consequence of the protection he had obtained.

Alas! he was soon cruelly undeceived and taught that no reliance could be placed on the protection granted by the authorization of the cold hearted lord Cornwallis, or of any of the English tyrants then ruling over unhappy Ireland.

Byrne' sudden trial and execution at Wiclow caused the most sorrowful sensatien throughout the country and saddened the hearts of all those to whom he was personnally known. He was a perfect gentleman, with the soundest understanding. He evinced the greatest courage. He was amiable end simple in his manners; handsome, powerfully strong and well proportioned; six feet six inchos in height, about 24 years of age. Such was the ever to be lamented Billy Byrne.

I must not omit to mention the name of a generous high-minded lady who came to our camp at Mount Pleasant, for the purpose of aiding and assisting Billy Byrne to get several prisoners liberated. This lady was Mrs Meagher of Coolalugh, whose son-in-law Dan Kervin was one of the leaders of the county of Wiclow men, and who

distinguished himself so much at the battle of Arklow : he enjoyed great influence in our army. Mrs Meagher being a miss Byrne before her marriage, and related to the Ballymanus family, and possessing very graceful manners, succeeded beyond her expectations in persuading even those who had had their dearest relations murdered by the Orangemen, that retaliation could no bring them to life and that it would be better to shew themselves generous and merciful on this occasion.

I must here mention how I became connected with Mrs Meagher and her son-in-law Dan Kervin. The letter married about 1795 my brother-in-law's sister miss Mary Doyle of Ballytemple. I was at their wedding, which terminated in a melancholy way. After spending a delightful evening, just about eleven at night when the young married couple were retiring from the supper table, the bride in crossing the hall to go to her bed room, fell dead on the floor. She was leaning on my sister Mrs Doyle's arm at the time. — It is needless to say what all felt that sad night, when they were suddenly plunged from the height of gaiety and mirth into such sorrow.

The year after this mournful event, Dan Kervin, married one of Mrs Meagher's daughters by whom he had two children. He was killed by a cannon ball at the battle of Vinegar hill —Mrs Meagher's eldest son Peter who resided in Dublin, and my half brother Edward Kennedy married two sisters, the miss Leonards of Meath street.

I mention the above circumstances to shew the opportunity I had of knowing and ascertaining all that could be hoped or expected of a general rising in the counties of Dublin, Wicklow and Kildar.

At our camp at Mount Pleasant, three men from the city of Dublin, who had escaped with difficulty through the Wicklow mountains, joined us. They were known to Dan Kervin, and they brought us the sad tidings that the Dublin people were completely disarmed, their chiefs in prison, or fled from the country and the brave Kildare men, who first took the field, dispersed in every direction; and from the newspapers of the month of may, which they gave to Garret Byrne and the other chiefs, we learned that general Buonaparte had been named commander in chief of the french army destined to invade both England and Ireland. This news no doubt was gladly received at our camp. But what a cruel delusion for the poor irish to be counting on any kind of aid or assistance from France, at the moment the conqueror of Italy and his forty thousand men were on their way to Egypt! — Besides, this intelligence only tended at such a moment, to create a difference of opinion between the leaders ; as some of them thought it would be better and wiser policy to wit for the landing of the french in Ireland, and not to risk a general battle before a junction to co-operate with them could be effected ; whilst on the other hand the majority of the chiefs thought that to stand on the defensive would be attended with the worst consequences

not having any strong places to fall back on, where our army could defend itself. They resolved therefore to meet the enemy in the open field, but at the same time to choose good military positions where our pikemen could be speedily brought into action; and in consequence of this resolution, our army marched on the 19th of june to Kilcavin hill and there drew up in line of battle; and I must say, the most formidable one I had yet seen since the commencement of the war. Every one was at his post and in hopes that the generals Dundas and Loftus with their divisions would not hesitate to come and attack us: but as usual, those prudent generals kept at a certain distance; no doubt to induce us to quit our strong position of Kilcavin hill. Thus we had to move forward, to bring the enemy to action, on the direction of Carnew, in which town, though nearly all burned, the english generals, now joined by general Lake and his staff, intended to establish their head quarters. — Here great skirmishing between our gun men and the enemy's rifle men commenced, and our little artillery that followed in the rear, was brought to the front and opened a smart cannonade on the enemy. This, with our formidable line of pikemen moving forward like a wall, made the king's troops retrograde. They were quickly pursued, and the fighting continued till night put a stop to it. Our pikemen never before shewed a more determined desire to make good use of their arms, than on this occasion; and had the enemy accepted the battle from us, in our strong

position that day on the hill, we should have gained it beyond a doubt. — How lamentable to be engaged the whole day skirmishing without being able to bring the enemy to a general action, where the great mass of our pikemen would have had an opportunity of participating in it, and have shewn what could be accomplished by brave men armed with this powerful weapon, the pike, then the terror of the english troops, as well as of the Orangemen.

We had some fine fellows killed and a great number wounded during this day's fighting. My brother Hugh received a ball through his thigh, and my dear sister as soon as she heard of it came and had his wound dressed, and remained with him after she had had him placed on a car, and got a confidential man to drive it in case of being obliged to march. It was very fortunate she had all this done in my absence, otherwise our poor brother might have been abandoned; for I could not have left my post, being then busily engaged with the enemy on the road to Carnew, leading from our camp, and which post with the brave men who remained with me, we maintained, till it became dark night and the enemy had retrograded and fallen back on Carnew.

When we rejoined our camp on the hill, we found it was already nearly evacuated, a night march being ordered, after a council of the principal chiefs had been held, in consequence of despatches from the general in

chief of the irish forces before Ross, in which he stated he could not keep his position there, and that he would be forced to fall back with his corps of army to cover the town of Wexford. He recommended also to our general the necessity of concentrating forthwith all their forces at Vinegar hill, in order to co-operate with his army. On this latter subject a warm debate took place in the council between the chiefs. Both Anthony Perry, and all the county of Wicklow leaders, were for making a rapid march to Rathdrum and thereby intercept the communication of the king's forces with Dublin through that part of the county of Wicklow, and if this plan was not adopted, to manœuvre and fight the enemy the best way we could in the country which we now occupied and where we were still victorious; as neither the english troops nor the yeomen we had before us ventured to come into close contact with our pikemen.

Either of those plans executed would have proved a better diversion in favour of Wexford than our silly march to Vinegar hill. But Edward Fitzgerald who deservedly enjoyed great influence amongst the county of Wexford men, and indeed with Garret Byrne and many of the Wicklow chiefs also, thought it more advisable to concentrate the irish forces at Vinegar hill, and there fight a general battle. Unfortunately this opinion prevailed, and in consequence, our little army began its movement in the night of the 19th of june 1798, without meeting any obstruction from the enemy, who only learned in the

morning that we had left Kilcavin hill. — Finding that we were not followed by the king's troops, we halted to repose for the night, in the neighbourhood of Camolen-Ferns, etc., where we procured some refreshments for our men, who were by this time exceedingly exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

Next morning the 20th of june, we resumed our march towards Vinegar hill, very slowly, to give time to the stragglers and to those who had to go some distance to seek something to eat, to regain their respective corps.

Our column by this time became greatly encumbered by vast numbers of poor women escaping with their children and every thing valuable they could carry off with them from the english army and yeomen, who were devastating the whole country we had left, going from house to house shooting every sick or wounded man they met, ravishing the women, etc. It would be difficult to describe the cruel situation of the unfortunate females who had to remain in their respective homes, to nurse and take care of their sick and wounded parents, now abandoned and left to be butchered by the merciless english soldiery. The recollection of all this makes me shudder, and blush with shame for my country witnessing the perpetration of those monstrous crimes, and not having had the courage to rise up « en masse, » and rather be sacrificed to the last man, than to lye prostrate at their tyrant's feet, whilst they were committing all these outrages. It is indeed lamentable to think of all this. We

might at any time on the 20th of june, have turned about with ten thousand resolute pikemen, and have attacked the english troops that were following us, commanded by generals Dundas and Loftus, with a certainty of defeating them and of being avenged for the cruelties they had committed; but no, it was doomed we should muster on Vinegar hill, and abandon that great extent of country where we had been so successful, and thereby play the game our enemies so long desired to see us play.

Now general Needham could with safety move from Arklow, with all the troops under his command and follow on our left flank, whilst general Duff had nothing now to impede his march on our right flank, with the forces he had under his orders at Newtownbarry; particularly as he was supported by general Johnston, who was marching from Ross, having nothing more to fear on that side, with all the king's troops there, to co-operate in the simultaneous attack which general Loftus intended making on the town of Enniscorthy and Vinegar hill.

How could our generals for an instant think that Vinegar hill was a military position susceptible of defence for any time without provisions, military stores, or great guns? — It stands high no doubt over the river Slaney and the town of Enniscorthy, which it commands; but on the other side, both artillery and cavalry, as well as infantry can march to the top of the hill with the greatest ease; but the die of war was cast. Our little irish

army must be drawn up and assembled on this hill en masse and there wait the arrival of the english army, now moving after us from all directions, with vast parks of artillery, well supplied with every thing necessary for battle, whilst we had with us but two six pounders and a small mortar or howitzer, with scarcely a round of ammunition for these cannons. — The town of Enniscorthy had placed on the hill a few small one pounders, which were of very little use, not having any cartridges prepared to fit them.

On leaving our bivouac the morning of the 20th of june, we formed a tolerably well organized rear-guard to cover our column, which was moving very slowly, on account of being greatly encumbered with numberless carts and cars conveying the families escaping from the terrible devastation carried on throughout the country we had abandoned, by the english and the yeomanry.

During this day's march I several times halted that part of the rear-guard under my command, the moment we perceived the enemy's cavalry approaching, in order to afford time to our embarrassed column to advance and get out of the narrow passages; but this cavalry halted also, when they saw us drawn up en masse to receive them, and if any of our cars were thrown across the road to impede their march, the sight of those cars was quite sufficient to make them retrograde; such was their dread of getting into an ambuscade. So we had scarcely any skirmishing or fighting before we arrived at the foot of Vi-

negar hill, late in the evening. It was dark night, but the thousands of little fires to be seen in the fields and plain all round the hill, where our people were preparing to get something to eat and to pass the night, afforded plenty of light and presented at the same time the appearance of a vast camp, or rather the bivouac of a regular french army.

As soon as I had heard the dispositions that had been ordered for the next day, I with all those brave men who had made part of the rear-guard with me, during the march, betook ourselves to rest for the night, not being required to do any duty in consequence of arriving so late. I need not add, that we all slept most soundly, till wakened by some random gun shots about two o'clock in the morning (the memorable 21st of june 1798), when we were informed that general Johnston who had marched from Ross with the king's troops to attack Enniscorthy, had had his advanced guard beat back on the 20th by some of our forces, commanded by Mr William Barker of Enniscorthy and the reverend Moses Kearns, and that the skirmishing continued till night put an end to it, quite to the advantage and satisfaction of those brave chiefs.

We also heard that the irish army before Ross, commanded by the reverend Philip Roche, general in chief, retreated from Lacken hill on the 19th of june to the three Rock Mountain and the next day, the 20th of june, general Roche marched his army from thence to Lorgraig or

Fook's mill, and there fought a desperate battle against general Moore who commanded the king's troops, but the latter being on the point of being joined by a large reinforcement just landed from England, general Roche, after fighting for four hours, resolved to retire and fall back once more on Wexford, which retreat was effected with great order. Sir John Moore no doubt thought it prudent not to risk another battle before his army was reinforced, and he was even on the point of retreating when he learned that two regiments were rapidly advancing to his support, and then contented himself to keep his ground and wait for this reinforcement.

All these accounts shewed plainly, that we had no assistance to expect at Vinegar hill from this part of our Irish forces now fallen back to cover the town of Wexford; and to add to this misfortune, one of our generals, Edward Roche, who had been the principal instigator of the false manœuvre of marching our army from the strong military position we occupied in the county of Wicklow, to be concentrated at Enniscorthy and Vinegar hill, and who had made such solemn promises to go or to repair to his own country, and there oblige the thousands of men who had been absent visiting their families to rejoin forthwith their respective corps, lost too much time by going to Wexford to consult with those men who thought that through the intercession and immediate interference of their « noble » prisoner, lord Kingsborough with general Lake, general in chief of the

english forces, that every thing would be obtained for the salvation of themselves and the town of Wexford. They were soon cruelly undeceived, and we were doomed to fight the battle of Vinegar hill in the absence of general Edward Roche and his brave division of five thousand strong, and the best marskmen of the irish army.

In spite of this defalcation, we mustered nearly twenty thousand on the 21st but not more than from three to four thousand had fire arms, and with a very scanty provision of powder and ball; whilst general Lake had twenty thousand regular english troops to oppose to us, with a vast park of artillery and military stores of all kinds, besides numerous corps of yeomanry cavalry well equipped and armed, attached to each division of his army.

BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL AND ENNISCORTHY-RETREAT OF THE IRISH ARMY TO WEXFORD, 21ST OF JUNE 1798.

At break of day the different corps began to quit their bivouacs, each to repair to the position assigned to them on the hill and on all the roads leading into the town of Enniscorthy. Our wounded men that we had transported on cars with us from the county of Wicklow, in order to have them placed in the hospital, we left at Drumgold, one of the suburbs of the town under Vinegar hill; we had also to leave there a vast number of women and

young girls who had followed their husbands and brothers, to escape from the english monsters who were devastating their homes. — All this caused a sad embarrassment no doubt to our column, but by no means damped the courage of our men; on the contrary, if any thing was required to rouse them to deeds of valour, it was this occasion to protect these innocent females, their dearest ties to life. — What a heart breaking scene to witness the separation which here took place at the dawn of day, husbands quitting their wives, brothers their sisters, never more to meet! —

Skirmishing at all our advanced posts commenced with the day; however the battle did not become general on the whole line before seven o'clock, but at day break several cannon shots were heard in different directions, from the enemy's camps. These were signal guns, which proved to us that we were now nearly surrounded on all sides, except the Wexford one which should have been occupied by general Needham, it was said, had he followed his instructions. — This is mere twaddle; he remained in the rear, in reserve, by the orders of his general in chief Lake, to keep the road open to Gory. This prudent english general who refused to fight us at Kilcavin hill, did not like to risk a charge of our pikemen, without having a division in reserve to fall back on, in case of defeat. His powerful artillery commenced a tremendous fire, which was for some time directed against

the summit of the hill, considered our strong position and where it was thought our men were massed, ready to be brought into action. Our small artillery in answering the enemy's great guns, soon expended the last round of ammunition, and to very little effect. We wanted Esmond Kyan here to command it, as he did at the battle of Arklow, but unfortunately this brave officer had to remain at Wexford to get his wound cured. To remedy instantly the bad effect which the ceasing of our artillery might produce, a large column of chosen pikemen was formed, composed of the county of Wicklow men, Monaseed, Bally Ellis, Gory corps, etc., to attack the enemy's left flank and, if possible, to turn it and to bring our pikemen into the action, which now appeared the only resource we could count on; for our gun men had also nearly expended their scanty supply of ammunition : as to defending the intrenchments that were raised on the hill, it would have been quite ridiculous to have attempted it. They not being more than a couple of feet high in many parts.

I had not seen Vinegar hill since the morning after the battle of Newtownbarry, the 2d of june, and I was surprised to find that scarcely any thing had been done to make it formidable against the enemy; the vast fences and ditches which surrounded it on three sides, and which should have been levelled to the ground, for at least a cannon shot, or half a mile's distance, were all left untouched. The english forces, availing themselves of

these fences, advanced from field to field, bringing with them their cannon, which they placed to great advantage behind and under the cover of the hedges and fences; whilst our men were exposed to a terrible fire from their artillery and small arms, without being able to drive them back from their strongs holds in those fields.

Several columns of our pikemen however, were instantly brought to attack the enemy's formidable position behind the fences in the fields, and it was in leading on one of those desperate charges, that the splendid Dan Kervin was killed, at the head of the brave county of Wicklow men. His death at this moment was a severe loss, though he was soon replaced by a leader equally brave; yet his men could not be easily roused from the gloom cast over them by this misfortune; besides many fine fellows their comrades fell at the same moment beside Kervin. Indeed it is a miracle how the other chiefs escaped; they all displayed the greatest coolness and courage, charging at the head of their men under the tremendous fire of the enemy's batteries, which were sending cannon ball, grape shot, musket ball, as thickly as a shower of hail-stone.

A. Perry, E. Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Father John Murphy, Jemmy Doyle, Ned Fennel, Nick Murphy and many others whose names I dont recollect at this moment, distinguished themselves at this memorable battle. I must also mention the names of some brave men who were killed, and with whom I was well acquainted. Two

brave young men, brothers, Patt and Ned Headen were killed beside one another. They left a widowed mother. Their eldest brother James was transported. John Shehan of Monaseed, a young man who shewed great courage, was killed; James Mallow of Ballylusk who left a wife and three children, fought bravely and was killed at the head of our column. Thomas Neill of Armagh, who kept a general warehouse and cloth shop, an industrious worthy man, fell also; his unhappy widow, before she could be brought to contract a second marriage, came to Dublin twelve months after this epoch, to the place where I was hiding, to ascertain from me her husband's death. When I satisfied her on the subject, she returned home and married Bryan Reilly, a brave young man, who carried on the business as her former husband had done.

I had been in many combats and battles, but I never before witnessed such a display of bravery and intrepidity as was shewn all along our line, for nearly two hours, until our ammunition was expended. It was then recommended by some of our chiefs to assemble all our forces and to attack the ennemy's left flank, overturn it and march back to the county of Wicklow.

At the commencement of the battle, this plan might have been easily executed: but would it not have been cruel, and shameful thus to abandon the town and the brave fellows who were defending it so heroically? And

also, to abandon our wounded men and the unfortunate families who had escaped and followed our camp? —

The town of Enniscorthy and its outlets were splendidly defended by Mr William Barker and Father Kearns, who with the corps they commanded were at the advanced posts beyond the Duffery gate at day-light, where they had been skirmishing the evening before with the english forces under the command of general Johnston.

Mr Barker had one four pounder mounted on a car, which was of little use, except from the moral effect it might have had on his men. His military acquirements and the knowledge of tactics which he had learned in the service of France, were now of the greatest advantage and turned to the best account for the defence of the place confided to his charge.

Mr Barker first began by placing a strong guard in reserve on the bridge, and then advanced with the main body to meet the enemy, having each flank covered with his guns men. In this order of battle he commenced a most desperate attack on the enemy's line and kept his ground until it was perceived that our forces had retreated from the hill; still he defended and disputed every position and held his post on the bridge with a valour beyond description, until he lost his arm and was carried away from the field of battle.

Mr Barker was surrounded by those brave Enniscor-

thy men who were ready to follow him through thick and thin. His loss from their ranks was severely felt by them; at this critical moment the undaunted Kearns replaced Mr Barker in the command : but he too, soon received a wound which deprived this division of our army of two trust worthy chiefs.

Now the retreat from the town as well as the hill became inevitable; all moved rapidly towards the Wexford road, which was not intercepted by the unrelenting general in chief Lake, who contented himself this day with occupying the town and having our sick and wounded burned in the house which served as an hospital. All the wounded found on the field of battle, or in the houses, were, by his orders, instantly put to death. Fortunately for Mr Barker, some humane officers of the general's staff quartered themselves at his house, which they saved from being burned, and they prevented the cruel Orangemen from shooting him. One of those staff officers was a surgeon of the english troops This gentleman operated the amputation of Mr Barker's shattered arm and carefully dressed his wound for a day or two. But this kind attention soon ceased. By order of the general in chief, Mr Barker was arrested and sent forthwith and lodged in Wexford jail, there to be tried as a leader and a general of the insurgents, and of course to be found guilty, and as such, to be executed without mercy. — He was accompanied to his dismal prison by his worthy wife with her child Arthur, there to wait and abide his trial before

a court martial, composed of prejudiced Orangemen. It would be difficult to give a description of the afflicting scenes they witnessed, between the executions taking place daily, and the malignant fever raging in the prison. Mr Devereux of Taghmon died of this sickness in the next cell to Mr Barker's. He was the father of general John Devereux, since so distinguished fighting for the independence of South America under Bolivar.

Mrs Barker lost no time in informing her brother-in-law Mr Arthur Barker of Waterford, of their great misfortune and sad situation. This gentleman who was well known to the first people in Wexford, and who was not in any way implicated in the insurrection, came instantly to his brother's assistance. After the greatest exertions he succeeded in having Mr Barker provisionally released on account of his bad state of health.

Mr. Arthur Barker well knowing that new charges would soon be brought forward against his brother William, hastened to get him, his wife and child conveyed away into some safe hiding place, until a neutral ship could be engaged to take them abroad. In a short time he found a vessel ready to sail for Hamburg, on board of which he had his three dear relatives embarked, and took a last farewell of them, never to meet again.

After a long and stormy passage, and having narrowly escaped being discovered by the english cruisers, Mr William Barker with his wife and child landed at the port of Hamburg. His first care was to inform the french

minister of foreign affairs of his arrival there, and to pray him to have passports forwarded for him and his family to repair immediately to Paris, etc., that he would wait at Altona for the answer. By return of post Mr Barker received what he asked and set out instantly with his family for the french capital, and on arriving there he had an interview with the minister of foreign affairs, who told him to prepare in all haste a memoir or statement of all he knew of the situation of Ireland in general, but particularly to mention what he thought could be done for the brave county of Wexford people, and to be careful to mention the best landing places there, and where the deepest water was to be had on the coast, etc. It is needless to say, with what readiness Mr Barker complied with the minister's injunction. With his perfect knowledge of the french language, the memoir was soon prepared and presented to the minister, who assured him that its contents would be taken into the most serious consideration by the government and Directory.

After this Mr Barker went to reside at St-Germain-en-Laye, and having furnished to the french government all the information he could recollect on the state of Ireland, he left that town and went to live at Morlaix with his family, to be near Brest, and to be ready to accompany the first expedition that should sail from that port for his unfortunate country.

This brave and unassuming officer who had seen real services in France, and who had made in point of fortune

and otherwise, such great sacrifices for Ireland, might have availed himself (as many of his countrymen would have done), of those sacrifices and services to obtain a high rank from the french government. But he asked no other favour than to be comprised in making part of any expedition destined for his country, the independence of which occupied all his thoughts. To see this great end achieved, there was no sacrifice under heaven that Mr William Barker was not ready to make.

I met Mr Barker in 1803 in the irish legion at Morlaix, for the first time since the battle of Vinegar hill, when I learned from him all the details of his sufferings, and fortunate escape from Wexford jail.

Mr Barker's timely arrival in Paris proved one thing at least to the french government, that it was our total want of ammunition, even for the arms we possessed, that caused our failure. What a shame it was to that government not to have attempted to smuggle arms and powder and ball to us, whilst we were masters of the sea coast, round from Ross to Arklow, for nearly a month; had general Humbert landed with his eleven hundred men in june instead of august 1798, he would have been joined by a levy en masse from all parts of Ireland.

For such were the persecutions and tortures which the people had to endure, that they were ready to avail themselves of any rallying point that offered to be avenged of their cruel tyrants.

Humbert landed too late, when our armies were dispersed. Still had he avoided the « vanity » of a general action with the english army, and have marched with his eight hundred remaining men into the mountains, he could have gained time, and probably his government would have been induced to send him a reinforcement. I recollect well when he surrendered to lord Cornwallis, that we were still in sufficient force in the mountains of Wicklow to have rallied the brave men of that county, as well as those of Carlow and Wexford, had general Humbert had an army capable of keeping the field for any time. The irish soldiers in the english regiments would have joined him in thousands, and the irish militia regiments, with the exception of the Orangemen, only waited for a good opportunity to declare for the independence of their country.

Our retreat from Vinegar hill was not so disastrous as might have been expected, from the powerful force of regular troops well supplied with artillery, which general Lake had at his disposition to send after us. No doubt the cruel slaughter of all those unarmed and helpless people who were overtaken in the environs of Enniscorthy, and for a mile from the hill, was beyond all description. Mercy at this moment was out of the question; there was no instance of a single person being made prisoner on this occasion, all were barbarously butchered. But when we once got our rear guard reorganized on the Wexford

high-road, we were able to save a vast number of our stragglers, for then the cowardly cavalry as usual, feared to approach and attack us.

We afterwards effected our retreat tolerably well to the town of Wexford. — And here our two armies that had separated on the 31st of may at the Windmill hill near the town, then flushed with victory, one to go northwards to attack Gory and Arklow, the other to go to take New Ross, met again, but unfortunately under very different circumstances, they being now completely dismayed and disheartened after our recent defeats ; and it is grievous to think that our generals did not seem to have any preconcerted plan of action in the event of such disasters as we were now experiencing. This was the critical moment, when leaders should have shewn that energy of character which would inspire their followers with enthusiasm and confidence. They should have rallied and harangued their men; swear anew never to separate from them until the great end for which they took up arms was accomplished; resolve on changing the system of carrying on the war, by avoiding as much as possible general actions, or battles with the enemy and attack only the detached forces when success was certain; make regulations that it should be considered a crime and punishable, for any man to appear in our columns, who had not fire arms, a pike, or some weapon equivalent. But of all things to devise some better method of bringing our pikemen to charge the enemy en masse, and with that impetuosity which, no guns

or bayonets could withstand its shock for a moment.

Long before our corps retreating from Vinegar hill had time to reach the town of Wexford, it was occupied by the division under the command of the general in chief the reverend Philip Roche, which had been encamped the night before on the three Rocks mountain. It is needless for me to add that in consequence of this occupation, we had nothing to expect in the way of refreshments, on our arrival from Enniscorthy. The greatest disorder and tumult seemed to reign all through the town.

Edward Hay and some of the principal inhabitants of Wexford, had the folly to expect that because they saved lord Kingsborough from being put to death, and had treated him kindly during his imprisonment, that they could, through the intercession of this notorious chief of the inventors of pitch caps and other instruments of torture, negociate a treaty of peace with the general in chief of the english forces Lake, and obtain from the latter honourable terms for the irish army. In consequence of this sad delusion three deputations were named to be the bearers of lord Kingsborough's recommendation on the subject; they were composed as follows. Edward Hay and captain Mac Manus of the Antrim militia, whom we made prisoner at the battle of Tubberneering. This officer was taken out of jail to accompany Mr Edward Hay. On the road to Oulard, where they expected to meet general Need-

ham, Mr Robert Carty of Birchgrove and lieutenant Harman of the North Cork militia, a prisoner also, went to meet general sir John Moore. Mr Thomas Cloney and captain O'Hea of the North Cork militia (the latter let out of prison to accompany Mr Cloney), were specially charged with carrying lord Kingsborough's despatches and letters to general Lake at his head quarters of Enniscorthy. These gentlemen were thus three leaders of the people and three prisoners of ours set at liberty to accompany them.

Lord Kingsborough no doubt desirous to escape from prison, wished to be one of the deputies himself to go to negociate for the inhabitants of Wexford, with the general in chief of the english army; but it was thought unsafe for his lordship to quit at such a critical moment the town which was supposed to have been surrendered to him early that morning, many hours before the result of the battle of Vinegar hill could be known in Wexford. Besides, the inhabitants wished to keep him as an hostage until his promises to them were fulfilled. Lord Kingsborough now saw plainly himself that there was no safety for him but in the custody of those humane individuals who had already so often saved his life, at the great risk of their own. He wisely kept out of the sight of the enraged people who occupied the town, whilst waiting an answer to his despatches, sent by the Wexford embassy to the English head quarters at Enniscor-

thy. But he cruelly deluded those credulous Wexford people by telling them to count on the clemency of the unfeeling general Lake, in the course of whose military career in Ireland, not a single act of humanity did the unfortunate people ever experience from him where he was in command.

The following is the very laconic answer from general Lake to lord Kingsborough's entreaties in favour of the Wexford people.

« Lieutenant general Lake cannot attend to any terms, made by rebels in arms against their sovereign; whilst they continue so, he must use the force entrusted to him with the utmost energy for their destruction. To the deluded multitude he promises pardon, on their delivering into his hands their leaders, surrendering their arms, and returning with sincerity to their allegiance.

« Enniscorthy, june 22d 1798.

« Signed general LAKE. »

Fortunately for lord Kingsborough the town was evacuated by our forces before this answer arrived; otherwise he would probably have been torn to pieces by the deluded people who had counted on his great influence for protection. How unfortunate for several of our leaders

that they did not know this answer sooner; they would have seen by it, that they had nothing to expect from the lenity of Lake, and that they should not have left the brave people who were ready to follow them through all dangers.

I am sorry to be obliged to make any allusion to those unhappy men who shewed so much resignation and courage mounting the scaffold to be launched into eternity, but how much better it would have been for them to have remained with those brave fellows, who kept the field, and never despaired of success. The worst that could happen would be, to die fighting gloriously against the enemy's of Ireland.

A melancholy inference may be drawn from the kind treatment lord Kingsborough experienced from the citizens of Wexford, during his imprisonment in that town. Had he been put to death, or cruelly tortured, according to his own fashion, by them, many of those leaders who left our ranks, counting on his intercession, would have remained at the head of their respective corps, and they would thereby have shewn to their English tyrants, that a people fighting for liberty and the independence of their country, fully determined to sacrifice every thing for it, and to persevere to the last extremity, must finally succeed. The english government felt this and knew well that if the war was prolonged, an expedition from France, with a reinforcement to the irish army might hourly be expected, when consequently a general rising would take

place throughout Ireland. Lord Cornwallis was therefore despatched in haste from England to offer different and better terms to the irish army than those proposed by general Lake at Enniscorthy. To the intercession of the too notorious flogging, strangling, hanging, lord Kingsborough, not a single good measure or pardon could ever be attributed, notwithstanding all he owed to those humane inhabitants of Wexford, who so often saved his life at the risk of being put to death themselves.

It was much to be regretted, that a distinguished leader, Thomas Cloney, had been chosen as one of the deputies to go on the very hopeless embassy to general Lake's head quarters at Enniscorthy, to seek for terms for the citizens of Wexford. Possessing, as Mr Cloney did, the confidence and regard of a brave and generous people, who looked up to him as their trust worthy chief, he should not for a moment have separated himself from them; besides, his presence at this momentous crisis was too necessary with what we called the Ross division of the Irish army, when almost all the other leaders of that division or corps of army, Bagnel Harvey, John Hay, John Colclough, etc., were absent, from what motive was best known to themselves. The brave and undaunted John Kelly of Kyllan whose courage and intrepidity had been so conspicuous at the battle of Ross lay dangerously ill of the wound he received there. Under these circumstances, clergymen, or men like

Edward Hay, whose presence at the irish camp could have been dispensed with, should have been chosen to go on this silly mission to the english general's head quarters. Whilst brave leaders, like Cloney, remaining at the head of the fine fellows they had the honour of commanding would have proved to the enemy, that the irish army was still formidable.

By adopting a different plan of campaigning, avoiding general battles, and of all things not seeking to defend weak positions like Vinegar hill, we should be able always to outmarch the english infantry and defeat them in detail. As to the cavalry in a country like Ireland, so fenced every where with hedge rows and ditches, there was nothing to be feared. Besides, our men began to hold the english cavalry in the greatest contempt, which was half the battle. By following this system, we might have continued the war with success and with a certainty that the english army would be every day getting weaker from sickness, desertion and other causes, when it was found that we could keep the field in spite of its manœuvering, and destroy all the small detachments sent to seek provisions through the country. But to accomplish this plan of campaigning the chiefs should be the first to shew the good example to the brave men they were leading to victory; to be resolved never under any circumstances to separate themselves from them until a final and satisfactory result could be obtained for all.

I am persuaded that the brave Cloney always felt the

deepest anguish that he had accepted this fruitless mission, the execution of which might have cost him his life. He never however, after this fatal embassy of the 22d of june joined our ranks, nor took any part in the war we were still carrying on against our cruel enemies. His absence from that division of the irish army which fought so bravely against sir John Moore, at Longraig on the 20th of june, and where he, Cloney, displayed the greatest valour, was indeed severely felt by all those fine fellows who were accustomed to see at their head, this splendid young man then about 25 years of age, and six feet four in height.

Although Mr Cloney did not any more make part of our army, he could not escape the wrath of the Wexford ascendency faction : he was soon arrested, imprisoned, tried by a court martial, and condemned to exile. He returned to Ireland in 1803 and was again arrested and kept in Kilmainham jail for three years. My half brother Edward Kennedy was one of his fellow state prisoners during that period; they were only liberated by the Fox administration in 1806.

Thus the brave Cloney's long imprisonment, and the many persecutions he had to bear up against for the love of Ireland well entitle him to hold a rank amongst the immortal irish martyrs who suffered all kinds of torture and persecution for the freedom and independence of their beloved country.

I felt unhappy, on the retreat from Vinegar hill to Wexford, not to see many of my friends and comrades of the Monaseed corps, Nick Murphy, Ned Fennell Johnny Doyle, etc.; however on entering the town I heard that they were already arrived, but the two latter I never saw more. Fennell was killed at the attack on Hacketstown a few days afterwards, and the brave young Johnny Doyle was killed at the head of a reconnoitering party the morning of the battle and complete defeat of the ancient Britons, at Bally-Ellis, very near his father's house. The loss of those fine fellows was severely felt, particularly by the Monaseed corps in which they were two of the most distinguished officers.

I also heard that my poor brother Hugh arrived safe with the other wounded men from Vinegar hill, and that they were sent out of town on the road to the mountain of Forth, or the three Rocks mountain, where it was said that a camp would be formed for the night. Of course I was very anxious to follow them and to repair to this camp, but first I wished to see some of our generals whom I understood were still in town, to ascertain from them what plan had been decided on for our future operations. I was in this perplexed situation surrounded by numbers of those brave men from my own neighbourhood, all of whom looked up to me at this critical moment for information. We marched through different streets without being able to learn where those generals could be found; such was the great confusion which prevailed, we

repeatedly asked for Edward Fitzgerald, Garret Byrne, Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc., but none could point out to us the house, or houses where they were; at length we came in front of a house where we perceived the catholic bishop Dr Caulfield at a window, haranguing a multitude of people and imploring them to quit the town forthwith and repair to the camp, that the generals were already gone there. We were also informed that the three clergymen, the reverend Philip Roche, reverend W. Kearns, and Father John Murphy were gone to the camp. I was delighted to learn that those brave men had escaped. I knew that Father Kearns was wounded defending Enniscorthy and it was reported that Father John Murphy was killed on the hill. I was doubly rejoiced that he was safe, for his energy of character and great coolness and decision in times of danger endeared him to all those who served with him since the commencement of our campaign. How unfeeling, and uncharitable, and unjust it is of those Roman Catholic historians who have taken upon them to write of the insurrection of 1798 in the county of Wexford, to condemn, and endeavour to tarnish the reputation of those priests who fought so bravely at the head of the people, in their efforts to expel the common enemy! — At the same time these timid historians are obliged to allow, that those clergymen were left no alternative but to take the field, in self defence, as death and torture awaited them the moment they fell into the enemy's hands. Were these same

vastly loyal historians asked, if the undaunted and noble part which the spanish priests took to drive the french out of their country, during Napoleon's most unjustifiable war, was not most glorious and if the monks and clergy did not immortalize themselves at the siege, and the unprecedented defence of Saragossa? — I am persuaded they would answer in the affirmative, without making any allusion whatever to the gospel, as they did in the case of the poor Irish priests. Yet, the mission of the french soldiers in Spain, was not to hunt down priests, nor to burn or desecrate the places of worship belonging to the inhabitants, but they were there as « conquerors, » and as such, tho' less cruel and less bigotted than the English in Ireland, the Spaniards were perfectly right to make every possible sacrifice until the French were expulsed from their country; they finally succeeded, and the brave clergymen who were killed in this holy struggle, are not spoken of by the historians of that epoch as having « deserved an untimely and fatal end. » On the contrary their memory is revered by all, and they are considered as true martyrs who died for the independence of their beloved Spain.

I was marching to join the camp at the head of those brave men I had just assembled in the town, when my nephew James Kennedy, a young lad of twelve years of age, came running up to me in tears and told me his step father (Matt Kavanagh), had been killed by his side

during the battle of Vinegar hill. — Felix Fornen of Monaseed, a tenant of ours, and a very worthy man, was with him, and had been very kind to him on the retreat. Fornen told me he felt so ill himself, with dysentery, that he was bent on returning home, to join his wife, even at the risk of being shot on the way, and that if I would allow my nephew to go with him, he would take him home to his mother who lived near where he did. I consented, tho' I feared they would find great difficulty in making twenty five miles, on account of the state of the country. — Fernen told me he intended to travel by night, and to hide in the day, and he was sure in this way, of escaping and of bringing my nephew safe also. Fortunately they had not to travel by night, nor to hide in the day, for in a short time after I left them, they fell in with the division of our army that marched over the bridge on the direction to Gory. So my dear mother heard in a few days after, from her grand-son James Kennedy, that both my poor brother Hugh and I were still living. His wound was getting better after the ball was extracted.

When I marched out of Wexford to join the camp at the mountain of Forth, I thought all our forces were to assemble there, and it was only when I met Father John Murphy at the council of war, which we held at night at Sleedagh, Bargy Barony, that I learned that a division of our army with some of the principal chiefs, Edward

Fitzgerald, Garret Byrne, Edward Roche, Esmond Kyan, etc., had taken quite an opposite direction, crossed the wooden bridge and marched on the road to Gory.

I have already mentioned how general Edward Roche arrived at Vinegar hill with his division of five thousand men, too late to take any part in the battle we fought there, but both he and his troops retreated back to Wexford with us.

As they were less in want of provisions than the other corps of our army, he was able to keep them together encamped at the Windmill hill, near the town, until he and the other chiefs, who as well as Father John Murphy, were not duped by the false promises of lord Kingsborough, decided on assembling and rallying all the men who were dispersed in the town of Wexford, and crossing the wooden bridge forthwith. I should have preferred making part of that division, as it was to pass near our place on its way to the county of Wicklow, a country by the bye, which we should not have left, as it affords so many suitable positions for the system of warfare we were now obliged to adopt against the enemy.

I had scarcely any acquaintance amongst the inhabitants of Wexford, I went however to the house of a Mrs Rosseder, where I expected to meet my friend Nick Murphy, she being his cousin. But it was shut up and not one appeared to be living in it. Mr Murphy's mother was of the family of the Roches and nearly related to general

Edward Roche and other families of the town. Had I met him, I should have known the decision newly taken to cross the wooden bridge with a division of our forces, and consequently I should have brought all those brave fellows I rallied in the streets of Wexford to join that division and have marched with it to Pepper Castle, where it halted to pass the night.

I need not say I should have preferred acting with those commanders Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc., whose brilliant courage I witnessed at the battle of Arklow and elsewhere; however I was consoled to be with the reverend John Murphy, who did not despair of being able to out-manœuvre sir John Moore and the other english generals; and for this purpose, in place of going to encamp on the mountain of Forth, he marched into the Barony of Forth and by this circuitous march, he found the route next day quite open before him, either to move into the counties of Carlow or Kilkenny, etc.

As the next chapter will contain all those marches I shall continue to speak about Wexford and relate every thing I learned during my short stay there.

Much has been said of the massacre which took place on the bridge of Wexford and the nearly superhuman exertions of some of the principal inhabitants to save lord Kingsborough and his fellow prisoners. Why not have kept them all in the same jail and under the same guard? — This would have ensured equal safety to the poor as well as to the rich and the noble.

As those transactions took place before the 21st of june, of course I could not have witnessed them, and have only now to state, that I never knew one of our leaders, or the brave men who followed them, in this war of extermination, who did not hold in the utmost horror these abominable cold blooded reprisals. It is true many plans were suggested to try to make the english generals desist from shooting their prisoners, but without avail. One was, that every time it was ascertained that one of our men had been murdered at the english camp, ten english prisoners with us should draw lots, two only were to be drawn, the first shot forthwith, the second pardoned and sent to the english head quarters to declare what he had witnessed, and that if the murders did not cease at the english camp, the most unheard of retaliation should be executed in every direction where an english soldier could be found.

This was the state of the country, when the wily lord Cornwallis, then the most competent judge of what a people driven to the last desperation is capable of accomplishing, recollecting America, arrived in Ireland to issue proclamations, and to offer protections to all chiefs as well as to their men. We soon perceived our ranks thinned in consequence of those delusive protections granted by England's viceroy or lord lieutenant. His conduct at that awful crisis reminds me of Ibrahim Pascha's in Greece or the Morea. When he arrived there at the head of thirty thousand Egyptians, to reconquer the

Greeks for the emperor of the Turks, he too issued proclamations and gave protections to all those Greeks who returned to their homes, and in a few days the villages became repeopled. The undaunted Greek generals perceiving they were nearly abandoned in the mountains, soon hit on a stratagem to put an end to this desertion; a desperate one no doubt. They laid ambuscades in the neighbourhood of those villages where already the Egyptian soldiers were peaceably mixing with the inhabitants. After a sufficient number of those soldiers were caught, when night came on they were marched through those villages, some put to death there, others were allowed to escape, after having their noses and ears cut off, to carry the tidings to Ibrahim's camp near Navarino. This half-savage, half-warrior, sallied forth with all his forces, burned and destroyed every village and town from Navarino to Patrass, and shot every women and child he found on his way. He could not be persuaded that those unfortunate inhabitants did not participate in these mutilations and murders. Consequently the Turkish justice was in this instance quite surpassed by the Egyptian chief. Until this event, it was well known, that no person holding this extraordinary man's protection was ever molested, if he was not guilty of some new fault.

Under « his » jurisdiction poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus would not have been executed, for he committed no crime after he got the protection of the lord lieutenant, nor indeed « before » receiving it either. But Ibrahim

had not had the advantage of studying at the « refined » Pitt and Castlereagh school, as lord Cornwallis had; he thought he might be just without endangering his holy religion or the Turkish state.

In consequence of this monstrous butchery, the camps of the Greek generals in the mountains were re-inforced by all those who were fortunate enough to escape the Egyptian cimetar. These camps became henceforth the only places of shelter and safety for the entire population of the Morea.

From this moment all the world could see that though Ibrahim had a disciplined army, he never could pacify or conquer a people capable of making any sacrifice under heaven to shake off the monstrous Turkish yoke. In 1828 I marched through those burned villages, being then attached to the staff of the french general in chief who was sent with an army to drive both Turks and Egyptians from the land of the Morea, and to leave to its heroic defenders the right to govern themselves. I had an opportunity of learning all their unheard of sufferings during this cruel and protracted war.

General Maison ordered me to remain with a detachment of infantry, a few days at Pyrgos (a town which had a population of ten or twelve thousand before the war), until the unfortunate inhabitants had time to return from their hiding places. On the fourth day the greek governor of that province, Mr Ruffa de Benneguela,

told me all were arrived, then amounting to about twelve hundred men, women and children. The rest had perished by the sword, sickness and famine. I mention all this to shew how dearly liberty must be bought when there is not a levy en masse in the first instance to crush and annihilate the taskmasters and cruel tyrants, who are in possession of the strong holds. Had a simultaneous rising taken place in Ireland in the month of may 1798, as it had been agreed on by the Irish Directory and lord Edward Fitzgerald, what a mass of misery might have been prevented! — Torrents of blood might not then have been shed in vain. — Or, had even ten counties of the provinces of Munster and Leinster commenced the war at the same time, and with the same success as the county of Wexford, England had then no forces to resist so powerful a mass of people resolved to shake off her yoke.

It is well known, that all the irish militia regiments only waited for this rising to come flocking to our standard of independence. The Orangemen of those regiments of course would not join, but without intending it, they were rendering as good service; as they regarded all the catholic soldiers as united irishmen, they never ceased insulting them, and had them punished on the most trivial pretexts.

When a detachment of the Wexford militia was made prisoner at Gores Bridge, or New Bridge, on the river Barrow on the 23d of june by our forces, the Orangemen

of this detachment were soon denounced by their catholic comrades as being the principal instigators of all the punishments they underwent in the regiment, the flogging, etc.

Seven of those unfortunate Orangemen were put to death the same night, by their own comrades, who availed themselves of this opportunity to be revenged for all the tortures they had endured at the regiment. This may serve as a specimen of what the authorization of organizing Orange lodges in all the regiments then in Ireland was likely to produce.

We wanted an able general in chief, or in other words an honest dictator, whose orders could never be disobeyed under pain of death, as on the prompt execution of them depended the success of our holy undertaking.

With these different and untoward contingencies, and to general Humbert and his few french soldiers not arriving in time, may in a great measure be attributed our failure in the county of Wexford.

If we had had a general commanding in Wexford on the 21st of june, of the stamp of the greek generals I have mentioned, he would no doubt have despatched lord Kingsborough and his fellow prisoners to the English head quarters with their ears and noses cut off, the moment he learned that all our sick and wounded were burned in the hospital at Enniscorthy by orders of general

Lake. This reprisal and mutilation of the noble lord and his companions might have served as a warning to the following unfortunate gentlemen; Mr Bagnel Harvey, captain Keugh, Cornelius Grogan, John Colclough, reverend Philip Roche, John Hay, Patrick Prendergast, John Kelly of Killan, etc., etc.; it would have shewn them, that away from the people's camp they could make no terms for themselves or any one else ; and by remaining with the people, they would at least have saved the citizens of Wexford the hideous spectacle of their heads being placed on pikes over the public edifices of the town and there left to bleach and wither into dust.

Poor John Kelly of Killan was obliged to quit his command on account of the desperate wound he received at the battle of New Ross. He was brought in a car to the place of execution. He would have stood by the people to the last.

CHAPTER V

CONTENTS

June 21st. The division with Father John Murphy. the reverend Philip Roche and the reverend Moses Kearns marched into the Barony of Forth and encamped that night on a place called Sleedagh in the Bargy Barony, five miles from Wexford. — A council of war held at our bivouack, after which the reverend P. Roche quits his command to go to the English head quarters, where he expected to be able to make good terms and obtain a cessation of arms, etc. — 22d of june, The division marches by the field where the battle was fought on the 20th at Foulksmill and Longgraig against general sir John Moore. passing through Killan to the village of Killedmond where the english troops were defeated. A slated house which served as a barrack, burned by order of Father John Murphy. The enemy set fire to several houses in the village before they were forced to retreat from it. — 23d of june. Attacked Gores-bridge on the river Barrow. Defeated the Wexford militia and the 4th dragoon guards who were defending the town and passage. A great quantity of flour found. but no means of transporting it. Some of the prisoners of the Wexford militia put to death by their fellow prisoners. — Jacob Byrne's desperate wound and extraordinary treatment and cure. escape. recovery. etc. until he got to Dublin. After taking Gores bridge. we encamped (or bivouacked) on the ridge of Leinster on the night of the 23d. — 24th of june. Quit our bivouac at day-light. march to the village of Dunain or Colliery. Vast numbers of Colliers quit their hiding places and come to join our standard at this village which was occupied by the english forces till our army came in sight. when they began their retreat in good order. By our rapid march on different roads to Castlecomer. a detachment of the Waterford militia was out flanked by our men and forced to surrender. — Failure of this capture caused by a sad error. The town of Castlecomer attacked and carried in the most brilliant manner. with the exception of one house at the foot of the bridge, belonging to the countess of Ormond, or lady Anne Butler. This house being set on fire in the rear,

after great numbers fell in the front before it, the king's troops who defended it, were summoned to surrender by the author, who employed a black servant as his messenger. Negotiation for this purpose impeded by the arrival of general sir Charles Asgill from Kilkenny at the head of three thousand troops. — Pusillanimous conduct of this general, who retreated back to Kilkenny and abandoned the field when the irish troops formed their line and offered him battle.— A soldier left the english and came running to us; he was fired at but escaped, and gave us a great deal of news. — A great error committed in not leaving some forces to blockade the house at the foot of the bridge, whilst we marched to attack general Asgill. Our fatiguing march the same day the 24th of june, into the Queen's county where we expected great assistance, proved fruitless and allowed the enemy to recover from their panic and concentrate their forces. — 25th june. Our retrograde march from the Queen's county to repass the river Barrow, still more fatiguing than the day before, on account of the great heat. Arrived late at our bivouack on the hill of Killcomney, a bad military position. Desertion of the Colliers this night, after they had robbed our men of their best fire arms. — 26th june. My last conversation with Father John Murphy, on the treachery of the Colliers. He knew that the king's troops were marching on four roads to surround us. His orders to attack and force the pass of Scollagh-Gap. The brilliant conduct in this fight of our pikemen, as well as the gunsmen. Nothing abandoned at our bivouack to the bloodthirsty general Asgill, who fearing to follow us through the pass, glutted himself on the peaceable, unarmed inhabitants of the adjacent districts, whom he murdered without mercy in their homes. — Bad results in consequence of the unaccountable and fatal separation of Father John. An impostor took his name a year after in Dublin, to swindle money and go to America. — The dislocation of our forces for want of union, after we passed Scollagh-Gap; a party of which went to the woods of Killanghram, whilst another party fought its way and joined our other division at the Gold mines. — My painful anxiety on finding our house at Monaseed abandoned, and no one there to give me any intelligence of my beloved mother. — Jacob Byrne placed in a house on our land. His sister apprised of his situation comes to take care of him till his recovery and escape to Dublin. — My brother Hugh's wound getting quite well, he is able to march and accompany me to continue the campaign. — Our painful separation from our dear sister, who goes to remain with our mother, never to quit her again. — We march and join the other division of our forces near the gold mines, return with it and bivouack at Ballyfad. — My joy at meeting again with Nick Murphy; his escape from major Sirr, and afterwards to France, etc.

After relating the incidents that occured during my short stay at Wexford the 21st of june, I resume the ac-

count of our march from that town towards the three Rocks mountain, where we expected to encamp for the night; but before we had made a mile on the road, we perceived that a column of our army was moving from the mountain in the direction of Johnstown in the Barony of Forth. I instantly with the brave men who accompanied me changed our direction and followed the movement of this column.

It being very late in the evening, and we in the greatest need of some kind of refreshment after the fatigues of this memorable day, I ordered a short halt at Johnstown, near the mansion of poor Cornelius Grogan. Here I met a worthy man who had known me from my childhood, Mr Nash; this gentleman had been agent to the Grogan family, and when he came to receive the rents of the Castletown and Monaseed estates, frequently stopped at our house. He desired an old servant to endeavour to get me something to eat, and whilst we were speaking of old and better times, the poor woman came back to say, that she could give nothing but a slice of barley bread and some sour milk. I soon devoured them and found both delicious.

Mr Nash told me poor Grogan was very ill, and suffering from gout and rheumatism. I took my leave of him, and when I thought the men had got all the refreshments the place could afford, we set out again, to join our division, which had halted to bivouack for the night at a place called Sleedagh in the Barony of Bargy.

I need not say how happy I was on arriving at this camp to find that my brother Hugh, with many other wounded men were all there, and that they had been kindly treated on the way from Vinegar hill, by the men who were charged to escort them. But my disappointment and dismay was very great indeed, when I learned that the principal division of our little army had crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford and directed its course to the county of Wicklow, and that almost all the chiefs with whom I had been accustomed to act, and who I expected to meet here, made part of that division : such as, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Nick Murphy, etc. I also regretted not to see Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, and Edward Roche. The presence of these leaders at the head of our column always inspired our brave fellows with a confidence that they would be well commanded.

I now felt that my responsibility became great indeed, in consequence of this separation. — As all the men of the Monaseed corps, as well as the county of Wicklow men who followed me here from Vinegar hill, looked to me at present as their chief, in the absence of those chiefs who marched with the division on the direction to the county of Wicklow, they requested me to act as such, and added, they would obey my orders. I accepted and promised to do the best I could in our critical situation.

A council of war was held in the night, at the instigation of the reverend Philip Roche, who wished we should

remain at this camp of Sleedagh, until he went to Wexford, where he said, he was certain to obtain a cessation of arms, and good terms from the english general in chief Lake; on which the reverend John Murphy declared, for his part, he could have no reliance on such negotiations, and he never would advise any one to surrender and give up their arms. We all loudly applauded this declaration and added, that we were ready to follow « him » through thick and thin. Poor Roche now resolved to go alone to the English head quarters; he mounted his horse, and before setting off, he desired to know from Father John Murphy, how he was to know where to direct to him, in the event of obtaining the good terms he expected. Murphy replied: « You will have no difficulty to learn the direction our little army will take, for every where that we pass, we shall burn all the isolated slated houses which might serve as a refuge to the enemy. » These were the last words they ever exchanged. I was quite close to them at the time. It was now near day light, the reverend P. Roche rode off to Wexford, whilst we were preparing to quit our bivouack. — What a sad instance of the frailty and weakness of human nature, this man so brave on the field of battle the day before, at the head of fifteen thousand men though badly armed; had he remained at his post as general and not have placed any faith in the insidious promises of the vile lord Kingsborough, he would have thereby enabled us by his military genius and imposing manners to have prolonged the war until

ammunition came from France; all of which we hourly expected.

Poor Roche was very handsome and more than six feet high. He enjoyed considerable influence, particularly over those brave men he commanded at Foulksmill; and his able retreat to the three Rocks mountain after that battle, did him the greatest honour. For he only left the field of action at the very last, when he was assured that all the wounded men were sent away and safe.

From his camp at the three Rocks mountain, he immediately repaired to the council room at Wexford, where he insisted all should be stationary until the result of the negotiation with general Lake could be known. — Unfortunately this declaration did the greatest injury, as many fine fighting fellows went to their homes, whilst waiting an answer from the delegates which were sent to the English head quarters at Enniscorthy; and consequently, these brave men learning the cruel treatment their general received, never rejoined our army again. Poor Father Roche thought that because he had been humane himself and had saved the lives of the enemy in every instance where he had influence, that he had nothing to risk in meeting the bloody and implacable ascendency, again in possession of Wexford; but he was soon cruelly undeceived. On entering the town, he was torn from his horse and ignominiously dragged through the streets to the scaffold. — He deserved a better fate.

I should have mentioned before, that the reverend

Moses Kearns suffering from the wound he got at Enniscorthy, and by great loss of blood, became so weak that he was obliged to remain behind at a farmer's house on the way from Wexford. This brave chief's absence at so critical a moment was another severe loss. — Like Father John Murphy, he would not have been deceived by the false promises of the vile lord Kingsborough, nor would he have abandoned the brave men whom he had the honour to command.

Bagnel Harvey, John Colclough and John Hay, with other leaders remaining behind at Wexford, counting on the treaty which lord Kingsborough had made in their favour with general Lake, the reverend John Murphy now became the principal chief of our very small corps of army at Sleedagh bivouack.

On the morning of the 22d of june it did not amount to more than five or six thousand men, and I doubt even if we could have mustered so strong. Still had the then governor of Wexford, captain Mathew Keugh been actuated with the same desperate spirit which fired the Russian governor at Moscow, and sacrificed lord Kingsborough, our ranks instead of being thinner, would have been swelled beyond any thing we experienced since the commencement of the war. It was doomed otherwise. Intrigue carried the day with the weak leaders of the people, who remained behind in the town of Wexford.

At day light we left our bivouack and formed the co-

lumn for marching; greatly encumbered as usual with our wounded and vast numbers of females, who were following their brothers, or other relatives, not having any place of refuge, or other means of escaping from the monsters then ravaging their homes.

We moved on the direction of Foulksmill and Longgraig, where the battle was fought on the 20th against general sir John Moore, and where the unfortunate reverend Philip Roche shewed so much generalship, and also, where Thomas Cloney and many other fine fellows displayed the greatest talent and bravery.

This field of battle was a dismal sight; mangled bodies lying still unburied all around; broken carts and waggons strewed over the field and on the adjacent roads. However these obstacles did not stop our march.

As the english general Moore, after the battle of the 20th at Foulksmill retreated on Taghmon, he marched from thence to Wexford on the 22d of june, when he had learned that the irish army had evacuated the town; so that our small division marched in his rear and passed over the country which he had abandoned. By this manœuvre and circuitous march, we were enabled to bend our course into the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, etc., and as usual, the cowardly cavalry fled before us; so we had very little skirmishing with them before we reached Killan, the town that gave birth to the brave and ever to be regretted John Kelly.

From this place we pursued the enemy closely until

we came up with them at the village of Killédmond on the county of Carlow side of the boundary, where they seemed to be in great force, having been joined there by a reinforcement

Of course they prepared to dispute the passage and give us battle; but we soon became masters of the village and drove both the infantry and cavalry from it, as in this instance our pikemen were brought to bear on them in the street, though not till they had set fire to several houses before they fled. The barracks they occupied being a slated house, Father John Murphy ordered it to be burned.

By this time our small army was quite exhausted, from so long and so fatiguing a march, and stood much in need both of refreshments and sleep. — We bivouacked not far from this village for the night of the 22d of june, and early next morning the 23d, hearing that there was a regular force of cavalry and infantry stationed at the little town of Goresbridge, to defend the passage there of the river Barrow, we left our bivouack in the highest spirits, and marched to attack this post. — Coming near the town we were met by the fourth dragoon guards and after a short skismish we forced them to retreat and fall back on their infantry, the Wexford militia, which began a brisk fire and a smart engagement ensued, during which we had several wounded. But now, whether from a fear of disaffection in his troops, or a terror of another kind, the commanding officer of the militia, has-

tened to mount behind a dragoon soldier, galloped away and left his men to do the best they could. Abandoned by their officer, who did not endeavour to effect his retreat in time with them, their fire soon ceased, when they were surrounded and made prisoners. No doubt the officer knowing that the greater number of his soldiers were catholics, and suspecting they were inclined to join our ranks, he hastened to escape, lest they might bring him by force with them. This is the only apology that can be offered on the occasion for his conduct. It was however well ascertained through the english army then in Ireland, that the great mass of the roman catholic soldiers were predisposed to come over to join our standard, but particularly so, those of the irish militia regiments. Indeed it was not only the catholics, but all the dissenters of the militia regiments, who wished to see Ireland independent and self governed. They waited with impatience for a french army, round which they would have rallied without hesitation; as, according to a prophecy they had in the north, nothing could be accomplished before french aid arrived. — I had proofs of the strong and implicit faith they had in this prophecy; I was in the Wicklow mountains at the time general Humbert landed in Ireland. Some days after this was known, a serjeant and about twenty men of the Antrim militia regiment then stationed at Arklow came to join us. I asked the sergeant why he did not come sooner; he replied, that the prophecy in which he believed, said, nothing could be done before the french

landed; and that, that was the reason why he did not come and join our army when we were in greater force. He was a presbyterian in religion, and one of the best conducted young men that could be. He began immediately to drill our men. He was an excellent instructor, and if we had had at the commencement several like him, they would have rendered vast service. — I shall have often to speak of this sergeant when I come to relate what I witnessed during the autumn and winter of 1798, in the Wicklow mountains. We called him Antrim John, and we considered him a great acquisition to our cause at that critical moment.

After we took possession of the little town of Goresbridge, where we got a good quantity of flour, we marched to the ridge of Leinster and encamped there that night. Fires were lighted immediately through the camp, and all the young women who were following their relations betook themselves to making bread, or slim cakes, the best way they could, of the sacks of flour which were brought to the bivouack. This, with a number of sheep killed, sufficed at least for that day to give every one something to eat. Our wounded men were conveyed to the camp and good care taken of them. Though my poor brother Hugh's wound was getting better, still he had to remain on the car, fearing to inflame his thigh if he attempted to walk. I was obliged to place on the same car with him, poor Jacob Byrne of Bally Ellis, who was

wounded this day; the ball entered under his hip and passed right through to his other side. I thought it impossible he could ever recover from this desperate wound. A young man whom I did not know seeing me very anxious about Byrne, told me he had studied surgery, and that if I would allow him, he would dress the wound. Of course I accepted his kind offer, although I did not approve of the manner he intended to operate : but the case being, as I thought, hopeless, I let him try his hand. The dressing consisted simply of a band of linen, about two inches wide and a couple of yards long, and when this bandage was well steeped in whisky, he fastened one end of it to a slight ratan and passed it through the wound, withdrawing the ratan and leaving the linen in the wound, with injunctions not to pull it out; he said that suppuration would be kept up by leaving it in, and as the wound healed, it would emit all strange bodies. Poor Byrne suffered this rough operation with great resignation. I had him again placed on the car with my brother, and charged the trust worthy man who drove the horse to be attentive to both, and to be always on the alert and ready to follow our column when it set out to march.

It will be seen before the end of my narrative, the wonderful escape this brave man Byrne had, and this is the reason I give the above details regarding the dressing of his wound. They shew the scanty means we possessed of being useful to unfortunate men in his situation.

As the country people were so terror stricken about the neighbourhood of the ridge of Leinster, that they were not able to give us any information respecting the enemy's positions, we had to send reconnoitring parties in all directions. After their return we betook ourselves to rest, and passed a few hours tolerably well. At day light we were again under arms and marching to Castlecomer. By this manœuvre we afforded a safe occasion to the vast number of Colliers who were waiting our arrival, to quit their hiding places and to come and join our standard.

On quitting our bivouack, a sad spectacle was offered to our view. A cruel and foul deed was committed during the night. Several of the prisoners belonging to the Wexford militia, were put to death by their own comrades, who having met in our army many of their relatives, had been put at liberty. They of course joined our ranks and changed immediately their uniforms for coloured cloaths. Thus metamorphosed they perpetrated these cold-blooded murders, which every brave man must execrate. One of these militia soldiers named Bruslaur, was the prime instigator of this horrible and coward revenge. It appeared that he had been cruelly punished and flogged, for being an united irishman, on the evidence sworn against him by those unfortunate men. He of course said in his defence, that they were all sworn Orangemen, and did every thing in their power to have him and his fellow catholic soldiers put to death. Let

that be as it may, it was but too true that the infamous orange system was encouraged and sanctioned by all the protestant officers of those irish militia regiments.

It was about half past two o'clock in the morning of the 24th of june, when we set out in good marching order, and before five o'clock we arrived at the village of Dunain, where we were immediately joined by vast numbers of Colliers, the most determined looking fighting fellows I ever beheld; badly armed no doubt, with old rusty swords and pistols; but well disposed to make use of them, and to exchange them for better fire arms when an occasion offered.

A battalion of the Waterford militia which had been stationed at the Colliery, or village of Dunain, about three or four hundred strong, at our approach, abandoned the place and retreated on the town of Castlecomer. I was riding beside Father John Murphy at the head of our column, entering this village of Dunain, when we saw the great masses coming to join us. He at once decided that I should proceed on the high road with a part of our forces, whilst he would march himself under the guidance of the Colliers and with the remainder of our troops, by another way to attack Castlecomer.

The column halted for a few minutes only; I had a very fine horse, that my men brought me the day before, he being now foundered for the want of a fore shoe, I went to the first blacksmith's forge I perceived, and as-

ked the smith if he would have the goodness to put on a shoe on my horse; he replied he could not then light a fire, that he was just come from his hiding place, and besides, he was in too great haste to march and fight along with us. However when I shewed him that I had the horse shoe, he searched and found as many nails as were necessary and soon tacked it on. I asked a woman who was standing at the door to be good enough to give me a glass of water, but the smith ordered her to bring me a glass of good beer, and a crust of bread. This brave fellow seemed quite displeased with me at offering to pay him for the little service he had rendered me; as he supposed I was a chief and that we were going to fight in the same cause, he thought it was the least he could do. I gallop'd off and I soon got again to the head of our column, which was drawn up, and halted on the great road to Castlecomer. At some distance from thence, a detachment of the english forces was also drawn up on the high road. They appeared to be about sixty or seventy in number. Our men told me that they thought these english soldiers wished to come and join us, or at least to surrender; that they had hoisted a white handkerchief, etc. — I instantly resolved to ride on and see if they wished to surrender, and to offer them all the protection and security they should require, on the event of their laying down their arms.

I told our men to be careful not to fire a shot, and to be prepared to receive these english soldiers kindly; and

if they marched back with me, to open right and left and let them pass to the rear of our column. I then rode off, and when I arrived at the detachment I found it was a company of the Waterford militia; two officers on foot belonging to it came to me and stood on each side of me, whilst one of their soldiers held the reins of my bridle.

These officers told me, that they made part of the rear-guard of their forces, retreating from the Colliery, and now seeing that they were not only out flanked, but completely cut off from their regiment, if they were sure of being treated as prisoners of war, they would surrender. I assured them that orders were given before I left our column, that the first men who should attempt to molest them, would be instantly shot. I further pledged myself to risk my own life in every instance to save theirs. All was now agreed on between us; these soldiers marching with the butt end of their muskets in the air, and thus to pass through our column to the rear, when they would have to give up all their arms and ammunition.

Unfortunately one of our men, of the name of Doyle, coming through the fields, and knowing nothing of the capitulation, seeing me, as he thought, a prisoner, leaped into the road, and drove his pike into the soldier who was holding my horse; on which, one of the officers ordered his men to fire, and the other discharged his pistol at me. My horse received a ball in the shoulder. They fired only a few shots, when they turned about and began to escape the best way they could, throwing away accoutrements,

arms, etc., to be able to run the quicker. Many of them were however, overtaken, before they got to Castlecomer, and the few who did escape over the bridge, got into lady Anne Butler's house, which was already occupied by the english troops, whom Father John Murphy had beaten from their position in the town, and forced to take refuge in it. This house being two or three stories high, and isolated, the enemy kept up a tremendons fire from all the windows on our forces arriving before it, so that we had several killed and wounded in an instant, without being able to approach it. We had quantities of hay and straw loaded on carts and pushed on by our men; we endeavoured under cover of them, to cross the bridge and get up to the house. This stratagem failed; for the men who were pushing the carts, not being sufficiently covered, were shot through the angles of the loads of straw. I had my horse killed under me by one of these vollies fired from the windows of this house.

A young man who was on horseback in shade of a wall, seeing my horse fall, came good naturedly and offered me his horse, which I accepted, and mounted immediately and rode off to a small church about a quarter of a mile from the bridge; we had placed our prisoners there under a strong guard. — I chose from amongst these prisoners, a black servant man in livery, as the most conspicuous, brought him back with me to the bridge in front of lady Anne Butler's house, made him tie a white handkerchief to a cane, and hold it over his

head; on the sight of this, the fire from the house ceased.

I then gave him his instructions, told him he should go into the house, ask to see the officer commanding the english troops there, tell him, that the rear of the house was set on fire by another party of our forces, whilst we were engaged in the front; that if he came out with his men and brought their arms and ammunition to us, they should not only be protected but set at liberty to go where they pleased. That if they did not accept this offer, they would all be inevitably consumed in less than half an hour, as quantities of fuel and combustible matter of every kind was applied to the rear of the house, by our men commanded by the general in chief in person, who was at present completely master of the whole town, with the exception of this single house, now on fire. — As to himself, I told him he should be taken care of and put at liberty, whatever might be the result of the negotiation. This honest black servant left me, marched quietly to the hall door, which was opened for him from within, and in less than five minutes came back to me on the bridge where I remained to receive him. The answer he brought to my proposal, from the officers besieged was as follows, that they knew but too well that the house in which they were was on fire, and consequently, they were ready to surrender; but first, they wished to have a written protection signed by the reverend John Murphy, whom they understood was our commander in

chief, otherwise they could not venture, on account of what had happened that morning to a company of their troops retreating from the Colliery; that the chief to whom the company surrendered was unable to protect them, etc., I of course sorely felt the truth of this observation, and lamented the fatal error which gave ground for it, and caused the failure of the most humane intention to save so many lives, and at the same time, to get their arms and ammunition which we so much needed at that moment.

I now, accompanied by my black « parlementaire, » went to seek for Father John, to get him to give this written document, required by the besieged officers, and to tell him of all that had occured since we separated at the Colliery. After making a great round through the gardens, I at length had an interview with him, across the river, which is very narrow there; he highly approved of the promises I had made to the besieged. He told the black servant to return with me, and desired he should go instantly back to the house, and tell the english troops there, that the moment he (Father John Murphy) could procure pen, ink and paper, he would send them the written protection they required; that he would then give orders to cease adding more fuel to the house now in flames, hoped they would not hesitate getting out of it before it was too late, and that he would be at the bridge, along with me, to receive and protect them. On which I

returned again with my black messenger to the bridge, repeating to him his instructions. I sent him as before, but this time he could announce that he had seen and conversed himself with our general in chief, who pledged himself in the most solemn manner that all the promises I had made to the military who took refuge in the house now on fire, should be strictly adhered to, and that the moment they came out and gave up their arms and ammunition, they would be put at liberty to go where they pleased, and that the greatest care would be taken that none of them should be molested.

Of course I now expected that there would be no further difficulties raised by those unfortunate men who were on the point of being consumed, and that they would surrender and come out without hesitation, before the house crumbled into pieces under them. I waited most anxiously, thinking every minute an hour, but there was no appearance of any movement from the house. I thought it strange that the besieged should take so long to deliberate and decide this time; more than half an hour elapsed, when at length I saw the hall door open, and the worthy black man running towards me; he cried out this time : « O! sir, they wont surrender, they see from the top windows, an army coming to their relief, but the house is all in smoke and flames about them. » — I thanked him for the way he behaved and bid him stay by me. I instantly despatched several of our men to seek

out Father John, who was still in the town, to let him know the failure of our negotiation, and the cause of it. Soon after we heard the firing of muskets on the hill to our left flank, and the whistling of balls through a grove of trees on the same side. This firing came from the english division which marched from Kilkenny under the command of general sir Charles Asgill. If this general had had the courage to have marched straight on to Castlecomer, instead of firing at two musket shot's distance from us, he might have surprised many of our men scattered through the town; but now we were apprized and had plenty of time to rally our forces, and take an advantageous position on a rising ground opposite to his line, and there wait and offer him battle, which he prudently declined to accept, and which was to be regretted; four our little army was now flushed with victory, and powerfully aided, as we expected it would be by the Colliers, who would bravely fight to keep up their ancient reputation as the defenders of Irish rights.

I not having entered Castlecomer, except in the neighbourhood of the house at the foot of the bridge, from which the greatest resistance was made by the enemy, and where our forces sustained the greatest losses, and where so many brave men fell, cannot give all the details of what took place in the town; but it was attacked and carried in the most brilliant manner by Father John Murphy and the fine fellows he commanded, and with very little loss.

Altho' I have already related a great deal of what I myself witnessed during this memorable day, still other incidents occured later, which will shew the chances we had in our favour, had the English accepted the battle.

In moving up the road from the bridge of Castlecomer, after we had rallied our forces, we heard the enemy's firing, though we did not see their line before the head of our column passed the grove or wood on our right flank; then we perceived general Asgill's division drawn up in line of battle at a very little more than a musket shot's distance from us, and curious to say, the firing ceased and he allowed our column to gain the rising ground opposite his line, and there to form our line of battle, whilst he might have attacked us, marching by the flank, exposed to all his fire, and in the worst position possible to resist or sustain such an attack.

During this march another odd thing happened; a private soldier from the centre of the english line, quit his ranks and came running towards us, armed and equipped. Several shots were fired after him, without effect. This soldier told us, we might count on seeing many others of his comrades follow his example.

It is difficult to know to what to attribute such great want of decision on the part of general Asgill. As he was cruel and bloodthirsty, perhaps his conscience told him, he would want courage on the occasion, or perhaps he

thought implicit confidence could not be placed in the troops he commanded. Or was it, that he waited for a reinforcement he expected, before he would risk a battle with us? Those three motives combined, must have weighed very heavily indeed upon him, for he abandoned the field and marched back with his division on the road to Kilkenny, leaving us at perfect liberty to return to Castlecomer if we wished. But then we could have no object in doing so, as it never was our intention to guard or keep the town; and having got all the arms and ammunition it contained, except those which remained with the english troops in the house at the foot of the bridge. —

If we could have even suspected that general Asgill feared risking a battle, we should have left a part of our forces before the house at the foot of the bridge, until we could have had time to return and force the besieged to come out and lay down their arms; which they would have done now without hesitation, finding they had no relief to expect from this too prudent warrior.

Although a council of war seemed expedient in our critical position, yet none was held, as Father John Murphy communicated to us his plan, which we all agreed to, as the best to be followed under the present circumstances.

We knew that general Asgill retreated to wait for reinforcements, and we suspected that he wished to draw us into an ambuscade, if we had pursued him on the road

to Kilkenny. Without artillery we could not think of going to attack a city where the enemy was well provided with cannon, ammunition and arms of every description. Nothing but the certainty that we should be joined by the mass of the population could have warranted such a proceeding. And to the shame of the people of that country be it said, they preferred to bow in abject slavery and crouch beneath the tyrants cruelty, sooner than come boldly to take the field with us.

Father John perceiving our men quite exhausted, from want of repose and sleep, after the fatigues they had endured this day, marching and fighting, resolved at once to go and take a military position at some appropriate situation in the Queen's county, where we could bivouack and pass the night with safety.

Though our march from Castlecomer was not impeded by the enemy, yet it was distressing to witness how our men, from weakness, threw themselves flat on the road side and there fell fast asleep. This shewed the necessity of halting sooner than was first intended; for Father John's plan was, to march that day through that part of the Queen's county leading to the town of Athy, county of Kildare, from which place and neighbourhood he learned, thousands of fighting men only waited our arrival to come flocking to join our standard, and thus avail themselves of their courage, and indeed more than sufficient numbers to overthrow the king's forces, that were keeping them in bondage.

Unfortunately at that sorrowful moment the population lay prostrated and enervated at their tyrant's feet; all their own chiefs being either in exile, banished, executed or imprisoned.

After we passed the night of the 24th of june in the Queen's county, seeing not the least disposition on the part of its inhabitants either to aid or assist us in our present struggle to shake off the cruel english yoke, we began our movement on the 25th to approach as near as we could that day, to Scollagh-Gap, Mount Leinster and Blackstairs; we wished to be masters of those important passes into the counties of Carlow and Wexford, in order to be able to obtain some tidings of the principal division of our army, which separated from us on the 21st of june in Wexford and marched over the wooden bridge, on the direction of the county of Wicklow. We were at all times most anxious to open a communication with that division, but it now became imperative to do so, in consequence of our critical situation and the want of ammunition. For the accomplishment of this, poor Father John Murphy suggested a plan, to the wise instructions of which we all willingly adhered. They were very simple. He desired that all those who had any quantity of powder, should divide it with their comrades who had none; and he ordered all those whose fire arms were out of repair, to provide for themselves pikes, or some weapon equivalent, such as pitch forks, etc. Thus armed, and marching

in close order, we had nothing to dread from either cavalry or infantry, and we should be able to force our way through any of the passes, and might always avoid risking a battle against a superior force of the enemy and only accept it when we were sure of victory.

Our retrograde march from the Queen's county to repass the river Barrow (though we had scarcely any skirmishing with an enemy who fled from us the moment we drew up to attack it), was still more fatiguing than our march the day before from Castlecomer. The long road we had to make, the great heat of the weather, and not being joined as we expected by the people of that county, not even perceiving the numbers of the Colliers increase on whose great exertions and assistance we counted so much, and which was the principal cause that induced Father John to come into the country; all this was disheartening indeed, and we arrived weary and exhausted, very late in the evening of the 25th of june at our bivouack on the hill of Kilcomney, county of Carlow side. And now I must endeavour to explain our situation here, as it will be the last time I shall ever have to speak of Father John Murphy as our commander. I trust it may not be thought I say too much about myself, and the intercourse I had with him after we left Wexford. Telling my own story may be considered the narrative of what took place, and indeed as the history of the events and results which followed, and happened to every one of my comrades,

nearly in the same way; with the exception, that many of them had not the good fortune to escape as I have had.

We placed our out posts as we were accustomed to do every night, and had our wounded brought to the centre of the camp, as well as the females who were following their beloved husbands and brothers.

Our position here at Kilcomney hill was by no means a military one, or well chosen, having roads leading to it from several directions. It had however, one advantage, that of being near the pass of Scollagh Gap, by which we intended marching next day, and of fighting our way to the county of Wicklow. The arrangements for the night being completed, in a few minutes all were sound asleep.

I awoke next morning, the 26th of june, a little before day light, and my first care was, to rouse up some men to send to reconnoitre on different roads. Lamentable to say, almost all of them complained how they had been robbed of their fire arms during the night by the Colliers. A general cry of indignation went through our camp against these scoundrels, on whom we counted to see performing the greatest military achievements in our ranks; now not only having deserted, but having availed themselves of our brave men being overpowered with fatigue

and want of sleep, to wrench their arms from them, and escape to their coal pits or former hiding places. One can only compare these Colliers to the men who were renowned for fighting at fairs and « patterns, » who we seldom remarked as first in the battle, now that we were fighting for our independence, and to shake off the English yoke.

Young men, sons of gentlemen farmers, and the farmer's sons generally speaking, were the men to whom the people looked up with confidence in this perilous struggle; and in no instance during this campaign were they deceived. Those brave, modest young men, who would have thought it a dishonour to be engaged in a fair fight, were now every where seen, first in the danger, leading their men to victory.

I hastened to seek Father John, to let him know what I had learned, and to take his orders. He was already apprized of the treachery of the Colliers, and remarked, how many of them went off the night before when we were in the Queen's county. He also knew that the king's troops were moving on several directions to surround and attack our camp, as all our reconnoitering parties returning after they met the enemy, confirmed this report. The morning being foggy, we could not well distinguish the force of the troops coming on different roads to surround us, but it was at once resolved on to go and meet and attack those advancing through the pass of Scollagh Gap,

and to force our way at any price by that road, as we could have no pretence to make head against all the english divisions arriving by the other routes, in our deplorable state, with a scanty supply of ammunition for the fire arms which the Colliers did not deprive us of.

The enemy's cavalry which marched out from the pass of Scollagh Gap, was boldly attacked and beaten back by our gunsmen, well supported in this instance by our pikemen; so that in a short time we were masters of a sufficient extent of it to admit all our forces, which still amounted to four or five thousand. The greatest care was taken to bring off all our wounded, as well as the females who were following, and to leave nothing at our bivouack to become the prey of a ferocious enemy. Yet the hired Press of the english ascendency of that day, would have it, that we abandoned ten pieces of artillery and quantities of baggage, and had thousands killed and wounded. We had no artillery to abandon, never having had any since we left Wexford on the 21st of june, and as to the losses sustained, ours was far less than the enemy's; our rear guard of sharp shooters covering our retreat through this pass; availing themselves of rocks on either side, they took deliberate aim and killed or wounded almost every officer who appeared at the head of his men following us, whilst our advanced guard opened the way, fighting desperately, driving the enemy before them, until we got completely through the pass of Scollagh Gap : and the much prized and greatly spoken of

major Mathews thought it prudent not to pursue us with the troops he commanded, to the other side of Scollagh Gap; and as to the cowardly general sir Charles Asgill, who was at the head of three or four thousand regular troops, his friends might have attributed it to his « humanity, » his not wishing to come to close quarters with us, had he not, to his disgrace, preferred a more safe and easy victory; running with his army through the districts adjoining Kilcomney, and instead of pursuing and fighting with us in the field, murdering in cold blood the unarmed, inoffensive inhabitants, who never left their homes, and who consequently, had taken no part in the war. They were now cruelly rewarded for their neutrality by this monster, who spared neither age nor sex; men, women and children were butchered without mercy in their houses and fields where they were peaceably occupied.

What we had accomplished this morning the 26th of june, might have been considered a victory, had not a dismal cloud soon over-cast all our hopes and future plans. — The reverend John Murphy was missing. In vain did we seek him in our column, no where was he to be found. It is most unaccountable how this excellent, brave and enterprizing chief became separated from the main body, as all our movements were executed according to his directions, and there being sufficient time for every one to get away from our bivouack before the

king's troops could arrive there. Father John would have joined us in the pass, where we were fighting and driving the enemy before us, had not something fatal prevented him. We never could learn positively the final end of this most excellent worthy man. — Nearly a year after this time, subscriptions were made in the city of Dublin to defray the expences, it was said, of getting Father John Murphy to escape to America.

Mr Martin Byrne, a woollen draper in Francis street, and several of his friends, were very active in this matter; they wished that some person who knew him, would meet the clergyman to whom the money was to be given, to assure them that this man was the real Father John Murphy, who distinguished himself so much in our late campaign. I was hiding in Dublin at that time, and was waited on by a friend who asked me to accompany him to Mr Martin Byrne's house, to see a fellow, whom he feared, was only personating Father John, in order to swindle benevolent patriots out of their money. — I readily complied, and on the first sight of a black looking fellow, told Mr Byrne and his friends that they were imposed on by an impostor, who had not the least resemblance to poor Father John. — It was reported then that he had been exècuted at Tullow, but scarcely any one would believe it, as no mention appeared of his arrest in the government papers of the day, when the vindictive ascendency would have been too glad to have to announce officially such good news as the hanging of a popish priest.

When we got through the pass of Scollagh Gap, we must have appeared formidable to the enemy on that side of it. For we soon perceived that the king's troops had fled and retreated on Enniscorthy and Newtownbarry; as I have already said, the famous general Asgill not deeming it prudent to follow us, we were again masters of our movements, and sufficiently strong, notwithstanding the want of ammunition and the good fire arms which the Colliers robbed us of, to march and form a junction with the other division of our army which separated from us at Wexford, and which we supposed then to be some where in the county of Wicklow.

Unfortunately our general in chief was absent at this critical moment, and though brave and intrepid leaders were still at the head of our men, they could not agree on what was best to be done All of them from the neighbourhood of Wexford and Enniscorthy, seemed bent on going to the extensive woods of Killaughram, as the best and surest place to recruit their forces in, and to wait there to hear news of the other irish division; whilst all of us from the northern part of the county of Wexford persisted on the necessity of marching forthwith in the direction of the Wicklow mountains, where we might be sure of obtaining intelligence and probably join the division without difficulty. I did every thing in my power to dissuade these brave fellows from separating from us, by pointing out to them the great danger they would run of being surrounded, and of their retreat being made

impossible. But it was all in vain, they were decided, having only five or six miles to march, they said, before reaching those famous woods, with which many of them seemed well acquainted; whilst they observed, that our party might have thirty, or even forty miles to march before we could expect to join the corps commanded by Garrett Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc.

Further supplication now became useless; thus from the want of union did our separation and dislocation begin. We were only pursued by an enemy, that but ventured to send out its cavalry to kill our stragglers escaping isolated to visit their families and homes. — We who were resolved to fight our way to the Wicklow mountains, found by this last lamentable separation, our numbers indeed very inadequate to such an undertaking. Still we persevered and hoped for the best.

I had my poor brother Hugh and Jacob Byrne, of whose desperate wound I have already spoken, placed on the same car, and the same faithful man who drove the horse, from the day Hugh was wounded, the 18th of june, took the greatest care of them both. — Byrne's miraculous escape and extraordinary recovery in those awful times, will shew what even a few determined men can accomplish in the most perilous situation, by sticking firmly together.

All the cars on which our wounded were placed, got safely through the pass of Scollagh Gap. The one on

which were my brother and Byrne, had still a long and dreary route to make, of more than thirty miles, from being obliged to avoid the towns where the english had garrisons, such as, Clonegal, Bunclody or Newtownbarry, Ferns, Carnew, etc.

It required an escort composed of men of the most undaunted stamp to brave the dangers which overspread the country we had to march through, from Scollagh Gap to the Wicklow mountains, and that so recently after the battle of Vinegar hill, which so flushed the yeomen and Orangemen with victory. Yet the sight of our little column made those cowardly assassins fall back on their english supporters, who occupied the towns, and leave us at liberty to push forward and accomplish our plan, with some skirmishing from time to time no doubt.

Monaseed being on the direct route to the Wicklow mountains, I hoped I should there have the pleasure of meeting once more my dear mother. My surprise and grief was great indeed when arriving at our house, not to find a living being to give me the least intelligence about her. Every thing was in disorder, the doors wide open, windows and furniture broken, etc. Two of our tenants living on a farm (Fox cover) at some distance from the house and the high road, we hastened to go thither in expectation of finding some one to give us information. Fortunately Mrs Macguire, the wife of one of the tenants, happened to be at home.

This good woman relieved my painful anxiety : she

told me my dear mother was safe and well, with her faithful servant Biddy Cosker, at Buckstown house, then belonging to Ralph Blaney, where poor Ned Fennell's father had brought them, with the females of his own family for protection.

Mr Fennell having saved this house, when our army passed that way, Mr Blaney felt very grateful and offered his services in return, of which this worthy man Fennell availed himself on this melancholy occasion, to procure a safe refuge for our unprotected mothers and sisters.

Poor Jacob Byrne's own dwelling place, Bally-Ellis, being too near that dreadful Orange town Carnew, he could not be brought there, without risking being shot instantly; he was therefore placed in a house belonging to us, adjacent to Macguire's, and which only served for keeping cattle in winter. One of his sisters being informed of his arrival, and of his sad condition, came and remained with him day and night, in this waste house; keeping the door continually wide open to prevent suspicion that any one was concealed there. Provisions of one kind or other were brought and left with them during the night, by females, whose courage and humanity in those terrible times, deserve the greatest praise. In less than a month, Byrne gained sufficient strength to get to another hiding place, and from thence finally to Dublin, where I met him the year after, perfectly recovered from his extraordinary wound, with no other treatment than

that which his poor sister had been able to render him.

I think it right to mention those details, to shew, how the very worst wounds are cured sometimes without surgical aid. And I think itnecessary to speak of our long march from Scollagh Gap, to shew, that those brave men who separated from us to go and take refuge in the woods of Killaughram, might have passed through the country where the horse and car passed on which Jacob Byrne was transported to Monaseed, and from this place have gone with us until we joined the other division of our army at the Gold mines.

My brother Hugh's wound being now a great deal better, he resolved to march with us, and on no account to remain behind. My dear sister who never left him an instant, from the day he received his wound, had now to separate from us and go to remain with our mother at Buckstown house, and there endeavour to comfort and console her in the best way she could. Though very young at the time, she was quite adequate to such a task, enjoying great moral courage, and a flow of spirits which prevented her despónding in the worst of times. This happy disposition of our sister made our separation from her less painful than it otherwise would have been · besides, we knew she would be safe at Buckstown house, with our dear mother and the worthy Fennell family.

Before continuing our route to the Gold mines, we

wished to get news of the different combats which had taken place during the last eight days, and indeed it was most cheering to receive the accounts we got on arriving at Monaseed, of the advantages gained over the king's troops in those districts, by our forces, commanded by Anthony Perry, Garret Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Esmond Kyan, etc. The victory called « the bloody friday,» the attack on Hacketstown. on Chamney's house, Cootallin, Ballygraheen hill near Shilelah and the battle and defeat of the ancient Britons. — All those details though given to us by poor females whose husbands and brothers no doubt shared in those actions, we found afterwards to be quite exact : and the list of the names of the unfortunate victims murdered in cold blood on the 20th and 21st of june in their houses, where they lay sick, unable to escape, by these monsters holding commissions from, the english government as magistrates and commanders of yeomen corps, was accurate indeed. One shudders to think of it.

Here is one instance of the many, which may serve as an illustration how these foul deeds were perpetrated by cowardly monsters, who never ventured to meet us on the field of battle.

Hunter Gowan, justice of the peace, captain of a corps of yeomen cavalry, knowing that Patrick Bruslaun, a near neighbour of his, and with whom he had always lived on the most friendly terms, was confined to bed

with a wound, rode to Bruslaun's house, knocked at the door and asked Mrs Bruslaun in the kindest manner respecting her husband's health. « You see, » said he, pointing to his troops drawn up at a distance from the house, « I would not let my men approach, lest they might do « any injury. Conduct me to your husband's room, I « want to have a chat with poor Pat. » She, not having the least suspicion of what was to follow, ushered Gowan to her husband's bed-side. He put out his hand, and after exchanging some words with poor Bruslaun, deliberately took out his pistol and shot him through the heart. Turning round on his heel, he said to the unfortunate woman, « you will now be saved the trouble of « nursing your damned popish rebel husband. »

These details I had from Mrs Bruslaun's own lips. And how many more of the same kind could I not add to them, were it of any use now to look back to that awful epoch of English tyranny and slaughter in Ireland? —

Poor Bruslaun was not forty years of age; he left three children quite young. He was, without exception, one of the bravest men that ever lived. He was respected by every one who knew him. For my own part, I loved him from my childhood like a brother. I had many first cousins, but to none of them was I so attached as to him; his mother was my father's eldest sister.

How grievous to think, that none of those « would-be » patriotic writers on irish affairs, had courage to go, even some years after 1798, when no danger could await them,

through those counties, and there collect materials, and where previous to the insurrection, so many cold-blooded murders were perpetrated on the innocent and peaceable inhabitants, by these magistrates holding commissions as justices of the peace, as colonels of militia regiments and as chiefs of yeomanry corps, and who were a disgrace to humanity and every thing sacred on earth! —

I was residing, or in other words « hiding » at Butterstown Lane near Dublin in the winter of 1799. The Parish priest there, the reverend Father Connelly, on whom I sometimes called, asked me one night, if I would have any objection to go to town, to meet a friend of his who was preparing something for the press, on the causes which brought about the insurrection. I answered I had none whatever to go and see any friend of his, whom I presumed was like himself, a staunch patriot. He smiled and told me, that the gentleman was counsellor Mac Cana and that he would fix a night with him, when it would be convenient and safe to receive me at his house in Dublin. He added how Mr Mac Cana wished to be acquainted with those from whom he could acquire information respecting the murders committed previous to the breaking out of the insurrection, at Carnew and in that neighbourhood by the magistrates of the district, and especially those perpetrated by Hunter Gowan previous to the rising. « I told Mr Mac Cana » said Father Connelly, « that « you, being from that country, would put him in the « way of obtaining all he required. »

According to appointment, I waited on counsellor Mac Cana, at his dwelling place in Dublin and there furnished him with the names of numbers of those who were slaughtered at the little town of Carnew, and elsewhere, previous to the insurrection : in short I gave him all the information on that subject which I thought could lead to a perfect discovery of the instigators and authors of those cold-blooded murders. I gave him the names of the magistrates who presided at those executions in the hall court of the castle of Carnew, and mentioned particularly « Cope » the protestant minister and justice of the peace of the district, who acted as prime executioner in that tragical scene. Mr Mac Cana told me, all I mentioned to him should be verified on the spot, and that he would avail himself of every occasion to procure such information as would tend to a complete exposure of the infamous expedients resorted to by the irish government of that epoch, and which sanctioned those murders in almost every district in Ireland.

I left Mr Mac Cana highly flattered by his kind reception, and could not help admiring his ardent manner in speaking of the cruel transactions which were carrying on at the time, to destroy every vestige of irish liberty. His great zeal on this occasion did not surprize me, as I knew he was a roman catholic, and that his principal aim would be, to prove to the world, that the irish people were not making a religious struggle, but were carrying

on a just war of self defence against the most unheard of tyranny, exercised by the english agents, and the vile creatures they hired in Ireland to aid and assist them, in the perpetration of all their monstrous cold-blooded murders.

When I returned to Butterstown Lane, and told the worthy patriot Father Connelly, of my most agreeable interview with his valued friend counsellor Mac Cana, he was quite enchanted, and said, we might soon expect to see something appropriate to the times we lived in published, from the pen of this highly gifted man, whose talents for writing were then well known, as was also, his great devotion to the interest of Ireland.

Having learned at Monaseed every thing respecting the enemy's position, and that we should only have to fight their cavalry, we marched off to join the other division of our army, which we were informed, was encamped near the Gold mines. Both my brother Hugh and I knowing every part of this country we had to pass through, felt the greatest confidence that we should be able to fight our way, though our numbers were diminished, in consequence of our long march from Scollagh Gap. Many of these brave men likewise, passing near their homes, naturally wished to go and see what had become of their families in their absence. Still we had a sufficient number to make head against any corps of ca-

valry; indeed, fifty pikemen and three or four gunsmen would have sufficed at that moment to prevent these dastards from approaching our column. Such was their fear, since the recent lesson they had received, the day the ancient Britons were defeated, that the sight of a car abandoned on the way, or drawn across the road, made them halt and cease their pursuit, lest they should be surprized and fall into an ambuscade prepared by our forces; and from the experience we acquired in our long march from Scollagh Gap, I am convinced, that with six companies of pikemen well organized, and about six or eight good marksmen with rifle carabines and plenty of ammunition attached to each company, we could have crossed the country in every direction, in spite of the cavalry that could have been brought against us; for the moment a cavalry corps attempted to charge, our men would quit the road and get behind some hedge or ditch, and there wait until the cavalry was sufficiently near to be sure to take a few of them down at the first volley, when it was certain the remainder would wheel about and escape; besides if no means of erecting an obstacle was at hand, we had always the resource of immediately forming our pikemen into a solid hollow square, which certainly would not be broken by the cowardly cavalry we had to engage with at that epoch.

No country in the world, except la Vendée in France, offers the same advantages for making war against cavalry, as Ireland, on account of the smallness of the

fields, and the very high fences with which they are surrounded in every part. — How curious it is, we had no instance of those bold fox hunters who composed the yeomen cavalry corps (and whose horses never refused leaping any kind of fence), making a charge through fields, to attack even twenty of our pikemen who kept well together; but a single isolated man, was sure to be pursued and cut down by them. Poor Ned Kennedy of Bally-Ellis passing at some distance from his own place, left us to go and enquire about his family; being alone, a troop of horse attacked him but before they could kill him, he wounded three of them with his pike, in a desperate manner. Had Kennedy had a dozen of brave fellows like himself, along with him, at the time, probably the troop would not have ventured on so perilous a combat. He was away at some distance from our little column, and that sufficed to give courage to the fox hunters. To conclude this chapter, I shall mention the heartfelt delight we experienced on meeting at the White Heaps, the other division of our army, which we so much longed to join. It was on its march from the Gold mines. We returned with it to Ballyfad, where we bivouacked for the night.

I need not say how glad we were to see again so many of the chiefs with this division, and all looking tolerably well, viz : Anthony Perry, Garrett Byrne, E. Fitzgerald, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc., but alas! many others were missing. The splendid Ned Fennell, Johnny

Doyle, and several of my dearest friends were killed in different combats, whilst we were fighting at Castlecomer. However, the friend of my childhood and with whom I began my « united Irish » career, the brave and truly patriotic Nick Murphy of Monaseed, was here; and although he was suffering sadly from a fall and sprained foot, which obliged him to ride behind a man on a pillion, still he did not despond. He did not despair of our being able to keep the field and making head against the enemy, until relief in ammunition could be procured, even from some neutral county, not at war with England. It was at this juncture that Murphy and I had to lament the loss of our large jar of powder, which the unfortunate Jack Sheridan discovered and surrendered to Hunter Gowan, and by which Sheridan escaped being put to death. The want we were in of ammunition often, was the cause which induced us to go and attack barracks and houses where we thought we might have a chance of procuring some. By these perilous and rash attacks, the lives of the bravest of our men were sacrificed, which would have been avoided if we had had a competent supply of powder and ball to carry on a defensive campaign, whilst waiting the assistance we hourly expected from France. It was even hoped at the time, that when a proper application would be made by our friends in America, that the brave people of that country would hasten to send us arms and ammunition. They have since, in the Greek struggle to shake off the Turkish yoke, afforded the most

important service to that nation, by sending there provisions of every kind.

From the neutral powers of the continent, we had nothing to expect; on the contrary, they were furnishing their Hessian soldiers to our enemies the English, to aid and assist them in ravaging and plundering poor Ireland. Thus we were doomed to be left to our own resources : and still, if all those who took the united irish test, had been of the same stamp as the brave Nick Murphy of Monaseed, we should have succeeded in prolonging the war, until we should have awakened the sympathy of some generous nation in our favour. He was, I must say, without exception, one of the most determined men engaged in our struggle. He never thought that he could do half enough to forward the sacred cause we had undertaken. He was high spirited and honourable; liked by all who knew him; simple and unpretending in his manners and very well informed. He was handsome, active and well made, though rather slight, he was 24 years of age.

After the disasters at the Boyne, Murphy escaped to Dublin and was hiding at Mr Dillon's house, merchant's quay, where he received the kindest hospitality. He passed several months there as one of the clerks of the establishment, when one morning a servant came to tell him that a country carman was in the hall who had a letter for him from his mother, and which he wished to deliver himself in person. Murphy hastened down stairs to the

hall, when the carman all covered with mud, and wearing a pair of big brogues, presented him a letter, the seal of which he broke without hesitation, seeing it was to his address; on which, the carman opened his great coat and drew a cocked pistol, levelling it at his breast and, telling him not to stir, or he would shoot him on the spot, that he was his prisoner, etc. Fortunately Murphy caught the lock of the pistol with his left hand, the fore-finger or index of which got between the hammer and the flint, which prevented it going off. The finger was cut to the bone with the flint. This wound saved his life but now a desperate struggle ensued between the disguized carman and Murphy. Luckily the latter knew well how to wrestle, and at length succeeded in tripping up his antagonist and getting away through the back yard and up to a hay loft, from which he got out on the roofs of houses and escaped down into a street in the rear.

When the false carman got up, he hastened to open the hall door and to call Major Sirr and his gang to his assistance. They entered and also surrounded Mr Dillon's house, sword in hand, pistols cocked, etc. The dastardly town Major took the same precautions on this occasion which he did the day he shot poor lord Edward Fitzgerald, at Murphy's house in Thomas street. — Seeing a heap of straw in the coach-house, and perceiving something stir in it, he instantly ordered his men to advance and fire a volley into the straw, by which he expected

Nick Murphy if not killed, would at least be maimed, so as to prevent him offering any further resistance. His dismay must have been great indeed, when he discovered, that it was not Murphy, but a beautiful pointer and her little puppies that were killed by those fellows, whom he made march before him, to cover his sacred person from all danger. Mr Dillon's house was soon surrounded and rummaged from one end to the other, in every hole and corner, capable of containing a living being, and the adjacent houses were not only searched, but guards left to watch every issue leading to them.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Murphy found a safe place to conceal himself and baffled Major Sirr and his band of ruffians for the moment. — Indeed it is only justice to say, that the Dublin people of 1798, though they did not rise « en masse » and erect barricades, as they ought to have done, yet were they ever ready to receive and render service to those patriots who were driven to take refuge in the city, to escape from the most cruel and unheard of tortures and murder hourly perpetrated in the provinces of Ireland.

From his hiding place Murphy found means to inform his poor mother, who resided in Wexford, of his fortunate escape and actual perilous situation. This worthy woman hastened to send him all the money she could make up, by her daughter Nancy, who came by sea to Dublin, and arrived there just in time to see her brother,

and to hand him the money to pay his passage to Hamburgh; a vessel bound for that city being under weigh, and clearing out from the custom house dock, and in which Murphy lay concealed. He had only time to take a sad farewell of his beloved sister, who returned the same night to Wexford to endeavour to comfort their aged mother in her present affliction.

After running many perils at sea, Murphy escaped from the English cruisers and arrived safely at Hamburg, and from thence he hastened to Paris, to offer his services to the french government, to accompany any expedition destined for Ireland. He waited several years in France, always in hope that sooner or later, something would be done for his unfortunate country. At length, despairing of any aid ever being obtained for her from France and having exhausted all the little resources which his mother had been able to provide, and by which she was reduced to very straitened circumstances, being in great distress, he manfully decided on returning at any risk, to find some employment, by which he would be enabled to support his mother and sister. He could not think of ever returning to Monaseed, besides the little property he had there was sold. He stopped at Enniscorthy, and there became an agent, or corn factor for merchants. He soon acquired an honourable independence. The principal person by whom he was employed, was that benevolent and charitable gentleman Richard Devereux of Wexford.

Murphy finished his days in sight of Vinegar hill, where he displayed so much bravery on the 21st of june 1798. Few men ever had a higher sense of honour and self respect than Murphy.

He was proud, not vain; he never sought the acquaintance of those rich catholics whose fathers were the tithe proctors of the cruel ascendency, by whose avarice the wealth and resources of poor Ireland were hourly exhausted.

Altho' we did not muster very strong the day we joined the other division at the White Heaps, yet vast numbers of those who remained behind to enquire after their families, when we passed Scollagh Gap, rallied during the night, at our bivouack at Ballyfad and were considered a timely reinforcement and welcomed as such in the best way, by getting something to eat and drink from their comrades. I regretted not to see A. Perry the first evening; but I met him next day in the thick of the fight at the battle of Ballygullen, an account of which I shall give in the next chapter, after first relating the different battles and combats fought by this division which crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford on the 21st of june, commanded by Edward Fitzgerald, A. Perry, Edward Roche, Esmond Kyan, etc., up to this day, the first of july 1798 at Ballyfad.

CHAPTER VI

CONTENTS

21st of june 1798. — The division of the irish army with the following leaders, Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roche, Anthony Perry, Garrett Byrne, Esmond Kyan, etc., crosses over the wooden bridge at Wexford and march to Peppard Castle, where it bivouacks that night. — 22d of june. — A council of war held by all the chiefs, at which it is decided to march by the shortest route, to the Wicklow mountains. The decision is suddenly changed, in consequence of hearing that the enemy was slaying all who were found in their houses at Gory — A rapid march to Gory. A general attack on those savages, who are defeated and driven back on Arklow, etc. Humane conduct of Edward Fitzgerald on this occasion. He had just learned that his beautiful mansion at New Park, with the outhouses, etc., had all been burned, yet this sad news do not lessen his exertions to save the prisoners. Pippard the sovereign at Gory, a very old man who had presided at the cold-blooded murders, owes his life to him. — The 22d of june known by the name of the battle of the bloody friday. — Great indignation and fury excited amongst our men on entering Gory, at the sight of many of their relations and friends murdered there, and whose bodies had been thrown into the streets to be devoured by the pigs. — Dreadful reprisals ensue, as might be expected. — Burning at Scullaboge. Prisoners put to death on the bridge of Wexford. — Dixon's conduct on this occasion. — 23d of june. — Bivouack at the foot of Cruaghan hill near the White Heaps. Garrett Byrne's plan followed. — 24th of june. — The division march to Anghram. — The battle and attack on the barrack at Hacketstown. — 26th of june. — The small irish army move towards Croghan hill and Wicklow Gap. — 27th and 28th of june. — Skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry. — 29th of june. — Battle and defeat of the ancient Britons at Bally-Ellis. — 30th of june. — Irish division quit its bivouack and march to Shillelah ; take up a military position on a hill called Ballygraheen and encamp for the night.

— 1st of july. — Battle on Bally raheen hill: defeat of the english. — 2d of july. — Our division march towards Wicklow Gap. — 3d of july. — Irish army proceed to the Gold mines. — 4th of july. — Battle of Ballygullen, last regular or pitched battle with the british troops in the county of Wexford.

I have described in the 5th chapter the unaccountable way our army separated into two divisions at Wexford on the 21st of june, after the loss of the battle of Vinegar hill; and I have related in the same chapter, the march, combats and engagements with the enemy, by the division which left Wexford under the command of Father John Murphy, in the direction of Sleedagh, Barny Bargy. I will now continue to give an account of the progress of the other division of our army which crossed the wooden bridge at Wexford, on the same day, the 21st of june, under the command of the following chiefs, Edward Fitzgerald, Edward Roche, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, etc. This division had to march with the greatest precaution, as all the roads leading to Wexford were supposed to be intercepted by the enemy's forces from Enniscorthy. However though marching on the flank of the English, it arrived late in the evening at Peppard's castle, a distance of ten or twelve miles from Wexford, where it bivouacked that night. Thus leaving the english general in chief Lake's head quarters at nearly the same distance behind it at Enniscorthy.

Early in the morning of the 22d of june, the principal leaders of the division decided at the council of war they held, to march forthwith by the shortest and surest route

to the Wicklow mountains, and there to choose a good military position against the enemy, and where they might avoid being forced to risk another general battle, until some ammunition, now so much wanted, could be procured, one way or other.

This division of our army that should have mustered at least twenty thousand men, shewed a great falling off, as well as the other division with Father John Murphy, in consequence of the great hopes held out that lord Kingsborough's embassy to general Lake would be successful. Vast numbers of the best marksmen remained behind waiting the return of their delegates from the enemy's head quarters at Enniscorthy; but Fitzgerald and the other chiefs were not to be deluded by the Wexford negociations; they were more determined than ever to keep the field and harass the enemy in every possible way and gain time and prolong the war until assistance arrived from France which was now daily expected.

When the english forces left in reserve at Arklow and Gory, by general Needham, to cover the rear of general Lake's army before Vinegar hill, heard that we had lost the battle there, and were told also that our army was dispersed and nearly exterminated and not likely ever to be able to rally and assemble again, they took courage and sallied out from those towns. They began to murder all they met, crossed and scoured the country in every direction, entered the houses, killing those even who lay

sick, plundering and robbing the people of every thing they thought worth taking away.

The troops which composed this infernal band were the ancient Britons, a cavalry regiment, and several english infantry regiments with all the yeomenry corps of the country, who were commanded by their Orange chiefs; viz : Hunter Gowan of Mount Nebo, Beaumont of Hyde Park, Ram of Gory, Earl Courtown, White of Middleton, Earl Mountnorris, etc., etc. These cowards were at their work of extermination on friday the 22^{d} of june, when a division of our army on its way to the Wicklow mountains came up. They saw several women lying with their bowels ripped up and young children grasped in their arms; they became furious at the sight of such horrors, and a general cry for vengeance ran through the column. The route was changed and orders given to scour the country on each side of the road to Gory : — those savages were found in various houses, committing all kinds of crimes; they were beaten and driven back upon Gory, where they attempted to rally and give battle, but here again they were defeated and pursued on the road to Arklow with great loss. This town would have been abandoned by the english troops, had our generals thought it advisable to march thither and take possession of it: but they wished to keep nearer the Wicklow mountains and were satisfied with the complete victory gained over the enemy at Gory, and in the pursuit as far as Coolgreny, where vast numbers of those

assassins were slain by our intrepid men, who were well mounted and prepared for the pursuit. The main body remaining at Gory to get refreshments, orders were sent to all our out-scouting parties to return and rally the division there. When all had rejoined the column, they marched in the direction of Wicklow Gap at the foot of Croghenhill, to bivouack there for the night.

The humane and generous conduct of that truly brave man Edward Fitzgerald of New Park, can never be too much praised. For whilst he was using all his influence to save the english and Orange prisoners made at Gory, the news of the burning and complete destruction of his own beautiful mansion, with its offices, malt house, etc. amounting in value to many thousand pounds, was brought to him by some of his faithful servants who had escaped from the flames and the rage of the english soldiers, sent by general Lake to execute those cruel deeds. This melancholy intelligence Mr Fitzgerald heard with the greatest composure and fortitude, it only seemed to make him exert himself the more to save the lives of the prisoners, which became now every moment more difficult, in consequence of the bodies of nine of our men, who had been hung the day before, having been discovered by their relations in the streets, where the swine were devouring them. — Some were also found lying in the streets expiring, having been recently shot. The rage of our men at the sight of such horrors was such, that it was with the utmost difficulty Edward Fitzgerald and

the other chiefs prevented them burning the town of Gory, and the old governor, or sovereign of it, Mr Pippard from being shot. It was averred that he had presided at the execution of our unfortunate men the day before. He was a very old man, and defended himself by saying, that he was forced to comply with the wishes of the vile soldiery and Orange mob, who had been spreading death and destruction through every part of the country, when they were told that our defeat at Vinegar hill was such that we could never rally again.

It is scarcely possible to describe the horrors and atrocities exhibited on this occasion. Unprotected females of all ages became the prey of the brutality of those ruffian english soldiery; women and children were the victims of their indiscriminating fury. This dreadful day is known since by tradition in the country as « bloody friday, » which was the 22d of june 1798.

A sudden and well merited vengeance however overtook many of these monsters caught in the midst of their crimes; but the principal chiefs and instigators of such foul deeds, being well mounted, escaped to Arklow.

Hunter Gowan and the greater number of the commanders of yeomen cavalry who were seldom, or rather « never » to be met in battle, shed more innocent blood, going from house to house murdering all they met, than those who fought their battles.

However painful it is to look back on those horrible

times, having had some of my own dearest relations and best friends murdered in cold blood, I cannot refrain from repeating in this narrative, the names of some of the perpetrators of these cruel deeds, who in their double capacity of magistrates and captains of yeomenry, not only ordered, but presided at the execution of men, many of whom were aged and had never left their houses during the war, nor taken any part in it. My uncle Mr Breen of Castletown was one of those, but his neutrality did not save him.

In another chapter I have told the treacherous manner in which captain Beaumont of Hyde Park had both him and his son Pat murdered in the presence of my aunt Breen and her four daughters, on the lawn, before the hall door. Beaumont who was escorted by a detachment of cavalry, knocked at the door and asked to see my uncle, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. As soon as Mr Breen came out, Beaumont's first question was: « Are your sons Pat and Miles at home? — Certainly, where should they be? » was the answer of the poor father. « Well let them appear, or those men who accompany me wont believe it. » When they came out, the father and the eldest son Pat were placed on their knees and immediately shot. Miles who was only sixteen years of age was sent prisoner to Arklow, and from thence aboard a guard ship in the Bay of Dublin.

No pen can describe the dreadful state of my unfortunate aunt and her four daughters at this awful moment. To add to their misery, one of the assassins had the brutality to tell the eldest daughter Mrs Kinsla, who had been married but a year or two before, that she would find something else to weep over when she returned home. She had come but half an hour before to visit her family; her own place being but a short mile from her father's house. As the monster told her, when she went home, she found her husband lying dead in the court yard, and a young child of a few months old in his arms. The unfortunate man had taken it out of its cradle, thinking that the sight of the poor infant might soften Beaumont's heart, and incline him to mercy. But this staunch supporter of the protestant ascendency, could not let so good an opportunity pass of proving his loyalty to his king, by thus exterminating a catholic neighbour. Yet strange to say, his own three sisters were very strict roman catholics, and respectable ladies, holding a certain station amongst the catholic gentry of the country; they were, Mrs William Talbot of Castle Talbot, Mrs Barry Lawless of Shank hill, and miss Mary Beaumont.

I have met all these ladies in company, at Paris, after the restoration of the Bourbons. Of course I had no conversation with them on the cold blooded murders perpetrated in our unfortunate country; I presume they lamented the active part their brother took in these horrible deeds. —

I met also in Paris, Mrs Butler, a daughter of that notorious monster Hunter Gowan. It was well known, that neither this lady, nor any of her « thirteen » sisters (all of whom were unmarried at the time of the insurrection), ever took the least pains to mollify their father, or turn him from his cruel propensity to spilling blood : on the contrary, they seemed to take delight, and to be amused preparing the poor « croppies » heads for receiving the pitch caps, cutting the hair and making what they called asses crosses on them, previous to the application of this infernal blistering invention of torture, which was introduced into the county of Wexford by the colonel of the North Cork militia, lord Kingsborough and his vile Orange associates. — After all this, and the piqueting, half-hanging and flogging which the magistrates had recourse to, are our poor people to be blamed for the reprisals they were goaded on to inflict? — No doubt cold-blooded murders must ever disgrace the most sacred cause, and the perpetrators of them should be held up to everlasting execration by all brave men, and nothing can excuse the burning of the barn at Scullabogue with the prisoners it contained; yet it never appeared that it was a premeditated action; it could only have been the act of some cowardly ruffians, escaping from the battle of Ross, and never could be attributed to any one above the meanest vulgar wretch; and the cowardly Dixon who got the prisoners put to death on the bridge of Wexford, was a seafaring « cannibal, » who took advantage of the chiefs

being away at the camp, to commit this atrocious crime: these brave leaders would have saved liberty this lamentable disgrace; not one of them ever suffered or countenanced such reprisals. — On the side of the english army, the cold-blooded murders were perpetrated at the instigation of the generals in command, who not only presided at the executions, but allowed their undisciplined soldiers to enter the houses and violate the unfortunate women, who had no means of escaping from these brutal monsters. To the honour of our army, there was not a single instance of a female belonging to the enemy, ever being molested during the war; and no place of worship of any religion was ever desecrated; whilst thirty three roman catholic chapels were burned to the ground. The protestant church of Old Ross was burned on the second of june 1798; it was said to have been burned by accident; at all events it was the only one.

The exhausted state of the county of Wexford with regard to provisions at this season of the year, when the new crops were far from being ripe, was now sorely felt by our little army, as well as the want of powder and ball, and notwithstanding the brilliant victory gained over the enemy at Gory, it became necessary to march to the Wicklow mountains, where at least sheep could be easily procured.

Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus approaching now his own country, was consulted on every occasion by Fitzgerald and the other chiefs, and indeed he seemed to have

the principal command, that is, his suggestions and plans were followed for some days.

From our camp near the White Heaps, at the foot of Creaghan hill, on the 23d of june, several corps of the enemy's cavalry were seen at a distance on the road to Arklow, but they did not venture to advance or approach our column; and those of the enemy's corps coming from the other direction were attacked and dispersed in a short combat, and they soon disappeared altogether. So skirmishing ceased for that day, and time was afforded us to procure provisions of one kind or another; sheep were killed, roasted, or dressed as well as could be done under such circumstances. Ball cartridges was what our army stood most in need of : a scanty supply was however obtained by the victory at Gory. The ammunition that was found in the Orange houses there, with what was got on the prisoners, sufficed to raise the spirits of the men, and make them wish to be led on to new attacks, and to other towns, where provisions and ammunition might be had.

Garrett Byrne thought a march first towards the small town of Aughram adviseable, as affording the men of that neighbourhood the means of quitting their hiding places, and of rejoining their corps. He counselled afterwards a march back to the county of Wexford, in order to give the men who took refuge in the woods of Killaughram, after the battle of Vinegar hill, an opportunity of march-

ing from those woods with safety, in spite of general Lake's army at Enniscorthy and Wexford.

It was during those marches and countermarches, that the undaunted Father Kearns, some days later, with a large body of men whom he headed, marched out from the woods of Killaughram and rejoined our division. The wound which he received defending the town of Enniscorthy on the 21st of june, when he replaced the brave William Barker in the command (he who had his arm carried off), was still far from being in a healing state, but he preferred the risk of being killed in battle, rather than be found hiding, and then to be shot like a dog.

On the 24th of june, as on the day before, there was very little skirmishing; the enemy's cavalry were dispersed by our gunsmen, in every attempt they made to attack us.

On entering Aughram and several villages of the neighbourhood, our column was shocked to see dead bodies strewed on the high road. These unhappy people had been murdered a day or two before by the cruel yeomenry of the town of Rathdrum. A general cry of indignation was raised, and a march on this town was first decided on, but Garrett Byrne thought there would be a better chance of finding ammunition in the barracks at Hacketstown, where by the private information he had just received from that quarter he learned a large depot of ball cartridges had been deposited there a few days be-

fore. Of course there was no time to be lost. So, early in the morning of the 25th of june the small irish army left its bivouack and marched to attack the town and barracks of Hacketstown, and during the march the enemy's cavalry were in every attack which they made, repulsed and beaten back towards the town, where their infantry was drawn up in line, in a field just outside the place, prepared for a general battle; but our pikemen in this instance dashing forward in the most resolute manner soon threw this infantry into the greatest confusion and forced them to retreat and abandon their position; after leaving captain Hardy and many others, dead in the field, they took refuge in the barracks; whilst the english cavalry fled and escaped through the town in the greatest disorder on the high road to Tullow.

The town being thus abandoned offered no resistance, as all the Orange men of the population who had fire arms repaired to the barracks and there took shelter with the english troops. A general attack immediately commenced on those barracks, and a malt-house adjoining; but all the windows and doors being completely barricaded and a tremendous fire kept up from within, it became necessary to use every kind of stratagem to approach it; feather beds were brought, loads of straw, etc., under cover of which the men expected to get safe to the doors; but unfortunately numbers were killed or wounded in those attempts, which were continually renewed for several hours. It was leading one of those attacks

that the brave Ned Fennell was killed, at the head of the men he had so often led on to victory. The death of this intrepid young man threw a great damp for the moment over those who saw him fall, but they soon rallied with new vigor to be revenged for his loss.

Being without cannon, it could not be expected that the garrison would in fear surrender before it became dark night. Then indeed no alternative was left but to be burned, or to escape through the flames. For this purpose it was resolved to wait before the town until night came on, but a large force of infantry and cavalry of the enemy being perceived on a hill at some distance during the action, Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs were induced to relinquish their plan of a night attack. Accordingly orders were given to bury the dead and to have all the wounded carried carefully away and placed on cars, to be ready to march in the centre of the column, which was assembled and set out in the direction of Baltenglass and Donard, bringing cattle and some sheep to serve for the next day's provision. Powder and ball were found in some of the houses in town, but in very small quantities; and it is probable that had the barracks been taken, little would have been found there either.

The english troops retreated on Tullow the moment they found our army had raised the siege and marched away; of course they carried with them all the ammunition which had been deposited in the barracks. Thus terminated the attack on Hacketstown, which cost so dearly;

a better result might have been hoped for after the sacrifice of the fine fellows who fell during the action.

The next day the 26th of june, both Edward Fitzgerald, Perry, and indeed almost all the chiefs thought it more prudent to keep in the Wicklow mountains on the borders of the county of Wexford, to afford the men of this county a rallying point, which they required, having been so dispersed after the battle of Vinegar hill and in consequence of this resolution, the little irish army marched towards Crahan hill ; the enemy's cavalry from Arklow, Gory, and other towns, were continually seen at a distance, but they seldom ventured to engage in combat with our men, so that the 27th and 28th passed with very little skirmishing.

Early in the morning of the 29th of june it was resolved to march and attack the town of Carnew. The column was halted at Monaseed to repose and take some kind of refreshments, which were indeed difficult to be had, as every house had been plundered by the english troops on their way to Vinegar hill a few days before.

The irish column resumed its march on the high road to Carnew and in less than half an hour after its departure, a large division of english cavalry sent from Gory by general Needham, marched into Monaseed. This division consisted of the notorious ancient Britons, a cavalry regiment which had committed all sorts of crimes when placed on free quarters with the unfortunate inhabitants previous to the rising. This infernal regiment was ac-

companied by all the yeomen cavalry corps from Arklow Gory, Coolgreeny, etc., and the chiefs of those corps, such as Hunter Gowan, Beaumont of Hyde Park, Earl Mountnorris, Earl Courtown, Ram, Hautry White, etc., could boast as well as the ancient Britons of having committed cold-blooded murders on an unarmed country people. But they never had the courage to meet us on the field of battle, as will be seen, by the dastardly way they abandoned the ancient Britons at Bally Ellis.

The officers of the ancient Britons as well as those of the yeomen corps, learned that the irish forces had just marched off on the road to Carnew, and were informed at a public house that the insurgents who had been there, were complaining how they were fatigued to death by the continual marching and countermarching, and that although they had fire arms, their ammunition was completely exhausted and scarce a ball cartridge remained in their army. The truth of this information could not be doubted; it was acquired at an inn or public house at Monaseed kept by the widow of a yeoman, Mr James Moore, cousin to captain Thomas Grogan Knox and who was killed at the battle of Arklow on the 9th of june. Grogan was killed at the same time at his side. All the information coming through so sure a channel, encouraged the english troops to pursue without delay the insurgents and to cut them down and exterminate them to the last man, for they could not resist without ammunition. The ancient Britons were to charge on the road,

whilst the yeomen cavalry being so well mounted, were to cover the flanks and to march through the field : and those fox hunters promised that not one croppy should escape their vengeance.

All being thus settled and plenty of whisky distributed to the english soldiers, the march to overtake the insurgents commenced, and when about two miles from Monaseed, at Bally Ellis, one mile from Carnew, the ancient Britons being in full gallop charging, and as they thought, driving all before them, to their great surprise were suddenly stopped by a barricade of cars thrown across the road, and at the same moment that the head of the column was thus stopped, the rear was attacked by a mass of pikemen who sallied out from behind a wall, and completely shut up the road, as soon as the last of the cavalry had passed. The remains or ruins of an old deer park wall on the right hand side of the road ran along for about half a mile; in many parts it was not more than three or four feet high. All along the inside of this our gunsmen and pikemen were placed. On the left hand side of the road, there was an immense ditch with swampy ground, which few horses could be found to leap. In this advantageous situation for our men, the battle began; the gunsmen half covered, firing from behind the wall, whilst the english cavalry though well mounted could only make use of their carabines and pistols, for with their sabres they were unable to ward off the thrusts of our pikemen, who

sallied out on them in the most determined manner.

Thus in less than an hour, this infamous regiment, which had been the horror of the country, was slain to the last man, as well as the few yeomen cavalry who had the courage to take part in the action. For all those who quit their horses and got into the fields were followed and piked on the marshy ground. The greater part of the numerous cavalry corps which accompanied the ancient Britons, kept on a rising ground, to the right side of the road at some distance, during the battle, and as soon as the result of it was known, they fled in the most cowardly way in every direction, both dismayed and disappointed that they had no opportunity on this memorable day of murdering the stragglers as was their custom on such occasions. — I say « memorable, » for during the war, no action occurred which made so great a sensation in the country; as it proved to the enemy, that whenever our pikemen were well commanded and kept in close order, they were invulnerable. And besides, it served to elate the courage and desire of our men to be led forthwith to new combats.

The english troops that marched out from Carnew retreated back on the town in great haste, when they heard of the defeat of the ancient Britons at Bally Ellis. The infantry finding that they were closely pursued by our men, barricaded themselves in a large malt house belonging to Bob Blaney. This malt house was spared at the time of the first attack on Carnew, when the greatest

part of the town was burned, on account of the upright and humane conduct of the owner, Mr Blaney. Now it had become a formidable and well fortified barrack, capable of holding out a long time, particularly as our army had no cannon to bring to bear against it. However it was instantly attacked and great efforts made to dislodge the enemy who kept up a continual fire from all the windows; and, as at Hacketstown, every means were taken to approach the doors under the cover of beds, straw, etc., but without success, as the men were wounded through the beds and straw, before they could reach the doors. So it became necessary to wait till night came on, when the garrison which occupied this malt house would have had no other alternative left it but to surrender at discretion or be consumed to ashes.

Edward Fitzgerald and the other chiefs deemed it more prudent however to raise the siege and to take a military position on Killcavan hill for the night, rather than remain before the barracks or malt-house; knowing well that general Needham who commanded the english forces at Gory, as also the english troops at Ferns and Newtownbarry would make a forced march to relieve Carnew, and if possible endeavour to obtain some kind of revenge for the destruction of their favorite ancient Britons; whom they so cowardly abandoned at Bally Ellis to their dismal and well earned doom.

The horses belonging to the ancient Britons which were taken during the action, were of little use, being

mostly badly wounded; but the ammunition, carabines, pistols and sabres which were procured by this victory roused and encouraged the men to wish for more combats and to be brought against the enemy in the open field, now that they had a better supply of powder and ball, of which they stood in such need.

Another, and a still greater advantage was obtained by this victory; it made the « prestige » or illusion vanish, respecting the pre-eminence or superiority of the english cavalry, in a country so hedged and fenced with all kinds of dikes and ditches, as Ireland is in almost every county. With these obstacles, the different chains of mountains would considerably add to the difficulty of cavalry acting against pikemen. Besides this, the defeat of the ancient Britons at this critical moment threw the slur of cowardice over the high and cruel ascendency, as well as on all those of the Orange faction who had so shamefully abandoned those ancient Britons in the hour of danger, and with whom they so often assisted in perpetrating the cold blooded murders, when there was no danger to be feared. As if to excuse their pusillanimity they asked lord Cornwallis to consider the irish who fought at the battle of Bally Ellis, as guilty of murder, and thereby to be excluded from the amnesty or pardon. As if that action were more criminal than the others during the war.

At an early hour on the 30th of june the irish division left its bivouack at Killcavan hill and marched in the di-

rection of Shilelah and took up a military position on Ballyraheen hill, and encamped there for the night. The next morning, july the 1st, the english forces, both cavalry and infantry, were seen in rapid march, coming to attack the irish camp on this rising ground; and no doubt on account of this memorable anniversary of the first of july, the enthusiasm of the Orange yeomanry corps was greatly augmented; they could be seen vying with each other, to see who would be first on the hill, to exterminate the irish. But the latter soon prepared for battle, and met them before they had time to reach the top of the hill and began a most successful attack on the english line. Here both irish pikemen and gunsmen carried all before them with unexampled impetuosity and bravery, so that in less than an hour, some hundreds of the enemy lay dead and wounded on the field of battle. Amongst the dead were captains Chamney and Nixon of the Coolattin and Coolkenna corps. Those of the enemy who escaped from the field of action fled with the greatest precipitation in all directions; their infantry being closely pursued by our pikemen, was forced into Chamney's house at the foot of the hill; whilst the cowardly cavalry being well mounted, disappeared beyond the hills in an instant.

Captain Chamney's mansion now became a fortress for the enemy who escaped, it being isolated and slated, the infantry from within kept up a galling fire on our men, who however attacked it with their usual intrepi-

dity, endeavouring to approach and storm it under cover of feather beds etc. Unfortunately at this siege, as well as at all those hitherto attempted in the same way, numbers of our bravest men fell victims to their courage before the garrison could be dislodged or forced to surrender, and it was deemed prudent to raise the siege on account of the want of artillery and the danger there might be in delaying too long, lest our men engaged in this attack might be surprised during the night by the english troops then presumed to be coming from Tullow, Carnew, Carlow, etc., to relieve their comrades besieged in Chamney's house.

Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs, after consulting with one another, ordered the division to assemble, and when all the men could be rallied, which was more difficult at night to be done, it marched off, greatly elated by that day's victory, in the direction of Wicklow Gap. No doubt another good supply of ammunition and fire arms was obtained, and it was to be regretted that the siege of Chamney's house could not be continued, as there a better supply might have been gained. But night attacks being attended with so much risk and disorder should be avoided if possible.

As the enemy had so frequently escaped destruction by taking shelter in isolated, slated houses, when defeated in the open field by our pikemen, it became necessary to destroy such dwellings. It was a cruel alternative, but

indispensable after the losses sustained before Chamney's house. It would prevent such abodes in future becoming strong holds for the english troops, who certainly never scrupled burning and destroying all the thatched houses of the poor irish, though they offered no means of defence to our forces, who always preferred coming to close quarters with the enemy in the open field, where our pikemen could be advantageously brought into action, as they were on Ballyraheen hill, when the English line could not resist a moment the first charge of those intrepid pikemen.

In consequence of this victory, as well as that of Bally Ellis, it was to be expected that general Lake when apprized of those victories would order all the english forces he commanded in the counties of Wexford and Carlow to march to the Barony of Shilelah to attack our army there.

The irish generals, to avoid a general battle as long as possible, ordered a rapid march towards Wicklow Gap and the White Heaps, where the division arrived and bivouacked on the 2d of july, having had very little skirmishing with the enemy during the march, as their cavalry was keeping at a great distance and escaping whenever our mounted men approached them.

Early on the morning of the 3d of july the irish army marched to the Gold mines and after burning the english camp which had been formed there in 1795, and which was mostly composed of wooden barracks, it returned by the White Heaps and bivouacked near Ford's mansion of

Ballyfad, Anthony Perry's father-in-law; Inch, the residence of poor Perry, being close by, he could visit there for the last time all that was dear to him, and take a melancholy view of his own handsome place.

Our camp at Ballyfad being in the proximity of Arklow, Gory, and other towns, where the english forces were concentrated, it was expected soon to meet them in battle, for which our men were now better prepared, on account of the supply of arms and ammunition procured by our late victories. Besides, numbers of the brave men who had been fighting at Castlecomer, Scollagh Gap, etc., belonging to the division which was commanded by Father John Murphy, rejoined their comrades here; and Father Moses Kearns at the head of vast numbers coming from the woods of Killaughram arrived, so that our irish army mustered again pretty strong; and notwithstanding the irreparable loss of the many fine leaders killed in the different actions, such as Ned Fennell, Johnny Doyle, Michael Redmond, Dan Kervin, etc., and all those also, who abandoned their men and remained in Wexford county, on the amnesty to be obtained through the interference of the vile lord Kingsborough, yet intrepid chiefs were not wanting; we had still at our head, Garrett Byrne, Edward Fitzgerald, Anthony Perry, Esmond Kyan, Edward Roche, etc.

I have mentioned in the preceeding chapter how I met

and joined the irish division on its way back from the Gold mines, and that I was accompanied by my brother Hugh and many other brave fellows, who never left me during our long and perilous march from Scollagh Gap.

I find in looking over my notes, that it was on the 3d of july, and not on the first, that we joined that division.

I will now relate what took place at our bivouack the same night near Ballyfad, where I met poor Nick Murphy, suffering from an accident; he had his foot sprained by a fall he got, which obliged him to ride behind a man on a woman's pillion. In this state he could not be expected to exert himself much, and the Monaseed corps, to which we both belonged, having lost so many of its best officers, the command of it was intrusted to me, which flattered me not a little, as I was well known from my infancy to all those brave fellows who composed it.

BATTLE OF BALLYGULLEN ON THE 4TH OF JULY

At the dawn of day, after our reconnoitering parties returned, our army was roused from its slumber, and left its bivouack to go and take a military position on an eminence just near and over Ballyfad. I was at the head of our column with Esmond Kyan and other officers who

were going to choose out the situation, when all at once reaching this rising ground, we found ourselves enveloped in a thick fog, which as we advanced, became so dense that it was impossible to distinguish any object at twenty feet distance, and after marching some time in this obscurity, we at length heard a discharge, or volley of musketry, the balls of which came whistling over our heads and through our ranks. We knew of course that this discharge came from the enemy's advanced guard, frightened no doubt hearing the noise of our approach. This discharge was made to give the alarm to their troops who were following, for they must have feared falling into an ambuscade on account of the fog. But be that as it might, we returned back immediately to Ballyfad and took another direction until the fog should disappear and the day become brighter, in order to distinguish the force of the enemy we should have to encounter.

In returning, or wheeling about, after we had heard the volley of musketry, Esmond Kyan's horse stumbled and fell to the ground; whether from a wound or accident we could not see, on account of the darkness, but he leaped from the saddle, and on one of our men offering him his horse, he refused, but bade him keep his foot stiff in the stirrup and to turn it out a little, he then put his foot on the horseman's foot and jumped behind him, in the most dexterous manner, notwithstanding the want of his arm.

In retracing our way back down the hill, we met

numbers of our men going astray from the main body, on account of the fog. However all soon fell into their ranks, and the division moved on in perfect order on the high road leading to Gory, and after marching about a mile in this direction, the fog began to disappear and the morning became bright, when all at once we perceived a large division of the english army, horse, foot and artillery following our column and at about two musket shots distant from our rear guard. General sir James Duff commanded this english division, and it appeared evident that as he did not accelerate his march to attack our column, he expected general Needham's and other divisions to come up to his assistance, before he risked battle. Besides, our division marching in such perfect order, must have shewn himhow formidable it was: the men perfectly calm, anxious for the order to be given to halt and begin. They were continually looking behind them at the mass of red coats, glittering arms and banners which were following on the same road we were passing over. They were flanked by a numerous cavalry which never attempted to charge our men in the rear. All this proved to our generals that general sir James Duff was only waiting for reinforcements, consequently they at once decided to risk a general action, and after our column had made more than two miles on the Gory road, it turned to the right by a narrow cross road leading to the town land of Ballygullen, and then proceeding for about a mile in this direction and seeing the english

army still following and at the same distance, our generals ordered the column to halt and to form the line of battle the best way we could, which was instantly executed with great skill; our gunsmen taking position and placing themselves behind fences on both sides of the road, whilst a part of our pikemen, with some well mounted men at their head, had the appearance of continuing the march in the usual way, which induced the english cavalry to advance and follow as they had been doing all the morning, without further precaution.

Our men who were placed behind the fences, allowed this body of cavalry to approach very near their line, and it was intended even to let them pass on, and to get them between two fires, but the impatience of our marksmen could not be restrained any longer, and they commenced a well directed fire on the cavalry, which was soon thrown into great disorder and fled away, after having great numbers killed and wounded.

General Duff seeing his advanced guard of cavalry attacked and dispersed so suddenly, marched rapidly forward with all his forces and deployed his column and then commenced the battle of Ballygullen, the last regular one we fought in the county of Wexford, and where the greatest bravery and generalship was displayed. Our gunsmen boldly kept their position under the heaviest fire; and as they were good marksmen, every shot either killed or wounded some of the enemy, and they conti-

nued this fire until their last cartridge was spent. It was only then that the want of the pikemen was felt : they should have been placed in the first instance with the gunsmen behind the fences, so as to have had but a short way to sally out and charge the enemy. However to remedy this omission, a large body of pikemen, headed by Perry, Garrett Byrne, Fitzgerald, and indeed by almost all the chiefs, were marched to turn the left flanck of general Duff's army, and to intercept his communication with Gory, from which place he expected reinforcements. To avoid being turned, he had to fall back on the Gory road.

Thus so far our generals by this prompt manœuvre of the pikemen succeeded in making the enemy quit the field. But knowing that other english divisions would soon arrive to general Duff's assistance, they were prevented availing themselves of the advantage obtained, which they otherwise might easily have done, had they not been obliged to rally our men, and prepare to meet the enemy coming from Carnew, Ferns and other directions.

We had vast numbers killed and wounded no doubt in this battle, which lasted two hours, fought with equal bravery on both sides.

General Duff's infantry availed themselves also of the hedges and fences, and they did not want ammunition as our gunsmen did : but finally, though our pikemen

did not do all they might have done in this battle, they powerfully contributed to the success of the day, by the imposing, formidable close order they observed during the action, and general Duff knew well his troops could not resist a charge from those intrepid pikemen. He therefore fell back on the Gory road, whilst our generals, after getting the wounded carried away, gave orders to rally and make a halt on a rising ground, about half a mile from the field of battle, to afford time to our men who were in the rear to arrive and rejoin their respective corps, which they did at their ease, not being followed by the enemy's cavalry, who had been so badly treated in the commencement of the action, that they completely disappeared out of our view.

On crossing the field of battle, and whilst endeavouring to get the wounded men carried off, Ned Doyle, a very brave man who had for many years been a servant at our house, and who had been wounded by my side at the battle of Tubberneering on the 4th of june, being now recovered from his wound, and remaining with me as usual, all at once perceived his father lying amongst the dead, holding his pike in his hand. The unfortunate man having a wen or tumour as large as a cannon ball under his ear, could be distinguished at a great distance. Upon this sight the son became frantic and half mad, and afterwards we had often the greatest trouble to prevent him killing any prisoner he could approach. We endea-

voured to make him feel that as his father was killed in battle, and not murdered in cold blood, he should not retaliate his death on the prisoners. His mind was quite unhinged and it became useless to remonstrate with him. He escaped however, and I met him the year after in Dublin. When I come to relate what occurred to myself in that city, I shall have to mention other incidents respecting this unfortunate man, who I understand will figure one day as the hero of a romance. It is on account of this that I here relate these facts concerning him, in order that the readers of the romance may know how to appreciate the merits of the production.

It was during the short repose our army took after the battle, that I had the last conversation with the ever-to-be-lamented Anthony Perry. He was lying on the ground when I came up, holding his horse by the bridle; I sat down beside him, holding mine in the same manner. He seemed much exhausted and fatigued. We spoke of poor Ned Fennell's death at Hacketstown. It was this brave man who first introduced me to Mr Perry, the year before, during the organization of the united irishmen, in which they both took such a lively interest.

In consequence of being suspected on this head, Perry became one of the first victims of the cruel torture invented by lord Kingsborough of the North Cork militia. He was still suffering from the effects of the application of the terrible pitch cap which had carried off both the hair and the skin from his head; and though it was more

than a month since this intolerable torture had been applied, his head remained scalded, and the hair not yet grown.

I asked him what plan we should now follow. To which he answered, that Edward Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, and indeed all the leaders were of opinion that it would be madness to remain longer in the county of Wexford, over-run as it was then with the english troops, and where general Lake had at his disposal not only his own army, but the forces of the adjacent towns of Carlow, Tullow, Newtownbarry, Carnew, etc. Consequently, it was resolved on to march to the Wicklow mountains and there manœuvre and gain time, until something in the way of supplies of arms and ammunition came from France, or some other quarter.

When our men were rested and rallied, we marched off on the Ferns road, as if to attack that town, then occupied by an english division, which had been marching to attack us, but retrograded as soon as the news of general Duff's defeat reached it. It is curious to remark, we neither saw their scouting parties the remainder of the day, either in front, rear, or on our flanks; they were however certainly prepared to receive us in their garrison strong holds, had we proceeded to attack them; but we continued our march on the Ferns road until we passed Craneford; then we turned to the right, leaving Carnew on our left hand, passing by Buckstown house, where I saw my dear mother and sister, for an instant only; they were there with

the Fennell family and many other females, who had to take refuge in this mansion, which belonged to Ralph Blaney of Carnew. By this time it was getting dark, and as I was marching with the rear guard, I had to take a sudden and painful farewell of my dear mother and sister. They told me that my brother Hugh had just marched by with the main body; this was indeed agreeable news to me for I had not seen him since the battle.

It being now resolved on to make a night march, in order to baffle the enemy, our column marched on to Wingfield, leaving Hillbrook to the left, and Connahill to the right; proceeding thus on the road to Kilpipe and Anghrim, the straight way to Glenmalur and the Wicklow mountains. I wish to be particular about tracing this route, as it was said by some of the historians of the insurrection, that our division after the battle of Ballygullen marched to Carrigrew and there dispersed itself. Such false information could not have been furnished by any of the brave fellows who fought at that battle; it could only have been obtained from some of those who remained hiding, waiting the result of lord Kingsborough's negociations with general Lake in their favour. Or perhaps, it was surmised by the fanciful writer himself, who in the page following, has this same division of our army marching under the command of Garrett Byrne, Fitzgerald and the other generals, to join William Aylmer in the county of Kildare.

So far from thinking of dispersing our men were flus-

hed with the hope that something good was still in store for them, and I never saw them march and keep together better than they did all this day, both before the battle and after it. And as this was the last pitched battle we fonght against the British army in the county of Wexford, I feel it but justice to say, that I never saw more bravery displayed than was shewn on this occasion by our leaders and men; nor greater cowardice than was exhibited the whole day by the english cavalry, which kept continually away out of the danger. It is true general Duff's infantry fought well; but general Needham and the numerous corps of yeomenry cavalry which he commanded, shewed the white feather on this occasion, fortunately for us; for our march was not in the least obstructed by those staunch supporters of the cruel ascendency which then mis-governed poor Ireland.

I have endeavoured in this chapter, as well as in the preceeding ones, to relate in the simplest way I could, all our proceedings throughout this campaign, from its commencement on whit-saturday the 26th of may 1798, up to this day, the 4th of july 1798, which nearly comprises the principal battles and combats that took place during that period; with the exception however of those of Ross, Longraig, and the attack on Kavanagh's house at Barris. I was not present at those battles but I passed over the battle field at Longraig, the second day after the action, the 22d of june, and I

conversed with many of the brave fellows who had fought both there and at Ross; and from all I could ever learn since on the subject, the best and truest account of those battles is contained in the courageous Thomas Cloney's short personal narrative; he being one of the leaders, and much beloved by the brave men who followed him, and telling modestly, as he does, all the transactions in which he took such an active share in that part of the county of Wexford bordering on the town of Ross, his version may be relied on.

As the next chapter will contain my campaign in the Wicklow mountains, I must conclude this, by again and again repeating, that if our brave county of Wexford marksmen had been supplied with sufficient war munition, they would have manœuvred in those mountains and have mustered still very strong when the French landed in august, in spite of general Lake and all the forces he could bring against us; but the want of ammunition was our misfortune: it was seeking for it, which induced us to attack so many towns, where we suffered such severe losses, all of which would have been avoided had we had plenty of powder and ball. Alas! we had no friendly foreign countries to furnish us with those treasures so necessary for carrying on a war of independence, and such as the Greeks received in their struggle, from every country in Europe as well as from America.

Before I conclude, I must mention my interview with

poor Ned Fennell's father; it was indeed very painful. He and his two daughters were standing on the road-side, with my dear mother and sister, when we were marching by Buckstown house; this worthy man had brought them there, as to the surest place of refuge. It was the first time I had seen him since his son Ned's death; he seemed to be bearing up against this last misfortune better than could be expected.

He said to me : « my son Ned has died the death of the « brave, on the battle field, whilst poor Garrett my el- « dest son, and the father of three children was murdered « in cold blood by that monster Hunter Gowan and his « Orange yeomenry, previous to the rising. »

Poor Mr Fennell's great anxiety was, to find out some one who could point out the spot where his son was interred at Hacketstown the day of the battle, as he wished to have him brought and buried beside his mother and brother in the family burying ground. Two months later when there was less danger, a young lady, miss Doyle of Knockbrandon, volunteered to accompany Mr Fennell on this melancholy mission, and pointed out to him the grave where his splendid son was buried during the action. This young lady was his cousin and loved him like a brother.

When we consider the immense preparations the british government had to make, and the vast number of troops employed to reduce a single county, it must be al-

lowed, that our little united army in the Wexford campaign could only be reduced by an overwhelming force; and what would have been the consequence to England had ten other counties raised the standard of independence at the same time, and have succeeded as the county of Wexford had done?

I have been frequently asked if our failure was not in a great measure to be attributed to the want of officers who had seen service. Certainly, experienced, brave military officers, are the soul of every army, and no one can esteem or appreciate their great worth more than I do. But it was a depot of military stores which we wanted most; for we had a host of leaders who displayed talents of the first order for the field.

CHAPTTER VII

CONTENTS

Bad consequences of the want of time to prepare food for the men. — Night marches generally attended with disasters, from men losing their way, or remaining behind to get something to eat. — I accept Tom Woodburn's invitation to stop and take some refreshments, and lose the main body in consequence. I reluctantly consent to go with him to my brother-in-law's place at Ballytemple. — My fortunate escape, owing to my step sister watching whilst I slept.—Poor Woodburn taken prisoner by the yeomenry cavalry, at two fields from where I was. He is cruelly treated and brought to Arklow. — I assemble, the night following, all the men who were hiding in the neighbourhood, and march with them in search of our division. — Have one man killed on the march. We reach Glenmalur the second day, when we meet hundreds of our men who had lost the column as we did in the night march. We begin to organize ourselves the best way we can. — Meet Dwyer here for the first time. — He was not known to any of us, Wexford men, and seemed to have few acquaintances. — Holt was here, I had seen him two years before at the Flannel Hall, Rathdrum, where he was acting as seal master, putting leaden seals on the flannels. — Our excursions and night marches to get provisions. — Holt at first not confided in. — He becomes popular afterwards. Our adventure at Greenen Bridge, where he displays talent. — My Brother Hugh returns from the Boyne and joins us here: his wound not yet healed. He tells me of my uncle John (my father's brother) being killed near him at the Boyne. — Esmond Kyan will not stop with us. Garrett Byrne's letter written from the english camp at the Glen of Imale, by order of general sir John Moore, to Murtough Byrne of little Anghram, inviting him and any other chiefs who might be in the Glen to surrender. — Murtough Byrne's honourable conduct on the occasion; — before opening the letter, he wishes as many of us as possible to be present at the reading. Our decision, and answer instantly given to the peasant who brought it. — The section of a company of the Antrim militia come from Arklow to join us: — it was commanded by a non commissioned officer, a good instructor; we call him « Antrim John. » His

exertions to drill the men.—Mrs Betty Mulloy and her children.—Forced to abandon our head quarters at Glenmalure. Excursion on the Tinnahely road. Destruction of the commissary waggons. — Nick Murphy's letter to me about the french landing — My brother Hugh and I make night marches to see my mother and sister. My fortunate escape from the Orangemen, at Fennell's house; hiding in Ned Kean's cave. — My sister and Mrs Ricards agree about the way they intend arranging my escape. Mrs Ricards devoted kindness beyond all praise. — My arrival in Dublin with her.

I have endeavoured to shew in the preceding chapter how the scarcity of ammunition and the utter despair of obtaining fresh supplies of any kind, was one of the principal causes for marching after the battle of Ballygullen to the Wicklow mountains, there to wait and defend ourselves the best way we could, until something might occur to better our situation. I must here add, that the next great cause was, the privations which began to be sorely felt in the county of Wexford, already ravaged in all directions, the old provisions being wholly consumed, and the new crops far from fit for use at this season of the year, the 4th of july; as to cattle, though we could procure some, we seldom could halt and wait a sufficient time to have them killed and the meat cooked for eating. When I look back, I am really astonished how we bore up against hunger and fatigue; particularly so, on the day of the battle of Ballygullen, which began at day light, and with marching, counter-marching and fighting, only terminated with a weary night march; the worst of all, and which should be avoided as much as possible: as the men from fatigue throw themselves on

the ground, and there sleep until they are surprised by the enemy; or, when they awake, often take wrong directions to rejoin their columns. Although our march was not impeded by the enemy following us, yet our long fast, caused numbers to go right and left, seeking for something to eat. — And here I will mention what occured to myself. — A very brave, fine, young fellow, of the name of Tom Woodburn, who was well mounted, rode up to me on the road, after we had passed Kilpipe, and proposed to me to go to my step sister's at Ballytemple a mile off; he was acquainted with her father-in-law Mr Doyle and he said, he would stop at this gentleman's house, whilst I could go to my sister's, which was only at two fields distance, and that we could meet in the morning. I reluctantly consented. I feared that my brother-in-law, who had taken no part in the insurrection, might be injured by my visit. He was the father of six children, the eldest of them, only ten years old. How cruel it would have been, had these poor innocent creatures been left fatherless on my account! — Certainly their father ran the chance of being either shot or transported, had I been found in his house. I cannot help adding, that it is one of the acts of my life which frets me most, when I look back and think how I agreed to accompany Woodburn. — As he proposed, he stopped at Mr Doyle's, and I went to my sister's house. She and her husband were preparing to go to bed, and how they were terrified when they saw me, is beyond description. They told me that

scarcely a day had passed since the battle of Arklow, without their place being visited by the yeomen cavalry from that town, and that they were quite sure to see them next day.

After eating something, which indeed I much needed, I retired to one of the out houses; not the stable, for that would be the first place which the cavalry would enter, to see if there were any horses that would answer them. — I soon fell sound asleep, unconscious of my dangerous situation. At the dawn of day, my poor sister (who had passed the night watching and listening whilst I slept), awoke me and brought me to a little distance from the house to look at some object which was on a hill opposite. I saw at once a horseman, or « vedette, » quite plainly, and at the same time we heard the noise of cavalry coming up from the valley to the house. My sister with great presence of mind, pointed out to me the way to escape; one minute later, I was shot, or a prisoner. I crossed a field and got over a high fence, which divided my brother-in-law's land from that of Mr Graham of Ballycoog. I there remained concealed, till my dear sister came in about an hour after and called me and told me that the danger was over for the moment, that the Orange cavalry had visited every part of their dwelling, out-houses, etc., and that poor Thomas Woodburn was taken prisoner at her father-in-law's house; that he was tied neck and heels and carried off to Arklow, or perhaps shot on the way. All this was very sad tidings to me, but

there was no help for such misfortunes. I begged her to send and tell a young man, a tailor of the name of Lary Laurgan who had been wounded at the battle of Arklow, and remained sick, hiding in the woods ever since, that I wished to see him. He came immediately to me, and we agreed that he should, in the course of the day, apprize all those who were hiding, and who wished to join our army to assemble late in the evening, and that I would undertake to conduct them to our camp, which should be on the way to Glenmalure. At dusk he brought to the rendez-vous, tenor twelve poor fellows, badly armed, but determined to fight their way. Not being provied with any kind of provisions for the road, itwas thought right, that four or five of them, previous to setting off, should call at Mr Graham's house at Ballycoog, and endeavour to get some bread or other provisions. Fearing that they might exact, or ask for unnecessary things, or that any harm should be done to Mr William Graham's house, I accompanied them there. His cousin John gave these poor fellows a loaf of bread and half a bottle of whisky, for which they were very thankful. He very ungraciously complained next day to my sister of my having headed these men to the house. He ought to have been grateful to me for accompanying them there, which I did, that they might do no injury at the place, or take away what was useless; when speaking to me he seemed quite penetrated with the goodness of my motives. But such were the times, he feared the very fact of the house

not having been burned would be enough to compromise him and his cousin Willie Graham, who was absent at Dublin, with the english party. — I took leave of my poor sister, and set out with my small detachment ; all of them seemed delighted to get away from the misery they had undergone in hiding, and cheered with the prospect of again joining the main body. They almost all knew the country we had to march through, so we were in no need of guides. We were joined on the way by many of our men who had remained behind from fatigue; and particularly at Anghram, several fine fellows came from their hiding places and marched with us; but still we could not learn positively what direction our main body, commanded by Garrett Byrne, Perry, Fitzgerald, etc., had taken, so we resolved at once to fight our way to Glenmalure. The night was advanced, and when daylight came, we perceived at some distance, a large body of the enemy's cavalry in the valley which we had begun to cross. We instantly returned and took a position on an eminence, or high ground some hundred steps in the rear and with a good fence in front. There we formed our little line of battle, and though we had few fire arms fit for use, still our pikemen shewing their terrible weapon to advantage, the cowardly cavalry feared to approach us. Three or four of them rode into a corn field in front of where we were drawn up, there discharged their carabines and then galloped back and regained their corps which soon completely disappeared

from the plain. — On seeing the cavalry ride away, we left our position on the road side and went to the corn field to find out at what object the three shots were fired. There to our sad surprise, we found poor Lary Laurgan lying on his back dead, with three balls through his body. It would appear that his strength failed him, and that he threw himself flat into the corn field, thinking thereby to escape; but he was perceived by the enemy, as he threw himself down, and they gloried in murdering this poor sickly man, instead of carrying him away as a prisoner. Such trophies and deeds as this, were the continual boast of the english cavalry, — it was indeed worthy of them. —

We all regretted Laurgan very much. As none of his comrades had missed him from the ranks, they were the more shocked to see him lying murdered in the corn field. After this unfortunate incident, we resumed our march and we arrived early in the day at Glenmalure, where I met vast numbers of the county of Wexford men, all of whom, like myself, were at a loss to know what direction the main body of our small army had taken. As no one could give us any intelligence on the subject, we resolved to organize ourselves the best way we could, and to remain in Glenmalure until we could learn where Garrett Byrne and the other chiefs had pitched their camp.

The place afforded some resource as to food, for vast flocks of sheep were still on the mountains around; but the want of salt and vegetables was sorely felt. As to

bread, none could be had for any money, and the potatoes were unripe and unfit for use. In consequence, it became urgent to organize night expeditions to go far away, to endeavour to procure oat-meal and salt. — I saw the brave and intrepid Dweyer here, for the first time. — He had already acquired a great reputation in those mountainous districts, for every time that the cavalry attempted to reconnoitre the position near the entrance of the glen, he was sure to be on their flank, or in an ambuscade before day-light, waiting their arrival; and as both he and the men who generally accompanied him were of this country, and good marksmen, they took delight in terrifying the cavalry, who instantly wheeled about and fled, the moment a shot was fire dat them. So by Dweyer's bravery and exertion in this kind of skirmishing with the enemy, we were in perfect safety during the night, to repose and recover from our fatigues of the county of Wexford campaign.

Glenmalure is nearly three miles long, with the little river Avonbeg coming down from the high mountains. There were several houses on each side of it, where our men got the means of cooking the mutton which they had in abundance, as the hills, as I said before, were covered with flocks of sheep. They also got timber to make pike handles in the rafters of the smelting house, belonging to the lead mines, to replace those that were broken, or lost during the night marches.

So that in a few days, we were tolerably well armed

with pikes, but badly provided with fire-arms and ammunition. A night expedition was now decided on, to go into the country villages at some distance, to bring salt and any dry provisions we could get, back to our camp in Glenmalure, where it was resolved the intrepid Dweyer should remain with the men he commanded to defend the entrance of the glen during our absence. The famous Holt, who had just arrived, was to have the command of the night expedition, and at dusk when we had all our men assembled near the smelting house and ready to march, some county of Wicklow men who knew Holt, came to tell us, that his wife had come to join him; and that she had been making terms for him with the enemy at Rathdrum, in which town Holt was well known to all the authorities, having been employed to put the seals on the flannels at the fairs, having been Bumbailiff, etc ; and as her own family the Mannings, were notorious Orangemen , they feared it might be dangerous to confide in Holt; that he would lead us perhaps into some ambuscade from whence we might not be able to escape, etc. To all this we listened with great attention, and as we the county of Wexford men being the majority, we decided to send to Holt who was at Pierce Harney's house, with his wife, at the very head of the glen, to let him know that we were ready to march, resolving at the same time, not to follow his plan. When he arrived, we asked him in what direction he intended to march; he replied to the Seven Churches : we objected, saying, that

neighbourhood was too poor, that it would be better to take another direction into a richer country, to which he at once agreed most cheerfully. No doubt to prove to us that he had not any interested motive for going to the Seven Churches, though it was the country of his wife's family. Or perhaps, what weighed most with him, was a desire to comply with the wishes of the county of Wexford men, whom he perceived formed the majority of the detachment then under arms and ready to march. — It was at once decided to march on the Rathdrum road as far as Greenan bridge and from thence to turn into the country parts which had not suffered by the war.

We mustered for this expedition two or three hundred of our men, who were best able to bear up with great fatigue, leaving the weak, sickly and wounded under the care of Dwyer, who acted as governor of Glenmalure, our citadel, or strong hold, in the Wicklow mountains.

We set off in good marching order and in high spirits. Holt and a friend of mine, John Doyle of Anghram and myself being mounted, we rode at the head of our little column, with a few men on foot who preceded us, as an « avant-garde » about fifty yards. As the night was very dark, we recommended our men to observe the greatest silence, but the noise made by our own horses could not be avoided and might be heard at some considerable distance.

Doyle and I were riding on each side of Holt, who was telling us his plans, and the great things he thought we

should perform before returning to Glenmalure : in the first place he observed, that he thought all the isolated houses, which might serve as places of refuge to the enemy, particularly if they were covered with slates, ought to be burned. This sentence was scarcely pronounced, when we perceived flashes of light like so many stars, from the pans of the enemy's fire-locks, within pistol shot of us, and instantly the whizzing of balls through our ranks and over our heads. This discharge came from the english army, which had marched from Rathdrum to reconnoitre our position and had only time to reach the bridge of Greenan, when on hearing the noise of our column advancing, they halted in silence and waited our approach.

I shall never forget Holt's presence of mind and extraordinary exertion on this dangerous occasion. He cried out with the voice of a stentor, to our pikemen to march en masse and cross the bridge, and he gave orders to our gunsmen at the same time, and in the same loud voice, to wade the river, and to get on the enemy's flank, so that not one of them might escape, etc., etc. Many of the Rathdrum yeomen who accompanied the english army in this night expedition, became terrified, when they heard Holt's voice, with which they were well acquainted, and this no doubt added to the disorder which already prevailed in their ranks : for they suddenly retreated back to Rathdrum. Whilst we on our side, had the greatest trouble to rally our men and keep them from

disbanding themselves, as they feared they had got into an ambuscade. A pistol shot heard in the rear, gave rise to this apprehension : consequently, instead of marching in a mass to the bridge, as Holt had ordered, they quit the road and got into a marshy field on the left side; after some time finding the enemy's fire had ceased, the panic began to subside, though we did not know at the time that the enemy had retreated. However we rallied again on the road, when it was thought more prudent to return to Glenmalure, fearing that we might meet other moving columns of the enemy if we continued our night march ; having only three men who had received slight wounds from the first volley fired, we thought ourselves very fortunate to have escaped so well. The darkness of the night, with the noise of our horses in front contributed to this; the enemy taking too high aim, thinking we were all mounted. — When we returned to the glen, we met Dwyer, who told us we might repose ourselves during the night in perfect safety; that he would take care that the pass should be well guarded.

Holt went to Pierce Harney's house at the head of the glen, where his wife still remained, and strange enough, notwithstanding his recent brilliant conduct, several of those men who knew him well, thought he would go away with his wife, and in consequence, they kept a close watch round the house all night, to prevent him. Holt however sent his wife away next day, and

thereby removed the cause of suspicion. How fortunate it was for him that it was not at his suggestion that we marched on the Rathdrum road; for if it had been his plan, he would have been accused of bringing us into the enemy's ambuscade; whereas he had now all the merit of getting us safely out of it: and justly does he deserve this praise.

I went with a small reconnoitering party next day, to view our field of action of the night before. We found several pikes in the marshy swamp beside the road, and at the other side of the bridge, we got several foraging caps and bayonets, which the enemy lost in their hurry to escape. Before returning with these trophies, we saw the Rathdrum cavalry at a distance, halted on the road; but they did not advance, so we reached the glen this time without any skirmishing with the enemy.

The chiefs and men of influence held a meeting, at which it was resolved, that we should now defend the glen more carefully than ever, in consequence of the sad tidings just arrived, of the disasters and complete dispersion of our main body, commanded by Fitzgerald, Garrett Byrne, Kearns, Esmond Kyan, etc., which had marched into the counties of Meath, Louth and Dublin. — This news unfortunately was soon ascertained to be but too true.

Amongst the brave fellows who escaped and arrived from the Boyne, was, my poor brother Hugh. Of course through him I became immediately acquainted with all

the particulars of this woful incursion into Meath and Louth, and also of the gallant resistance made to the enemy's cavalry, after they had passed the Boyne at Duleeh and near the town of Ardee, where my poor uncle John Byrne was killed in a charge of cavalry, by my brother Hugh's side, who though he was knocked down, recovered himself and had time to cross a ditch before the cavalry could draw up to make another charge.

My dear uncle was the youngest of my father's family; he was not married. There never was a more affectionate, nor a braver being on the face of the earth. He feared no danger, and indeed it was wonderful, as was often remarked, how he escaped so long. — My brother Hugh told me also of the extraordinary bravery displayed on the same occasion by the two Finns, Laurence and Luke: the latter being knocked down in the charge, and ridden over and trampled down by all the cavalry, kept his musket notwithstanding, close by his side; when two of these cavalry men returning perceived he was not dead, they rode up to finish him; Luke sat up, let them approach, deliberately took aim, and shot one of them, whilst his brother Laurence, who was looking on from behind the hedge, shot the other, and thus relieved Luke, who now completely recovered from the trance he had had, got up, and escaped over the ditch to his brother and the other gunsmen. Those two Finns distinguished themselves in every battle and combat that was fought against the english in the county of Wexford. They made part of sir

Jarvis White's corps of yeomen infantry of Bally Ellis, which corps was one of the first organized in the country and as White boasted, was one of the first ready to march against general Hoche, when he came to Bantry Bay in the month of december 1796. It was also one of the first corps of yeomen which the government ordered to be disbanded and disarmed, fearing that it was composed of united Irishmen wishing for the independence of Ireland.

My brother's wound was nearly healed, but still he required great care and repose for some days, to bring him about, and Glenmalure proved on that account a blessing, which I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure. It afforded a temporary and sure resting place to those brave men returning after their defeat and dispersion at the Boyne.

Poor Esmond Kyan who arrived about the same time, could not be prevailed upon to stop with us; he would return to Wexford, where he said he was sure to get a safe hiding place to remain in, until he recovered his health, which was much impaired by the fatigues he had undergone. With only one arm, and the stump of the other not yet healed, he feared he would not be equal to the task of crossing the mountains, which he knew he would frequently have to do. Had he consented to pass a few days in those mountains, he might have escaped the wrath of the cruel high-church ascendency monsters of

Wexford, who longed to have him hanged and gibbeted, with the other patriots whose heads already decorated the public buildings there. He was of all the chiefs of our little irish army, the one who merited the most good terms from the English. Throughout the war, he had shewn the greatest humanity, and made unceasing exertions to save the lives of the prisoners, even of those whose hands were steeped in the blood of the inhabitants of the county of Wexford. — But fate decided otherwise.

It was a great pity that Father Kearns and Anthony Perry did not reach Glenmalure; they would have had strength enough to wait and to avail themselves of the great advantages these Wicklow mountains afforded at this moment, against the enemy's cavalry, and even against their infantry. — But alas! they were not doomed to die the death of soldiers. They were both hanged at Edenderry.

One day about the 14th of july 1798, a countryman came as a messenger from the english camp of the glen of Imail; he was the bearer of a letter, addressed to Murtough Byrne of little Anghram; this honourable man before opening the letter, wished to have as many of us present as could be assembled; when we met and formed a circle, he took the letter from the peasant, entered the circle, saying that he well knew the handwriting of the direction, that it was Garrett Byrne's : he then

opened the letter and read the following contents :

« My dear Murtough,

« I have this day surrendered myself to general sir John Moore, who has engaged to obtain my pardon, and permission to quit Ireland and go to reside in a foreign country. It is at the general's request I now write; he promises to obtain the same terms for you or any of the other chiefs who will immediately avail themselves of this opportunity.

« Yours : Garrett Byrne. »

As soon as the letter was read, the countryman, or messenger, was brought into the circle where we were assembled in a field, near the smelting house : he was asked if the person who gave him the letter in the presence of the english general was a prisoner? he replied he was, and that he thought he was Mr Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, though he added, he never saw that gentleman before. Well then, wer eplied, you will never see him again, for he was shot before you were half a mile from the english camp; they forced the unhappy man to write that letter of which you were the bearer, before they put him to death. You can now return and receive your wages. He was then escorted some distance on the way, and before quitting the glen, he could see Antrim John,

the sergeant marching and drilling platoons of our men in the meadows on the river side. The messenger could thereby make out news of his own, to add to our answer respecting our disbelief of english magnanimity.

It was now only eight or ten days since the battle of Ballygullen, the last pitched battle we fought in the county of Wexford, and already all those brave leaders who displayed so much talent and generalship there, had, from one cause or another disappeared from the scene of action. — The brave and beloved of the county of Wexford people, Edward Fitzgerald of New-Park, he also, fearing there was no further chance of making head against the english army, surrendered on the 12th of july to general Dundas. I never could learn the real motive which induced these leaders to quit the Wicklow mountains and march with the Wexford division, which had fought so gallantly, and in so many battles, into an open country (without cavalry), like Kildare, Meath, Louth, etc., and in which counties, the enemy's cavalry enjoyed every possible advantage; whilst neither their artillery nor cavalry could be brought to bear against us in the Wicklow mountains. Had our forces remained there, where we might have mustered easily from fifteen to twenty thousand resolute, fine fellows, a force quite adequate to have defended these defiles and passes for months, and then general Humbert's army, such as it was, arriving in the month of august, might have found but trifling

obstacles in the parts of Ireland which it would have had to pass through on its way to the capital.

I shall not descant more on this melancholy subject, which however I could never cease thinking of, but had we persevered a little longer, and not undertaken that unfortunate and foolish march to the Boyne, we should have succeeded. It is well known, that had we been assembled in an imposing force in the Wicklow mountains, as we might have been at the time the French landed in the west, the greater part of the irish militia regiments would have joined us. The fine young sergeant whom we called Antrim John, and who brought away with him a section of his company, assured us, that his regiment only waited to ascertain if we could rally a sufficient force to receive them, so that they should not be under the necessity of disguising themselves, but fight in the militia uniform for the independence of Ireland and against her real enemies the english. Whereas at present, from our not having an army strong enough to take the field, those brave irish militia men who joined us, were obliged to change their uniforms for coloured clothes.

On Antrim John being asked, why he did not come to our standard at Arklow, when we were in great force; he replied, that according to a prophecy they had in the north, Ireland could not be free before the autumn of 98, when the French were to land, and then the english yoke was to be shook off for ever, and Ireland once more become a nation, governing herself, and trading with all

the world as a free country is entitled to do. This conversation about the prophecy with the sergeant Antrim John, took place a few days before we heard of the landing of general Humbert, with his eleven hundred french soldiers at Killalo. But unfortunately we heard of the surrender of the french army to lord Cornwallis nearly at the same time, so our joy was of short duration.

To make up for this misfortune we learned from those Antrim militia men, who came to join us at Glenmalure, that it was not true, as was generally believed, that the militia regiments were composed either of roman Catholics or Orangemen. No doubt the propagation of the orange lodges was encouraged in every militia regiment both by the colonels and the government; but still in spite of their exertions and persecutions, the majority of the northern counties militia, tho' not catholics, were united irishmen, and consequently ready to join our standard whenever we could muster sufficiently strong to make a stand for any time in a military position to receive them.

Mr Paul Murray from near the town of Wicklow arrived here one night accompanied by a number of men from his neighbourhood. I had to wait on him in the morning respecting prisoners who were escorted to the glen by his party. I found him at Pierce Harney's: he was lying on a bed in his clothes, well dressed, with new topped boots, etc., all which formed a singular contrast with our tattered, worn out coats, but poor fellow, he was

just escaping from his hiding place, to take the field for the first time.

I never saw Paul Murray before this morning. I little thought that we should become afterwards so well acquainted in a foreign land. One day in 1803 coming out of the London coffee house, rue Jacob, at Paris, I saw a man dressed in a snuff coloured coat and top boots; on coming near, I said to the person who was with me « how like that man is to poor Paul Murray whom I met in the Wicklow mountains in 98! But Murray was arrested in Dublin by Major Sir, and of course was transported, so it cannot be him. » But it was the very same P. Murray and we soon recognized each other and spoke of our adventures in the Wicklow mountains.

I introduced him next day to Mr Thomas Addis Emmett who obtained a commission for him in the irish legion at its formation, and we made several campaigns in Spain and Portugal in the same batallions. He retired afterwards on a pension and died at Dunkirk at an advanced age. There never was a truer or better friend and comrade than Paul Murray of Kilmurry near Wicklow.

We were now threatened to be driven from Glenmalure which we had defended so long, and which had been an asylum for some time to many families escaping the tortures and other abominations not to be mentioned, of the cruel orange yeomenry.

According to the information received, we were to be surrounded in every direction, by highlanders, hessians, and all the other foreign troops that England could dispose of. We expected this attack, and we resolved to fight our way in one direction at least, against whatever forces we should meet.

Whilst preparing for this event, I was not a little surprised to be sent for to go and see a lady who had arrived in the night with her three children, the eldest of them eight years of age : Mrs Betty Mulloy, whose husband was killed at the battle of Vinegar hill, and whose sister was married to my first cousin Patt Bruslawn, who was murdered in his bed by that monster Hunter Gowan. This poor woman entered into all the details of her escape from her home, and said, she was sure that by that time, all she had in the world, except her children, was burnt and destroyed; and hearing that I had a command in these mountains, she had come to put herself under my protection. — Instead of being able to afford her any protection, I could only entreat her to quit the glen and return home with her children; that by the time she arrived there, things might probably be changed for the better; that at the moment I was speaking to her, the enemy could be seen in great force, on the tops of the mountains, where they had been encamped for the night and ready to march down upon us. It was not only this poor woman and her children, but the sick and wounded that were now obliged to seek a place of refuge, and

shelter, or places to hide in, in the neighbouring villages; for none but the most vigorous and robust men would be equal to undergo the fatigue of continually crossing these high mountains. Poor Mrs Mulloy resolved to return home, and many brave men from the county of Wexford whose health was impaired to such a degree as to render them scarcely able to walk, asked me what they should do. Of course, as we had no means of carrying, our sick and wounded, I could only tell them to endeavour to escape and hide, the best way they could for the present, until the enemy had marched away. — My poor brother Hugh, though far from being recovered, would not consent to remain behind and be separated from me again.

We were under arms and on the alert all night, expecting to be attacked. However it was only at day light next morning, that the division of the highlanders began their march and to descend from the mountain, leading from the Seven Churches; whilst the english forces from Rathdrum, entered by the mouth of the glen.

On seeing these different movements of the enemy, we assembled all our men and marched up the opposite mountain leading to the glen of Imale, and after getting some distance up the mountain, we formed our line of battle and halted there for some time. But the enemy did not choose to follow us, which was indeed very extraordinary, for instead of the thousands we were so often reported to muster in Glenmalure, they might now see plainly, and no doubt, with astonishment, the small-

ness of our body, which had caused so much terror in all their garrison towns, we were so reduced; still they did not march to attack us; they seemed for the present, to confine their operations to burning the houses in the glen, and driving the unfortunate women with their children, to perish in the fields from cold and hunger. — As we went up the hills, on the opposite side, we could see the flames from the dwellings of these unhappy creatures, and where so many of our sick and wounded, returning from the disastrous campaign of the Boyne, had stopped to recover. — The brave Dwyer was now obliged to abandon this strong hold, which he had so long defended, and to march with us. As he, and most of the men he commanded, were natives of these mountains and glens, we were sure to be safely guided through them. After reposing for some time, finding that we were not followed by the enemy, Holt proposed crossing the mountain and marching to the glen of Imale, to ascertain whether or not General sir J. Moore was still encamped there with his division. When we arrived on the mountain in sight of the glen, we could perceive only one tent, which immediately disappeared on seeing our forces drawing up on the adjacent hill. But General Moore and his army had left the Glen of Imale, some time before and we could not learn where he had marched to; but our plan now became imperative, to avoid as much as possible any engagement with the enemy, except small detachments which we could easily defeat, and from

whom we could procure arms and ammunition, without which we could not even make head against those small detachments.

We resolved not to stop long in any one place, and by our continual marching and counter-marching, to shew the enemy by this kind of manœuvering how difficult it would be to come in contact with us in those mountains, where we were so well guided by the brave Dwyer and his followers. But unfortunately, this intrepid chief left us again, on hearing that we intended to march towards the county of Wexford. He could never be brought to consent to march us any distance from his native mountains. Whilst Holt, though he might perceive that he was not always consulted about our excursions in quest of provisions, was ever ready to march with us, and even to assume to himself the responsibility of the expedition ; and he did all with such good humour that we were delighted, and now cheerfully marched with him from the Glen of Imale to Aghavannagh, and from thence to Croaghan mountain, to try to get some news of what was going on in the counties of Carlow and Wexford ; and when we came in sight of the high road leading from Shillelah to Arklow, we perceived a number of military waggons escorted by cavalry, on their way to the latter town. Holt instantly ordered our little column to march down rapidly in an oblique direction, and to get out on the road, and to stop and attack the convoy. The escort composed of dragoons, seeing this manœuvre, escaped in great

speed, leaving the waggons and their drivers to get out of the fight the best way they could. The drivers or conductors were soon captured, and unluckily some of them were killed in the fray. — Holt ordered a great pile to be made of the waggons and the provisions of corn, forage, etc., and fire to be put to this pile on every side, so in a short time the flames from it could be seen at a great distance, as the day was very bright. As we knew that the garrison towns on seeing these flames, or on hearing of the disasters of their convoy, would immediately dispatch great forces of foot and horse against us, we hastened to repair to Croaghan mountain to avoid meeting the enemy, as we did not muster very strong; and here we learned for the first time, that a relaxation of the cruel, cold-blooded murders was taking place, in many of the county of Wexford districts. Lord Cornwallis proclamation there inviting all those who had taken part in the war, « except the chiefs, » to return to their homes where they should receive his formal protection. Whether this was on account of the landing of the French at Killalo, and the marching of the english troops out of the county, or for any other reason, a stop seemed to be put for the present, to the murderous career of the monster magistrates James Boyd, Hawtry White, Hunter Gowan, Archibald Hamilton, Jacob, and their cruel orange associates. Besides, the corn being now ripe, thousands ventured to return home, hoping to save it for their famishing families. In consequence of this, our small corps

was reduced to a mere band. Still we resolved to keep our position in the Wicklow mountains. For though vast numbers left us to return to their dwellings, others, after having remained concealed some days in their houses, had to escape and come back to us. The protection they obtained was of no use to them, if it was ascertained that they had ever been present when houses were burned or if they had assisted at the battle of Bally Ellis, where the ancient Britons were killed. No protection under these circumstances could save them. Such rigourous requisites and formalities or conditions, brought back to our standard many fine fellows who had intended to remain at their homes quietly with their families

About this time I received a letter from Nick Murphy of Monaseed, who had escaped from the Boyne and got into Dublin, where he was hiding, as well as hundreds of our comrades. Their escape, as well as his, seemed miraculous.

When the news of the landing of the french army was known in the capital, Murphy was commissioned to find out some sure means of conveying intelligence to me of this fortunate event. A poor woman, the daughter of one of our tenants, a Mrs Keogh, volunteered to be the bearer of this letter, which she sewed in the hem of her petticoat. She was returning to her home, after taking farewell of her unfortunate husband, who was condemned to transportation for life, and just put aboard a

vessel in the river waiting to sail. When I thanked this worthy creature, and observed what a dangerous mission she had undertaken, she replied : « that it was a great « consolation to her in her misfortune to be intrusted with « such a commission, and to be the bearer of such good « news as that of the French landing, though she was « doomed never to see her dear husband more. »

Though Nick Murphy's letter was very short and circumspect, still it was cheering and delightful to us. He said it was expected that there would be a general rising in Dublin of the people, if the French were in sufficient force to make head against the english army. That many persons came forward now, who had remained in the back-ground before, and said, they were ready to act. Besides, such was the enthusiasm prevailing all through the city at seeing the troops march away, that the Orange yeomen could not help observing it, and trembled for their own safety. That at all events, our forces in the mountains would be the rallying point, and from all he could learn and see himself, there was now every hope of success from the aid of the french army. He added likewise, how very anxious our friends in Dublin were that we should be able to keep ourselves in any thing like a respectable force in the Wicklow mountains for some time.

Though we had heard of the landing of the French, previous to Murphy's letter, yet it afforded us great

satisfaction to see by it, that our friends approved of our conduct and our perseverance in keeping our ground.

We did persevere and kept our ground the best way we could, crossing from one mountain to another, defying the enemy to follow us; and this for weeks, until we heard of the surrender of general Humbert and his small army of eight hundred men, to lord Cornwallis, who, it was said, was at the head of thirty thousand english troops. — Under such melancholy circumstances, could it be expected that Holt could have had sufficient influence to persuade any to remain with him who could escape to their homes, and hiding there in the most wretched manner? In fact, he never took any trouble one way or another about them, but said, all those who could not remain at their houses might return to us, where they would meet a kind reception. — In the worst times he appeared gay, never desponding. I have marched with him, when on setting out, we were not able to muster a hundred men, and not twenty amongst them ever had their fire-arms fit for use; yet Holt would have his plans for some great undertaking as if he were at the head of thousands of the best disciplined troops. In short, he had qualities which quite fitted him for the kind of warfare we were obliged to make in the Wicklow mountains; and often did he boast, that we were the only troops under arms in all Ireland, fighting for its

independence at the time the French landed at Killalo. — I think it but justice to say so much of Holt, from the many strange stories that have been told of him.

My brother Hugh and I not having heard from home for a long time, began to be very anxious about our dear mother and sister, whom we saw for the last time at Buckstown house, the night of the battle of Ballygullen. We resolved therefore, at all hazard, to go and see them, and to learn also the state of the country there. To accomplish this, we had two or three night marches to make before us, ere we could reach our place, for we were obliged to remain concealed during the day. The last night's march was from the Gold mines, and by the White Heaps, a country I knew well, and through which, of course, we needed no guide. The distance was more than eight miles, besides we followed the high road as little as possible, in order to avoid meeting with the enemy's patrols. All this made the march long and fatiguing, however we arrived before daylight at the house of one of our tenants, at the Fox cover farm. I knocked at the door and poor Macguire knowing my voice, opened it immediately. He told me that my mother and sister, with their faithful servant Biddy Cosker had returned to our house and had been residing there for some time, but that it would not be safe for us to go and see them. That his wife would go in the morning and

let them know we were arrived. This worthy couple kept watching whilst we reposed ourselves. — Next day my mother and sister came to see us. They had already arranged with Mr Fennell that we should go and join his son Matt at his hiding place on a hay loft, at Buckstown house, belonging to Ralph Blaney of Carnew. After remaining there some days, we were obliged to leave it. An English infantry regiment came and encamped on the lawn, and the general and staff officers lodged in the dwelling house. A married captain of the regiment took lodging for himself and his wife at Mr Fennell's house, which the latter regarded as a fortunate circumstance, as through the influence of this captain, he expected protection for himself and his family. Mr Fennell was not deceived; this captain proved himself a kind friend to the family when they stood in need of it afterwards.

My brother Hugh got an opportunity to return to Dublin, with some carmen, or carriers of the neighbourhood; most fortunately he arrived there safely. — My poor mother and sister were in some measure reconciled to his quitting them, as they hoped I should be able to remain at home (when the country became more settled), and that I should continue to manage the land, etc., as I had been accustomed to do, before the war broke out. Unhappily they soon found, this could not be.

Mr Fennell having given up a part of his house to the

english captain and his lady, had beds put up in his barn, where his young sons slept, and where a bed had been placed for me; of this I availed myself with infinite pleasure.

My mother and sister wishing me to spend an hour or two with them on All-Hallows eve, I set off from Mr Fennell's house, as soon as the night became dark; I had been sitting with them about ten minutes, when one of Mr Fennell's sons, a lad of ten or twelve years old, came running in out of breath, to tell me, that his brother Matt was taken prisoner by the Orangemen, and that they were searching every place for me. — My dear sister, who had shewn a great deal of self possession and good sense all through those terrible times, thanked young Fennell and bid him return quickly through the fields, to avoid meeting the yeomen. She did not wish the poor young boy to be in the secret of the place where I was to take refuge, lest, if he were met and tortured by those monsters, he might be forced to tell all he knew about me. As soon as he was gone away, she told me that Ned Cane, a worthy man who lived a few fields distance, at the other side of the road from our house, told her some days before, that if I should be at any time in danger, to come to his house, where he had made a cave, or cavern, in which I could remain for days in perfect safety, without the least danger of being discovered. Of course I went instantly and took up my new abode at this worthy man's house. The entrance into his

cave was behind the fire-place on the ground floor, and so contrived that if the house was burned, the persons hiding there had the means of escaping by another issue leading into the fields.

My sister though satisfied that I was in no danger for the moment, knew well there was no time to be lost to find out some means or other, to get me out of the reach of the cruel Orangemen, whose thirt for blood seemed to be daily increasing. She therefore exerted herself beyond measure till at length she had the good fortune to meet with a worthy lady, who entered into all her views, and sympathized with her in all her sorrows. Mrs Ricards of Coolafancy, kindly volunteered to assist my sister in every way to get me safely out of the country. She proposed to go to Dublin under pretext of taking one of her children, a boy of ten years of age, to place at school there, and that I should drive the car for her; but she feared that none of her horses were in a state to make the journey in one day (40 miles), and that it would be unsafe for me to stop on the way. My sister told her, she should have one of ours, quite equal to the task, and accordingly the horse was sent to Mrs Ricards' who had every thing ready, and only waited my arrival to set out on our journey. On learning these arrangements, I left my cave, where I had been concealed for about seven or eight days and took leave of Cane. I thanked him with gratitude for his kind hospitality and I then went for an instant to

ake a parting farewell of my dear mother and sister, and rom thence I hurried to Mrs Ricards, a distance of two or three miles, and this lady having every thing prepared, we set off on our journey at day light, and we nearly reached the town of Bray without meeting with any impediment, when all at once, we saw numbers of carmen escaping in every direction out of the town, from the english soldiers, who were pressing horses and cars to transport their baggage, being under orders to march to the north of Ireland.

Mrs Ricards at once decided to turn off the road, and to go as quickly as possible to Enniskerry, where she hoped we could pass the night, at the house of a lady who had been her school fellow and friend before they were married, and with whom she still kept up an intimacy. Fortunately the husband was absent with his corps of yeomen cavalry, for he was not only a Tory, but a bitter Orangeman.

When we arrived, Mrs Ricards and her little son John, received the kindest welcome from this lady, who thought she could never do half enough for her former school fellow and playmate, « miss Slater; » whilst I did not fare badly in the kitchen, little Ricards thought I was slighted, and cried out, « mamma, wont Mr Byrne come to tea? » — this exclamation was rather awkward, as his mother had said my name was Doyle. However the lady of the house was too well bred to take notice of what the child had said. — The next morning we set out

at daylight, and arrived in Dublin on the 10th of november 1798 at an early hour, and put up at a carman's inn in Keven street where my step brother Ned Kennedy came and brought me away with him to a hiding place; for arrests of those coming from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow were every instant taking place throughout the city.

Before I conclude this chapter, I must express my lasting gratitude to Mrs Ricards for her generous and spirited conduct in thus getting me away from the impending danger; indeed I feel I can never be sufficiently grateful towards her.

The next chapter will contain the account of the way I escaped in Dublin; my acquaintance with poor Robert Emmett and the part I took in his unlucky attempt; my escape from Dublin, and my arrival in Paris, etc.

CHAPTER VIII

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My step brother Kennedy's exertions on my arrival in Dublin, and his generous attentions to the brave men who escaped into Dublin from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow: amongst whom were, the lamented Billy Byrne of Ballymanus: my last interview with him in New Street. — My continual apprehension of being discovered and arrested, and changing and hiding, from place to place. Go to Lucan to remain some time at the reverend John Barrett's academy. — Hiding at Maynooth. — George Nowlan. — An invitation to hide in the college. — My residence at Butterstown lane and occupation there. Mr Burnet at whose house I boarded and lodged. — The county of Wexford men. Murray and John Purcell's visits at Butterstown lane. Neddy Byrne's interview with the rich merchant Macguire. The peace of Amiens. Dinner at Mr Hugh Byrne of Town end's street. Illuminations at night. — Miss Lawless and I go to see them. — My occupation at my brother's during the peace. — My acquaintance with Mr Norris, who introduces me to poor Robert Emmett. — Our first interview and the agreement we make to meet as frequently as possible provided I was put by it to no inconvenience. — Ned Conden introduced as a man in whom confidence might be put. — Mr M... the gunsmith promises to furnish the fire-arms. — Mr Macintosh volunteers to take the house in Patrick Street. Mr Emmett gives him money to pay six months in advance, and makes him take a lease. — Quigley returns from France; an active, ingenious man. — James Hope, the northern patriot of '98 and the friend of Sam Nelson, employed to organize the liberty men. — Mathew Doyle, his knowledge of organization acquired during the united irish system — his campaign in Egypt, etc. — Mr Brangan of Irishtown. — General Cloney's first interview with Robert Emmett: the ingenious system of organizing the counties, planned by the latter. — Thomas Russell and Hamilton arrive from France. A house taken in Butterfield lane to lodge them at great expence. — William Dowdall goes to reside with them there; frequent meetings and dinner parties there. — Michael Bearney chosen to accompany Hope to the north of Ireland on a mission: his report. — Johnstone trying the rocket in the fields near

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In concluding the last chapter, I mentioned that my step brother Edward Kennedy met me at the carman's inn, in Cavin street, on my arrival in Dublin; he hastened to bring me home with him, and to have me metamorphosed from appearing a car driver into a respectable Dublin citizen. — Altho' he was rather larger and taller than me, yet all his clothes fitted me tolerably well, particularly a long brown great coat with a black velvet cape, so that in a few minutes I was completely disguised and ready to walk the streets arm-in-arm with him to my new abode; on our way I was saluted as Mr Kennedy; no doubt on account of the long great coat which he generally wore at that season when going out on business. He thought his house might be suspected on account of the great number of those who escaped to Dublin coming to it, not only to dine with him, but sometimes to remain many days at a time. — My brother was very generous, and thought he could never do half enough for the brave men who escaped the english ty-

rants. — Unfortunately his means were inadequate to keep open house for all those who frequented it, he being a county of Wexford man. — I should not mention these circumstances, which possibly may not interest the general reader, but on account of those lamented sufferers in the sacred cause whom my brother was in the habit of entertaining.

Poor Billy Byrne of Ballymanus dined with him in New street the day before he was arrested. I sat beside him at dinner. — Alas! it was the last time we ever met. — Of course we talked over our misfortunes, and the sad result of our campaign. He had not the most distant idea that any danger awaited him, having general Lake's protection, which brigade major Fitzgerald so kindly obtained for him at Wexford, and in virtue of which, and on its guarantee he had for months walked about the streets of Dublin almost daily, without the least apprehension that any charge could be brought against him, so conscious was he of the rectitude of his conduct and the magnanimity of his exertions to save the lives of prisoners, in every instance where he possessed influence during the insurrection, and very often at the risk of his own life; for it was no easy matter to persuade those unfortunate men who had had their nearest and dearest relations murdered in cold blood by the Orange men, that retaliation could not serve their cause. Still poor Billy Byrne would persevere in his humane task, and succeeded in saving many Orange prisoners; some of

these very men were brought to Wicklow to swear his life away; it sufficed that he had enjoyed sufficient influence to save these Orange prisoners, to shew that he must have been a chief. — So according to the « justice of England » which then prevailed in Ireland, poor Byrne was tried and condemned to death, and executed forthwith; whilst his brother Garrett Byrne, who was a real and distinguished chief, all through the insurrection, escaped, because he applied to a man of honour and high reputation, general sir John Moore, and not to Lake, or to that old hypocrite lord Cornwallis.

After poor Billy Byrne's arrest, my brother thought it advisable that I should leave the city for some time, and go and hide in the country or in the vicinity of Dublin. — A worthy clergyman, a catholic priest, the reverend John Barret, who had set up a little academy at Lucan, after he got out of prison, kindly invited me to his house; there I passed several days very agreeably with him and the little boys his pupils. — It was during my stay with Mr Barret that he told me of many strange and melancholy occurrences, which took place almost daily amongst the state prisoners, with all of whom he was on the most intimate footing — such as, Emmett, Bond, Mac Neven, Sampson, O'Connor, etc., but particularly the brave and unfortunate William Michael Byrne, whom he accompanied in his last moments. This heroic martyr to his country's cause was one of the first to be sacrificed for the

efforts he made for its liberty and redemption. — With the rope about his neck, going to the place of execution from his cell, knowing he should pass by the window where Mrs Bond was with her husband, and lest she should see him, and be overwhelmed by the sight, as it was her husband's turn next to be executed, he stooped so low under the window, going nearly on his hands and feet, as not to be seen by her. The presence of mind of this truly great man, an instant before being launched into eternity, is extraordinary indeed, and worthy of being recorded in a history of the sufferings of Ireland.

Being informed that the searching for the men of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, supposed to be hiding in Dublin, had ceased, I took my leave of the worthy priest Mr Barrett, thanking him for his kind hospitality, and returned to the city; but when I arrived at my brother's in New street, I was told that Hunter Gowan, with several of his yeomen, were in town, and that he had already caused many men to be arrested in Kevin street. The poor fellows having left their hiding places and gone to the carmen's inn, there to endeavour to get news from their homes and families, and thus met their most cruel foes, and before they had an opportunity of seeing those county of Wexford carriers, who arrived in Dublin on sunday, to be in time for the markets which were held on mondays.

As soon as I learned this news, and that a general

search was likely to be made throughout those districts or houses frequented by the county of Wexford people, I made haste again to leave the town. Mr George Newton who kept a hotel at Maynooth invited me to spend a few days there; I had also an invitation to the lay college, but I did not think it right to avail myself of it, fearing a student might be expelled for harbouring me there: so after passing a few days at Maynooth, I returned to my brother's, resolved to run any risk rather than quit the city, which offered a better chance for escaping than I could expect in the country, or near Dublin. But I had to remain concealed on sundays and mondays, and not to sleep at my brother's house, in order to avoid meeting the counties of Wexford and Wicklow Orangemen, who were generally seen parading the streets during those days. — After passing a month in this melancholy, uncertain way, my health unfortunately failed, though my courage never did. I fell sick, and had so severe an illness, that it was thought I could not recover. But my dear brother had every care taken of me, and as soon as I became convalescent, being ordered change of air, he took lodgings for me at Butterstown Lane, near a place where he was going to build two houses. I was to be the overseer or superintendant, and to book down the materials, the bricks, the lime, sand, etc., and to give receipts for them, when delivered, and to pay all the workmen on the saturday evenings. — I felt the greatest pleasure in being thus employed, because it afforded me an opportu-

nity of making myself in some way useful to him who had already been at such expence and taken so much trouble to prevent my falling into the hands of those relentless villains, whom nothing could satisfy but blood.

This occupation, besides being useful to my brother, was conducive to my recovery. — I generally went to town late on saturday evening, and returned late on sunday evening, to be at my post early on monday morning, to see that the workmen were arrived and had resumed their labour. This regular occupation, and the sea air and tolerably good living, restored my health, which had been so much injured, to its natural state. My spirits also got better. The war with France was going on, and I hoped consequently, that there was still something good in store for poor Ireland.— The worthy Father Connelly, who had suffered imprisonment in the cause, was the Parish priest at Butterstown Lane. I spent many instructive evenings with him, talking over the state of the country after the union. He was an extremely well-informed, enlightened man, and I listened to his conversation with delight; and I must say, I felt not a little vain of the confidence he seemed to place in me. He wished me to be acquainted with his friend counsellor Mac Canna, who he said, would soon publish a narrative of the cold-blooded murders perpetrated at Carnew and other places, previous to the insurrection. This work never appeared; the counsellor having got a pension, thought it

would answer no purpose to publish such things. — Very likely Father Connelly never knew the reason why the work did not come out.

I have already mentioned in this memoir the result of my interview with this gentleman Mr Mac Canna; he being a roman catholic, and considered a good lawyer, was expected to expose to the word the foul deeds of the cruel ascendency of that period, having collected the necessary documents for such a publication.

Many of the brave county of Wexford men who escaped from the disasters of the Boyne, took refuge in Butterstown Lane, and were living in wretched little cabins, in the back allies, with their female relations, mothers, sisters, wives, etc., all having abandoned their homes. — Amongst them were Stephen and Patt Murray of Crome; the latter was our standard bearer of the Monaseed corps; he was a determined fine fellow who guarded our beautiful green colours throughout all the battles of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, and John Purcel, the son of a respectable mill owner near Craneford, an intrepid, fine young man, whom I had occasion to see in the most perilous situations, and who distinguished himself to the admiration of all who shared the same danger.

I felt the greatest satisfaction at having it in my power to render some service to these unfortunate and brave men. My brother allowed me to employ them at any work they were capable of performing : so they riddled

sand, mixed mortar, etc., etc., and were paid like the others, and this occupation kept them out of harm's way, and enabled them to support their families until something better offered.

I boarded and lodged with an honest, blunt man, of the name of Burnet : he was from the north of Ireland. He kept a huckester's shop, and sold all kinds of groceries. Of course the men employed at the buildings dealt with him, and they found it convenient to have such good things so near, and credit to the end of the week.

My punctuality in returning on sunday night, impressed Burnet for some time with the idea, that « creditors » might contribute to my exactness, and I was not sorry he should think so.

I had frequently visits from my friends during the week, viz : the reverend Father Barrett, who had given up his school at Lucan, and returned to Francis street Chapel, — Neddy Byrne of Ballymanus, and many others. — I accompanied Neddy Byrne one day to call on a rich merchant at his counting house, of the name of Macguire, who traded with Hamburgh, and had just returned from that city, where he had seen Garrett Byrne. — Wishing to let the family hear of their relative, Mr Macguire sent word to Needy Byrne to call on him. The latter of course expected to have some agreeable conversation about his brother, with this wealthy hemp and

flax merchant; but on the contrary, Macguire told him at once, that it would be necessary for him and his two sisters Nelly and Fanny Byrne to sign a deed giving up all claim to the Ballymanus estate, before any thing could be done for their brother Garrett, then an exile at Hamburgh and in great want of money.

I cannot forget Byrne's exclamation when he came out to join me. « How could I have expected any thing good from a fellow covered with « borrough! » — the irish term for tow.

My time passed on at Butterstown Lane well enough, till the news came of the peace of Amiens in march 1802; which to me, were sad tidings indeed. — I had an invitation to dine that same day with a very worthy couple, a Mr and Mrs Byrne of Towns End street. After dinner Mrs Byrne asked me to accompany a young lady, miss Lawless, a cousin of hers (and whom I believe, she and her husband had adopted, having no children of their own), to see the illuminations through the city of Dublin. Of course I could not refuse. Although miss Lawness was a nice sprightly young girl, who took every pains to shew me all the magnificient public buildings, blazing with lights, and quite surpassing any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed, I felt completely cast down and dull. — My spirits sunk, my hopes vanished. — I felt quite ashamed of being in this state reconducting miss Lawless home, but I could not help it.

Mrs Byrne rallied me and said she was sorry to see that the rejoicings did not seem to amuse me much. — After taking some refreshments, I took my leave of them. — The next time I called, I was finely joked for being such a dull company to a young lady! —

I felt unnerved and disappointed at the news of the peace. I had been living in hopes that ere the war terminated, something good would be done for poor Ireland, but now alas! all that ceased, and for the first time, I began to think seriously about my own situation. Having no possession by which I could make a livelihood except farming, or agriculture, in which I had acquired some knowledge on our own land, previous to the insurrection, I often thought of going to America — but what could I do there without capital, and I was not master of any.—

A very worthy man, a Mr Daniel Keagh, a school master, from whom I had learned the little I knew of arithmetic, mensuration, etc., being obliged to reside in Dublin, and being an excellent professor of book-keeping, cheerfully came to give me lessons in that branch of learning. My step brother now thought that with the instructions he could himself give me, I might replace the clerk who kept his books, who sold and measured the timber, etc.

In a very short time I was quite equal to the business, which afforded great pleasure to my dear brother, and gave me rather an agreeable occupation. Though often

busily employed in the timber yard, I could see my friends, and know something of what was then going on in the public world, during this short peace, which I trusted would not last long, and indeed I was not deceived, for in the spring of 1803, the hostilities recommenced between England and France.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with a Mr Norris, a young man of very pleasing manners, who had been set up in a tannery concern at Dolphin's Barn, by Mr John Patten, the brother-in-law of Thomas Addis Emmett. Of course Mr Norris and I had many conversations about that truly patriotic, irish family; I telling him the kind and disinterested part Mr T. A. Emmett took, to obtain justice for the Bally Ellis yeomenry disbanded and disarmed by their chief sir John Jervis White, previous to the insurrection, on the pretext and suspicion of their being united Irishmen. On this Mr Norris asked me, if I should not like to know the youngest brother Robert Emmett, who had just returned from France, having parted with his brother Thomas at Paris. — I need not say how delighted I was at the prospect of being introduced to a young patriot of whom I had heard already so much, that I was quite prepossessed in his favour and longed much to see him. — Next day we met at Mr Norris's, who after introducing us to each other, left us and went away on his own business. — Mr Emmett soon told me his plans; he said he wished to be acquainted

with all those who had escaped in the war of '98, and who continued still to enjoy the confidence of the people; that he had been enquiring since his return, and even at Paris ; — he was pleased to add that he had heard my name mentioned amongst them, etc. He entered into many details of what Ireland had to expect from France, in the way of assistance, now that that country was so energetically governed by the first consul Buonaparte, but who feared (he Buonaparte) that the irish people might be changed, and careless about their independence, in consequence of the union with England. It became obvious therefore that this impression should be removed as soon as possible. Mr R. Emmett told me the station his brother held in Paris, and that the different members of the government there frequently consulted him ; all of them were of opinion that a demonstration should be made by the irish patriots to prove that they were as ready as ever to shake off the english yoke. To which Mr Thomas Addis Emmett replied, it would be cruel to commit the poor Irish people again, and to drive them into another rebellion before they received assistance from France, but at the same time he could assure the french government, that a secret organization was then going on throughout Ireland, but more particularly in the city of Dublin, where large depots of arms, and of every kind of ammunition were preparing with the greatest secrecy, as none but the tried men of 1798 were entrusted with the management of those stores and depots. —

After giving me this explanation, Mr Robert Emmett added, « if the brave and unfortunate lord Edward Fitz-« gerald and his associates felt themselves justified in « seeking to redress Ireland's grievances by taking the « field, what must not be our justification, now that not « a vestige of self government exists, in consequence of « the accursed union; that until this most barbarous, « fraudulent act or transaction took place, from time to « time, in spite of corruption, useful local laws were « enacted for Ireland. Now seven eighths of the population « have no right to send a member of their body to repre-« sent them, even in a foreign parliament, and the other « eighth part of the population are the tools and task « masters, acting for the cruel english government and « its irish ascendency; — a monster still worse if possi-« ble, than foreign tyranny. »

Mr Emmett mentioned again the promises obtained from the chief of the french government, given to himself, his brother, and other leaders, that in the event of a french army landing in Ireland, it should be considered as an auxiliary one, and received on the same principle as general Rochambeau and his army were received by the american people, when fighting for their independence. He added, « that though no one could abhor more « than he did the means by which the first consul came « to be at the head of the french nation, still he was con-« vinced, that this great military chief would find it his « interest to deal fairly by the irish nation, as the best

and surest way to obtain his ends with England : he therefore thought the country should be organized and prepared for those great events, which were now inevitable. That as for himself, he was resolved to risk his life, and to stake the little fortune he possessed, for the accomplishment of those preparations so necessary for the redemption of our unfortunate country from the hands of a cruel enemy. » —

Mr Emmett's powerful, persuasive language, and sound reason — all coming from the heart, left it impossible for any Irishman, impressed with a desire for his country's independence, to make any objection to his plans (particularly, as Ireland's great opportunity seemed now to have arrived for her freedom), save to bide the proper time; and wait for French aid. For my own part, I had no objections to make; I merely observed, that I trusted the poor county of Wexford, and the other parts which suffered in 1798 would be spared until Dublin was ready to begin and take the lead in the struggle : that for the accomplishment of this enterprize there were more than three hundred brave county of Wexford fellows who escaped in '98 and who took refuge in Dublin and the environs, on whom we could count when the time for action arrived, and that with the aid of those tried men, and with the brave Kildare men and Dublin citizens, I trusted success was certain

We settled in this first interview how we were to meet,

without inconvenience to me, as I was a good deal occupied in the office and timber-yard; at the bottom of this yard there was a small garden, and instead of enquiring for me at the office, Mr Emmett, when he called, walked into this garden, where I immediately joined him. If I happened to be out on business, he went to Mr John Palmer's New Road, on the Pottle, where he left any message he might have for me with miss Biddy Palmer in whom he placed implicit confidence: and indeed, no one was ever more worthy of such trust than this young lady, who had suffered severely in 1798, by her father's imprisonment, and the ruin of his affairs, her brother's exile, and death on the continent. Still she bore up under all her misfortunes like a heroine of the olden times, and was a comfort and a consolation to her family and friends — I did not introduce my brother to Mr Emmett, but he knew who he was, and when he called in my absence Mr Kennedy merely told him that I was out, and the time when I should be returned. Nothing more was to pass between them. When I came back and heard that Mr Emmett had called, I went to miss Palmer's where I either met him, or got the message he left for me with this young lady. — As to the secrecy to be observed on the vast preparations now making, Mr Emmett said he was satisfied we had nothing to dread, as none but those who were already well known to have suffered in the cause of Ireland would be employed, and consequently every confidence was placed in them. For this reason, no test, no

oath was taken by any one during those preparations and organization, which was to extend throughout the country.

At our next meeting Mr Emmett told me of the house he had taken in the lane near Thomas street, where he intended to establish a large depot of ammunition, fire-arms of every description, pikes, etc., etc., and from which the Kildare men would be armed to take the city. He also told me of his intention to take a house in Patrick street, as a depot, where war stores of various kinds would be prepared, and from which stores, the counties of Wexford and Wicklow men would be supplied, when the time for action arrived. — Mr Emmett wished to know, on account of the experience I must have had in the insurrection of '98, my opinion about pike handles. I advised him to have them made of red deal, as it would be tedious and difficult to procure the quantity necessary of ash wood. I told him that by choosing boards three inches thick, without knots, and eight or nine feet long, a deep cut in the centre and five flat cuts, each board would produce twelve handles. He being satisfied with this explanation, gave me an order to have seven or eight thousand got ready as soon as possible. A trust-worthy man of the name of Ned Conden, to whom he introduced me, came regularly to the timber-yard, dressed as a carman, and took away those boards to the depot in the lane in Thomas street.

Mr Emmett then devised, what was called the hollow beams, for the purpose of conveying with safety, the pikes when mounted at the Thomas street depot, to the smaller ones through the town. A piece of timber eighteen inches square, ten feet long, had its out-side slabs sawed off about an inch and a half thick; then one foot long of each end of this beam was cut off, and on those two blocks, three of the slabs were nailed or spiked firmly, whilst the fourth slab, serving as the lid, was screwed on. When mud was carelessly spattered on the joints, no one could think that the beam was hollow, though eight feet long of it was a complete case in which the mounted pikes were packed.

After we had settled all things respecting the pike handles, Mr Emmett told me he should want a number of pocket pistols, the barrels of which must only be four inches long, and the caliber to admit a soldier's musket cartridge. He also said, he would want a vast number of short blunderbusses; he asked me if I knew a gunsmith to whom we could apply with safety, to furnish those articles; I answered that I happened to know one in whom I could place the greatest confidence, and whose curiosity would never lead him to enquire whether the fire arms were destined for smugglers or privateers. We then agreed, that I should get Mr M..., the gunsmith to make a pair of pistols and a blunderbuss of the kind we described, and when finished he was to leave them with

me. As I kept the key of the oat binn in the stable, I locked these arms there till Mr Emmett called; when he examined them and heard the low price, he was delighted to know that such articles could be made so cheap with locks and barrels perfect, and though the workmanship might have been better, and the polish higher, still they were all that could be required for the use to which they were destined.

Mr Emmett being quite satisfied, desired me to order one hundred pair of the pocket pistols, and three hundred of the blunderbusses; the barrels of the latter to be of the same iron or metal as the pistols, which would cost less than brass ones; and seeing the promptitude with which those first fire arms were made and delivered, he bid me tell Mr M... the gunsmith to continue getting the blunderbusses made, and to say, that any money he wanted should be advanced to him; but this worthy man would accept none till his merchandise was safely delivered. These details may not interest the reader, but they will shew, that when one individual out of the many engaged in this enterprise, could contribute as I did, that the plan was extensive and carefully carried on, so as to offer every chance of success.

As Mr Emmett on coming to town from Harold's cross, passed by our house, we met almost every day, and every day he had something new to tell me about the prepara-

tions, which he said were progressing rapidly, thanks he added, to the exertions of those true patriots who did not fear to identify themselves with him, if they could redeem their country, and throw off the foreign yoke.

One morning he called earlier than usual, to tell me that there was then a house to let in Patrick street, which was sufficiently extensive for the depot and military stores which we wanted; that he was going into town to try to get a person to go at once and secure it, but lest he should fail, he bid me be on the look out for some one; that a married man would be preferable. In a few minutes after he left me, Mr Macintosh, a worthy scotch patriot, who had been settled in Dublin for some years, and who was married to an irish woman, a miss Keenan, called to buy timber. — I told him that Mr Emmett wanted some one of our friends to take a lease of a house in Patrick street. — He immediately volunteered to go about it.

A short explanation is necessary to shew why scotchmen were concerned in our preparations.

Previous to his leaving France, Mr Robert Emmett became acquainted with a young scotchman, of the name of Campbell who resided in a town in Normandy, on the sea coast; this young man had it in his power not only to render a service to Mr Emmett in getting him a « passage, » but he gave him introductions and a clew to the scotch patriots of the Muir standing, and consequently

to all of them residing in Ireland. Macintosh being amongst the latter, rejoiced to have it in his power to contribute to the freedom of Ireland. But alas! his fate differed widely from that of young Campbell; the latter by the interest of Thomas Addis Emmett with the first consul and the french government, got the rank of officer in the irish legion on its formation in 1803. Though these grades were to be exclusively for irish men, or their sons born in France, recompensing Campbell in this manner, shewed the respect paid to the memory of poor Robert Emmett, and the high consideration his brother enjoyed in France.

Mr Emmett gave the money necessary to Macintosh, who went immediately and took the house in Patrick street, paid six month's in advance, got the lease in his own name, and then set to work to make the changes in the house according to Mr Emmett's instructions. — About this time Michael Quigley who had gone to France after the peace of Amiens, returned to Dublin : he being a skilful bricklayer, and Macintosh an ingenious carpenter, they contrived and made secret closets from the ground floor to the garret, which could never be suspected or discovered, except by those who were in the secret. These secret closets were large enough to hold pikes, fire arms and ammunition for ten thousand men.

Mr Emmett prayed me to get six hundred jointed pike handles prepared by a turner, one half to be three feet

long, the other half two feet and a half long; on the end of this last, was to be placed a small carabine bayonet, or a small pike head, not exceeding six inches in length. This handle extended and stretched out was six feet long; when doubled up, it was only three feet long, which made it easy to be carried and concealed under a great coat. These handles were on the principle of a parasol handle that doubled up, joined together by a small hinge. A tube six inches long covered the joint, pressed forward three inches and then was stopped by a pin. A small spring started up behind to keep it on the joint equal on both sides. Thus it became quite solid, and easier managed than a soldier's musket and bayonet. With this weapon and a blunderbuss slung with a belt from a man's shoulder, he had great advantage in close quarters with the enemy, as it was much easier to charge the blunderbuss than the musket.

Mr Emmett had several square beams twelve feet long, sent to the depot at Thomas street, which he intended to have got bored with a small pump auger, not in the centre, but nearer one side, and the hole was to be perforated to within one foot of the end, and then filled with powder till it came to a foot from the mouth. The hole was then stopped with a plug, a foot long, of the same diameter, well spiked to prevent it from coming out. A touch-hole perforated in the middle of the beam on the side which the bore approached the nearest. A pivot on each end on which common car wheels were placed and turned. Two

cases five feet long each, filled with small stones and combustibles were to be placed on the top of the beam. The explosion of this machine placed as an obstacle before the enemy must have a terrible effect.

Scientific experiments of various kinds were to be tried at the depot at Patrick street. In consequence of the continual passage there, it was thought advisable not to employ too many at this depot, lest their going in and out from so populous a street might cause suspicions. The two Keenans, Macintosh's brothers-in-law were to be among those who were to be employed and intrusted with the secret. A man of the name of Derby Byrne who had been condemned to be shot after the insurrection of the county of Wexford, saved himself by inlisting into the english service. He was discharged after the peace of Amiens, and being afraid to return to his own home amongst the Orangemen of his neighbourhood, he applied to me to see if I could get him any thing to do. He had no trade; he said he had sometimes been employed making ball cartridges. He was sober and well behaved, and as a proof that the contact with the mercenary soldiers did not affect his morals, he had money which he had saved in the service. Mr Emmett was quite pleased to have such a worthy person placed as an inmate at the depot.

There was a man who went by the name of Johnstone, who had spent several years in the East India service, where he had frequently been employed in preparing

fire-works. Perhaps this man with Robert Emmett were the real inventors of those rockets, latterly universally known under the appellation of Congreve rockets — be that as it may, I think it only right to relate here all I know of the matter. At Mr Emmett's request I called on M. M... the gunsmith, and shewed him a strong piece of paper shaped in a certain way, which was to serve as a model to have tubes twenty inches long, two and a half inches diameter, cut out of strong sheet iron; as soldering would be liable to melt with the fire, they were to be clasped and well hammered on the joints, which would render them quite solid. The sloped shape at one end formed a point like an arrow. The gunsmith soon brought me a tube made after the model with which both Mr Emmett and Johnstone were well pleased. — Consequently I had to tell him to have several hundreds of the same description made as soon as possible.

Johnstone set to work mixing the ingredients to fill those tubes, composed of powder, nitre, sulphur, etc., and when this stuff was prepared, it had the appearance of wet mortar. But every thing was done according to Mr Emmett's instructions; he consulted a scientific work respecting the way such materials should be prepared, and even the way the tubes were to be filled, the size of each portion to be put in at a time, the weight of the hammer, the plug to drive it down, the number of strokes to be given before another portion was put in.

An iron needle was placed in the centre of the tube

around which the mortar was tempered, and when the needle was drawn out, the hole was then filled with powder. Thus prepared, they were to be fastened with strong wire to a slight pole about eight feet long; at one end, and from the other end a card prepared as a fusee would convey the fire to the mouth of the tube. A small trestle four feet high on which the pole was to rest to be poised and set off in the direction of the enemy. — Hand grenades and other such missiles were getting ready as rapidly as could be expected, as well as the pikes, at the Thomas street depot. — Besides the two depots, four houses were procured in different parts of the town, the most convenient to have pikes and arms deposited safely in them. — It may be seen by these arrangements, that ample means could be counted on for arming the citizens who intended taking a part in the struggle. It is necessary also to mention the manner they were organized for this event, and which I shall endeavour to relate here as briefly as possible. — In the first place, chiefs who could mix with the people without causing suspicion, were generally chosen in preference to men holding a higher station, though the latter were equally devoted and ready to risk their lives and fortunes

A man of the name of James Hope, who had been advantageously known to Sam Nelson, and many other Northern patriots of 1798, by trade a linen weaver, took a ground floor on the Comb; his loom and the web

which was mounted on it could be seen from the street. This man was without exception the best person that could be intrusted with the organization of his own class in the Liberty of Dublin, from which class, the fighting men were expected to come. Hope was sober, prudent and unassuming; he spoke and reasoned justly. — He soon made acquaintance with the persons of his own trade who had acquired reputation as good, honest patriots, and to them he communicated the general plan. He promised them nothing which he could not prove to them would be realized when the time for action arrived. Those brave fellows set to work to assist him, and in less than two months after, James Hope reported that five thousand were organized and ready. — Another man whose brilliant conduct during the insurrection, I have already mentioned, in the beginning of these memoirs, was Mathew Doyle who lived near Arklow. After the battle of Vinegar hill he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the english. He had no alternative between enlisting as a mercenary soldier or being shot. He was in the prime of life and was very intelligent. His regiment made part of sir Ralph Abercrombie's army in Egypt. Though quitting his wife, and all that was dear to him, Doyle did not despond, nor relinquish the hope of being one day able to serve again his own country. He therefore began to study military tactics in the most assiduous manner, and he soon succeeded in acquiring great knowledge of the subject. This, with his gentlemanlike conduct could not fail to attract

the notice of the officers of his regiment. They had him named « sergeant; » it was all they could obtain for an irish rebel chief, though he had displayed both skill and bravery fighting against the french in Egypt.

The regiment Doyle belonged to being disbanded at the peace of Amiens, he was discharged; but as he could not venture to return to his home, amongst the vindictive Orangemen of Arklow, he stopped in Dublin, in hopes of finding some honourable occupation. — I mentioned Doyle's situation to Mr Emmett and all the particulars about the active way he had been employed by some of the principal heads of the united Irishmen in organizing that system in the years 1797 and 1798. « Oh! he is just the man we want » he replied « let me be introduced to him immediately. » Doyle soon became what he had been formerly, a safe agent and an indefatigable organizer, preparing his countrymen residing in Dublin and its vicinity, as well as the citizens, to hold themselves in readiness to take arms when called on. His military experience added weight to the influence he had amongst the men of '98 who recollected him as an intrepid leader. — Mr Emmett considered Doyle a great acquisition, and he received him most kindly and frankly, taking pains to initiate him into the preparations then going on, and telling him all his hopes and plans; all in such powerful and eloquent language, that poor Doyle felt highly honoured and flattered; but he could not conceive how so young a man could possess such uncommon intellect; —

he was not the only one who admired Robert Emmett's extraordinary « persuasive » talent. I shall relate another instance of it. — A Mr Butler, a county of Wexford gentleman residing in Dublin, invited me one sunday to a dinner party he was giving at George Nowlan's Hotel at Maynooth, in honour of the brave Thomas Cloney, who had just returned from England, where he had been exiled after his trial and imprisonment in 1798. — Mr Cloney and I took a walk after dinner. Of course our first conversation turned on the failure of the insurrection and its disastrous consequences in the county of Wexford; his own long sufferings, etc., etc. After which he asked me, if I had heard that young Emmett, the brother of Thomas Addis Emmett, was then organizing the country, to be ready to rise when a french army should land. I replied that I had ; he then asked me if I knew any one who was acquainted with young Emmett. I told him I did. He then expressed a desire to be introduced to Mr Emmett, in order to « dissuade » him from his rash scheme. I promised to let him know next day, when he could have the interview he desired. — Being joined by the rest of the company, we all returned to Dublin by the canal boat.

Mr Cloney not wishing to be committed to people he did not know, called on me early in the morning to ascertain the name of the person through whose means an interview with Robert Emmett was to be procured to him.

I told him, that on that head he need have no apprehension, for I was that person; that I had seen Mr Emmett the night before, after I had come to town; and that he seemed delighted at the prospect of becoming acquainted with so true a patriot as Mr Cloney. — He fixed with me, to have a rendez vous at Harold's Cross green, about dusk. — Mr Cloney returned in the evening, and we walked out to the green at Harold's Cross. I soon perceived at some distance Robert Emmett, walking along and musing, and tapping the ground with his little cane, in his accustomed way. — After I introduced them, I retired to a distance and walked up and down, as they did, for three quarters of an hour.

I can never forget the impression this meeting made on me at the time — to see two heroic patriots, equally devoted to poor Ireland, discussing the best means of obtaining her freedom. — The contrast in the appearance of the two was very great. — Emmett slight, and under the middle size; Cloney almost gigantic, being six feet three or four inches high, and well proportioned.

When their long conversation was ended, they came and joined me. On taking leave of us, Mr Emmett said in a familiar manner to me, « Miles, I shall call on you in the morning. » He then left us and went to his lodgings, and we returned to town. On the way, Mr Cloney asked me why I did not tell him the day before at Maynooth, that I was personally acquainted with Mr Emmett, and on such intimate terms with him. I answered : « I could

not tell you more than I did, until I had his permission to do so. » — « It is very true » he replied, « you would have been wrong to have acted otherwise. » He then exclaimed, « I have heard a great deal about that young « man's talents, but certainly he far surpasses any thing « one can imagine. His powers of reasoning and persua- « sion are such, that an objection can scarcely be made « to any of his plans; which indeed, if judiciously car- « ried on, and put into execution by determined, honest « and devoted patriots, must succeed, as soon as a french « army is landed in any part of the country. As soon as « the english garrison is ordered off to meet the french, « Dublin will be easily taken, if the citizens shew bra- « very, and do their duty, as it may be expected they « will, from the organization which Mr Emmett tells me « is in progress through the city. As to the counties, « though it is pretty certain they will rise, when it is « known that the metropolis is in the hands of the peo- « ple, still he told me, a judicious organization is going « on in nineteen counties of Ireland, and which I was very « glad to learn. » — Arriving in town, Mr Cloney and I separated, well-pleased with the way we had spent the evening, and agreeing to meet often on the same important business.

Mr Emmett's plan for the organization of the counties was simple, and easily executed. — It consisted in procuring the names and places of abode of those brave fel-

lows in each district, who had acquired the reputation of being good patriots in 1798, and who still enjoyed the confidence of the people. As numbers of this class came frequently to Dublin on business, where I met those to whom I was personnally known, and through them got introduced to many others, in a short time I was enabled to make out a list of them for three counties — viz : Carlow, Wicklow and Wexford. Mr Emmett saw these men individually, fixed with them the manner they were to hear from him without any risk. He defrayed the expences of those who could not afford to stop in town; he told them of all things to advise the people not to pretend to be occupied about the war, and never on any account to allow them to plunder fire arms from the enemy, which would only serve to have martial law proclaimed in the country.

Previous to the departure of these countrymen, Mr Emmett gave to each of them, three small ivory counters. — On one side of which were three peculiar marks engraved, or rather « branded, » for it was with red hot iron they had been marked. Another of the counters had two marks, and the third had but one. They were recommended never to shew these counters, except to persons who could produce similar ones. — A messenger would be sent from the provisional government to report on the situation of the counties, and would get the counter with one mark, and when he shewed it to the men who he was

told held the counterpart, they shewed him theirs, and would then give him all the informatiou in their power about men and things. — The messenger or bearer of the counter with the two marks, was to have more extensive instructions than the others; he, in conjunction with the patriots of the districts were to devise the safest and best means of procuring arms, and he was to be instructed with the money necessary to defray all the expences. — The person who presented the ivory counter bearing the three brands, would come directly from the provisional government, with final instructions and orders to begin the fight, and for the general rising « en masse » of the districts organized for that purpose. Thus it may be seen that Mr Emmett's plans were going on quietly and progressively in many of the counties, as well as in the city of Dublin. The brave and gallant Thomas Russell found the preparations in this forward state, when he arrived from France, accompanied by his niece's husband Mr Hamilton. Some persons thought it was very injudicious to bring over these gentlemen so soon. First, on account of the large sum of money that had to be sent to Paris to defray their expences there, and the exorbitant price which had to be paid for a vessel to bring them, and this at a time when money was so much required to purchase fire-arms In the next place, the great difficulty and danger which would occur in preparing them a safe dwelling to reside in, both being proscribed men. But Russell's name and great reputation in the North of Ireland

out-weighed all other considerations. Therefore Robert Emmett had to take a house in Butterfield Lane, to change completely his simple mode of living, and to go and reside in that house, with Russell, Hamilton and Dowdall: the latter got his liberty at the peace of Amiens, when his fellow-prisoners at fort George in Scotland, had to expatriate themselves for ever. — This new establishment became very expensive, tho' the inmates slept on mattrasses laid on the floors, and though they lived very plainly. The trusty attendants of the family of Michel Dwyer, the brave Wicklow mountain chief, added not a little to the expence. — Still they were honest and frugal and their service was considered a safe-guard and an acquisition, on account of their connexion with the famous Dwyer. — Mr John Palmer who had all the provisions bought in Dublin, and sent to the country, often complained of the enormous waste and extravagance going on at « the Palace, » as he called the house in Butterfield Lane. But the inconvenience and danger of having such numbers of persons frequently assembled there, was still worse. One day I am sure we were thirty at dinner. The fact was, we were all anxious to meet Mr Russell, and to hear from him, who had left Paris so recently, what was to be expected from the french government. His explanation on this point did not afford much satisfaction. He however expressed his own decided opinion that the irish people should begin at once and free themselves. He added, that he was sure the north would rise to a man; and

he dwelt so long on this subject, and appeared so enthusiastic and serious in his belief about what he advanced respecting the rising of the north of Ireland, that several of those present, particularly Cloney, Phill Long, Gray, Allan, Hughes, etc., consulted Mr Emmett about the necessity of ascertaining how far the citizens of the northern districts could be relied on in the present situation of the country; as it had often been said of them that their politics had greatly changed since 1798. — After some discussion they decided that a county of Wexford man of intelligence should be got to accompany James Hope in a tour through the north of Ireland, and they also decided that the man should be chosen by me. I knew many amongst the brave fellows who fought beside me in the insurrection, in whom I could place every confidence, but a mission of this nature required an observing man of discretion and sound judgment who would be able to report on all he saw and learned in his tour when he returned. Michel Berney who resided in Dublin after his escape from the county of Wexford, consented to accompany Hope. I presented him to MM. Emmett and Russell. They seemed quite pleased with him, and gave him the necessary instructions how he was to act at the night meetings, where he would have to attend during his mission to the north. — Mr Berney had a large connexion and many relatives in Dublin; he was first cousin to the unfortunate Denis Redmond, of whom I shall have to speak hereafter. — Hope and Berney spent fifteen days

going through the different districts of the north; and their report on returning to Dublin, was certainly more favourable than was expected. At every meeting the greatest veneration and admiration was expressed for the honourable part that Thomas Russell had acted in the years '97 and '98, and those present seemed proud to have him once more at their head to lead them to victory: and when they were told by Berney and Hope, that Dublin should be taken, which would be the signal for all Ireland to rise, « oh! then » they cried, « we pledge ourselves not to be the last ». Indeed this was the general feeling and opinion manifested in the other provinces, as well as in the north. Let the capital once be in possession of the citizens, then the counties would soon rise, and disarm the few english soldiers dispersed through the country. It was in consequence of the certainty of this general belief respecting the metropolis, that Robert Emmett employed all the resources in his power for the preparations and organization of the city of Dublin. Unfortunately one of the most active agents, Mathew Doyle, fell sick at this time, the beginning of july; he was seized with rheumatic gout and lost the use of his limbs. — I often called on him, and it made me melancholy to see so fine a fellow rendered useless. He however kept up his spirits and he bid me tell Mr Emmett, that he hoped to be recovered ere we should be obliged to take the field.

A determined man whose eagerness to forward and serve the sacred cause of freedom, and the independence of his country, and whose daring, resolute designs for this purpose could not be surpassed, was, Mr Brangan of Irishtown : he possessed all these qualities. — He had a wife and several children whom he tenderly loved, yet no consideration could prevent him sharing the dangers of our struggle. He requested me to introduce to him some of the counties of Wexford and Wicklow men who resided in his neighbourhood; he wished particularly to know those who were employed at Mr Haig's distillery. In a short time he had those intrepid refugees organized and ready for action. In consequence, he made a proposal to Mr Emmett to surprise and take the Pigeon house, when the signal from the city should be given. Mr Emmett cheerfully accepted Mr Brangan's bold offer, and promised him to have small depots of arms placed at his disposition as soon as possible.

Mr Brangan's conduct and services as an officer of the irish legion, could often be cited to prove that he was ever ready to undertake the most perilous missions I could mention many instances myself where he was unhappy because it was the turn of the other officers and not his, to be ordered to attack a strong position or mount a breach. Though all this could only be known subsequently to Brangan's volunteering to take the Pigeon house, it suffices to shew that at that period, he had the love of distinction, as well as the love of country at heart.

When Robert Emmett appointed him to the command, he immediately bought general's epaulets, fully determined to prove that he was worthy of wearing them. Such men are precious and wanted at the commencement of every dangerous enterprise.

3d of july. — Our preparations progressing rapidly in every part of the city ; with the greatest caution however and circumspection : no one meddling with the concerns of others, solely occupied with his own part. The Kildare men working day and night at the depot in the lane of Thomas street, mounting pikes, and preparing other war implements; houses getting ready to serve as small depots to receive them.

An incident which took place about this time, the beginning of july, will shew how much the honest James Hope was thought of both by the leaders and others. One day several county of Wexford men came to tell me, with sorrow, that they had met James Hope who told them, that he was going to the north with Mr Russell. I saw Mr Emmett next day at Butterfield lane when I mentioned to him in Mr Russell's presence, how sorry the Wexford men, were to learn that Hope would not remain to act with them in Dublin. I had scarcely uttered the last word, when Mr Russell said, « you may keep him, you « certainly take off my right arm, but I shall march « myself with an imposing force from the north on Du- « blin. » Mr Emmett smiled, and we began to speak of

other matters; of those concerning the tubes and rockets getting ready at the depot at Patrick street; he said he wished to try one of them, and he appointed me to come out next evening that we might go into the country a little distance, that this experiment might not attract any notice.

Johnstone who was making the rockets, brought one of them ready prepared, so we all went into the fields; that is, Mr Emmett, Russell, Dowdell, Hamilton, etc. The rocket was made fast to a pole with wire, and rested on a trestle; the match being put to it, it went off like a thunderbolt, carrying the pole along with it, and throwing flames and fire behind, as it advanced, and when it fell, it went on tearing up the ground till the last of the matter with which it was filled was completely consumed. Mr Emmett and Johnstone were quite satisfied with the effect it produced, and they decided that all the rockets or tubes should be prepared and filled in the same manner; the card which was placed along the pole to serve as a train or match did not communicate the fire quick enough, but that was easily remedied at the depot by preparing others with stronger liquid, etc.

Though Mr Cloney and others whose experience in the insurrection of 1798 had taught them to appreciate the best and cheapest way of arming the people, in the event of a general rising, could not entirely approve Robert Emmett's learned and scientific experiments, solely on account of the expence incurred at a moment when mo-

ney was so much wanted to buy fire-arms and ammunition; yet they little thought how the preparations of these tubes and rockets would cause the accident and explosion in the depot at Patrick street, which brought on the premature and untimely rising, and thus all Mr Emmett's vast and well combined plans be frustrated. — Alas! fate decided against him.

From the time the depot was established in Patrick street, I made it a point whenever I went out on business, to return that way, to see that all was right there. On saturday the 16th of july, I had been at a funeral in Bishop street, and in coming back by the depot, I saw a number of people assembled before the house. The first person I addressed told me, that an explosion of some kind of combustible ingredients had taken place inside, and three men were desperately wounded and carried off to the hospital. Poor Macintosh coming out of the house confirmed all I had heard. His brother-in-law, young Keenan, Derby Byrne, and Johnstone were taken to the hospital before he arrived. The men who escaped and remained in the depot, told us, that what they thought caused the explosion, was, Johnstone had been trying a fusee or match, in an inner room, and came out into the one where the composition matter for filling the rocket tubes was placed in a corner, and that a spark of fire must have been brought on his shoe, which communicated with the pile in the corner. That the explosion took

place the instant he entered the room; the windows were broken, the poor men thrown through them into the street, etc., this was all they were able to tell us.

Our situation can be more easily imagined than described. It was dreadful to think of three of our men being in the hospital, at the disposition of the government, whose agents by torture and other means could extort from them all our plans and secrets. — Macintosh had the window and the other things deranged by the explosion, put in the best order possible, to prevent suspicion. Both he and I wondered that the police had not taken possession of the depot, and we feared that they were only waiting for the purpose of seeing the persons who would frequent the house, in order to have them arrested.

Mr Emmett on being apprized of this unfortunate explosion naturally enough conjectured that all his plans and preparations would soon become known to the government. He resolved in consequence, to hold a council of the principal leaders then in Dublin, at which council it was decided, if not forced to act sooner, saturday evening following, the 23d july, was finally fixed for the general attack on the city and castle, and that every means should be taken to apprize the counties, to follow the example of Dublin.

Mr Russell and Hamilton set off for the north, and unluckily James Hope accompanied them. His presence at

this critical moment in Dublin, would have been invaluable; he was so devoted to the cause, so active, and so well known to all those employed in the different depots. He would have been useful beyond measure, carrying the despatches and giving the verbal orders of the chiefs; besides, there was no one appointed to replace him with the Liberty people, whom he had organized for action. However the other leaders who remained in town, had still seven days more before them to prepare for this immediate struggle to shake off for ever the yoke of England.

Mr Emmett confiding in me to procure a house to replace the depot in Patrick street, from which the arms and ammunition should be instantly removed, if the government did not take possession of it, I consulted Michel Berney, who told me, he was sure his cousin Denis Redmond would lend a house he was getting repaired, and where he intended to reside when he got married : it was on the coal quay, and not far from the castle. The situation was the one Mr Emmett desired so much on account of its proximity to the seat of the government. Young Redmond at once consented, and gave the keys of his house to his cousin, and seemed highly flattered at the confidence put in him, and bid us tell Mr Emmett that he might reckon on his aid in every way to forward the cause of freedom. It was the more meritorious on the part of this brave fine young fellow, who only heard for the first time of Mr Emmett's plans, when asked to lend his

house; his cousin did not like he should be initiated sooner, lest he should neglect his business, and particularly his marriage,

Mr Emmett was quite conscious of the perilous situation of those who would be employed in removing the arms and ammunition from the depot to the coal quay; in short, he considered it a forlorn hope; he feared that ere then, all was discovered to the agents of the government. I promised him, that notwithstanding all the risk, I would undertake the task, and we then agreed on the safest way of carrying it into effect. — I engaged a sufficient number of men in whom I could confide, to meet me at dusk, dressed in their great coats, under which they could easily carry concealed, blunderbusses, jointed pikes, ammunition, etc.; we walked two and two, and at a certain distance from one another, so as to attract no notice, and after making many journeys in this way during the night without meeting any serious obstacle, at the point of day, we had every article fit for use removed to Redmond's house on the coal quay, and those not finished, put into the secret closets. — One barrel or cask of ball cartridges and flints however still remained, but it was to be brought to Mr Palmer's on the Poddle, who was to have it sent to the country for Dwyer's use in the Wicklow mountains. — I desired two men to carry the cask between them, but finding it not too heavy, one of them, a stout young man of the name of Murphy, preferred taking it on his shoulder. Just as he knocked at

Mr Palmer's hall door, he was surrounded by several watchmen who seized the barrel and carried it off with them. I only stopped an instant behind to send one of the men to the depot at Thomas street to tell them there how we had succeeded, and when I resumed my march, I met poor Murphy coming back to tell me what had happened. Fortunately all the men were not gone away, six or eight of them lodged close by and were still with me, so we instantly pursued the watchmen and overtook them near Coulan's brewery, in New Row. Here a regular combat ensued; two of the watchmen were carrying the cask, and the others guarding them; I told our men by no means to use their fire-arms, so the poor watchmen were knocked down with paving stones, and the cask retaken and carried off this time by two men. But we now had to shew the other watchmen, who attempted to follow us, that we were well armed and determined to defend our property, calling them robbers, and telling them on their peril to advance a step. The fact was, they took us for smugglers. Let that be as it may, it was fortunate no shot was fired, as the Coomb Guard house was hard by, and the sentry was walking before the door, now broad day light. — Whilst we were keeping back the watchmen, Michael Berney had the barrel safely deposited with a dairy man whom he knew in New street, and in the course of the day, Arthur Develin, Dwyer's cousin took it to the country. The messenger whom I sent to report our success in getting the stores removed to the coal

quay, learned on his way about the cask of ammunition having been seized : so Mr Emmett heard the good and the bad report at the same time He instantly sallied out from the depot at Thomas street (where he had spent the night), at the head of several men well armed, to come to my assistance, and he had advanced as far as Francis street, when he was told that we had retaken the ammunition cask, and that all was right again. He then returned with his men to the depot; fortunately they attracted no notice, it was so early in the day, and they were enchanted with his decision and courage on this occasion. —

Having spent the whole of saturday night in the most agitated state that ever human being could experience, I stood in the greatest need of repose and sleep, but I found it impossible to have either. It being sunday, and the last sunday that would intervene before the rising, I had to go through the town and endeavour to see the men on whom I counted, at their respective lodgings, to tell them to hold themselves in readiness and well prepared; that the die was cast, the day and the hour fixed for the general attack on the city. Had all the « leaders » who promised to be at the posts assigned them, been exact and done their duty, or even had they come to the depot to assist Mr Emmett in the first bustle, their presence then would have caused more discipline, and in spite of mistakes and accidents, we should have taken the castle;

and once in possession of it, the english had not sufficient forces to retake it, and make head against the thousand armed citizens who would meet in the morning, and the thousands of armed men pouring in from all parts of the country. — Alas! fate decided it otherwise. The ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmett desired that his epitaph should remain uninscribed till better times. — His will in that respect should be adhered to by every true irish patriot; and now, were I not finishing my notes which commence with the memorable epoch of 1798 in the county of Wexford, and finish in Ireland at Dublin 1803, I might omit making any allusion to Mr Emmett, but as I glory in my participation with him, I cannot here avoid giving a short, simple, accurate sketch of Mr Emmett's extensive plan for the independence of Ireland, and mentioning at the same time, the part I took to forward all his views. In short, from the day I became acquainted with him until I sailed from Dublin and arrived in Paris, to terminate my mission from him to his brother Mr Thomas Addis Emmett.

On monday the 18th of july, I went to all the public houses usually frequented by the working classes that day; there I met many of those I wanted to see, and fixed with them the rendez-vous for saturday evening the 23d of july; going through the city in every direction, I often met my acquaintances who were employed on the same business; such as, John Allen, Felix Roorke, etc., the latter dined sometimes at my brother's in New street.

I considered him a very discreet, safe man. He seemed to have great influence amongst the Kildare men. — Of those Kildare men I only was in the habit of seeing on business Quigley, Ned Conden and one or two others, but I was well satisfied with regard to their experience and devotion to the cause we were engaged in. — Poor Mathew Doyle of whom I have already spoken, he was still sick, and his absence was much felt: however all those whom he knew in Dublin and its environs, promised to come and join me at the Coal quay or in Ship street and they kept their word like undaunted men.

A man of the name of Mac Cabe, kept a public house in Francis street. He had gained a certain reputation for patriotism and bravery in the insurrection of 1798. This sufficed to make his house be much frequented by many who had escaped to Dublin at that period. One day in the beginning of july, I met Mac Cabe, he told me, knowing as he did so many of the brave county of Wexford men, whenever the rising took place, he would like to act with us. Of course I replied how happy we should be to have such distinguished patriots as him in our ranks. — When the day was fixed, I reminded Mac Cabe of our previous conversation, to which he answered, that by a subsequent arrangement, he was to act with John Allen of College Green, and other Dublin leaders of his acquaintance; he hoped however that we should often meet, once our sacred enterprise was crowned with success. Mac Cabe was rather well-looking; he had a frank-

ness of manner, an earnestness about our cause, which prepossessed one in his favour. For my own part I had every confidence in him, and if he had not had the misfortune to be arrested at his own door, armed with a blunderbuss, endeavouring to get into his house, at the dawn of day, the morning after the sad failure in Thomas street, the government never would have had his services as a vile informer at the castle of Dublin.

The hollow beams I have already described were now invaluable; as in them the long mounted pikes were conveyed every day through the city to different houses, where they were safely deposited. — Ammunition and fire-arms were brought by confidential persons, concealed under their great coats, late in the evening : in short all that was possible to be done in so short a time, was eagerly executed; so that the leaders on saturday morning were satisfied that they could arm the men who promised to meet them in the evening with pikes and fire-arms.

Now the final plan to be executed, consisted principally in taking the castle, whilst the Pigeon house, Island Bridge, the royal barracks, and the old custom house barracks were to be attacked, and if not surprized and taken, they were to be blockaded, and intrenchments thrown up before them. Obstacles of every kind to be created through streets, to prevent the english cavalry from charging. The castle once taken, undaunted men, materials, implements of every description would be

easily found in all the streets in the city, not only to impede the cavalry, but to prevent infantry from passing through them.

As I was to be one of those persons designed to cooperate with Robert Emmett in taking the castle of Dublin, I shall here relate precisely the part which was allotted to me in this daring enterprize. — I was to have assembled early in the evening of saturday the 23d of july 1803, at the house of Denis Lambert Redmond on the Coal quay, the Wexford and Wicklow men, to whom I was to distribute pikes, arms and ammunition, and then a little before dusk, I was to send one of the men well known to Mr Emmett, to tell him that we were at our post, armed and ready to follow him; — that men were placed in the house in Ship street ready to seize on the entrance to the castle on that side, at the same moment the principal gate would be taken.

Mr Emmett was to leave the depot at Thomas street at dusk, with six hackney coaches, in each of which, six men were to be placed, armed with jointed pikes and blunderbusses, concealed under their coats. The moment the last of these coaches had passed Redmond's house where we were to be assembled, we were to sally forth and follow them quickly into the castle court yard, and there to seize and disarm all the sentries and to replace them instantly with our own men, etc.

Now having had a perfect understanding with Robert Emmett on the different points intrusted to my care, I

waited with patience and fortitude the moment agreed on between us for the attack on the castle, and so early as seven o'clock, the brave men who promised me began to arrive at Redmond's house, coal quay, and before eight o'clock, they numbered more than I counted on, because William Darcy and many Dublin citizens came to join us here; and I must say, that this brave young man was of infinite service and comfort to me on this momentous occasion.

It was now the time to send the confidential person to the depot at Thomas street; I chose Patt Ford, a county of Wexford man, who had distinguished himself very much in the insurrection of '98, and he being acquainted with Mr Emmett and knowing many of the men employed at the depot, I could not have made a better choice. Ford had for instructions, the moment he saw Mr Emmett and his men in the hackney coaches, to precede them as quickly as he could, to let us know that they were coming, and as they were to drive in their slow ordinary way, so as not to attract notice, he would thus have easily had time to rejoin us at the coal quay, and the distance from thence to the castle being so short, we hoped we should be in possession of the seat of government in a very few minutes afterwards Patt Ford must have told Mr Emmett how we were ready, anxiously waiting his arrival.

Great silence and quietness prevailed on the quays on both sides of the river, and not the least movement of

troops was to be perceived at either the old custom house barracks or the castle. I had three of our men continually passing before those places and returning to tell us what they saw, and one of them passed through the castle yard from Ship street at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Our situation became every moment more distressing and perilous. The time passed that Mr Emmett was to have joined us. We naturally conjectured that something extraordinary had occurred which prevented him apprizing us of the cause of the delay, and as to Patt Ford, we feared he was arrested, for otherwise he would have come back to us ; under these afflicting surmises, I hastened to send another trust worthy person who knew also about the depot in the lane off Thomas street; Mr Terence Kavanagh of Anagh, county of Wexford, was my messenger this time. He soon returned with the sad intelligence of the disasters. He went first to the depot, and there, outside the door, saw pikes strewed about the street, and from thence he went to the market house at Thomas street, where he saw other proofs of the failure, and of the unfortunate events which took place there. — By the time Kavanagh got back to us we could hear the patrole on the quay at the other side, which an instant before was so silent. And now the gates of the castle were closed and artillery was brought to defend them. — We decided on quitting the house, which poor Redmond locked up. We then marched through Nicholas street, Patrick

street, New street, etc., meeting nothing to impede our march except the watchmen who were easily put aside. We were in hopes every moment to meet Mr Emmett and the Kildare men who left the depot with him ; but getting no intelligence whatever about the place he had retired to, after marching and countermarching nearly the whole night about the streets of the Liberty, we agreed to separate, each to go to his home, or to some friend's house, so as not to be seen in the streets when the day appeared. — Fearing it might compromise my step-brother Edward Kennedy, I did not go to his house in New street. I recollected a worthy man Mr M... who kept lime kilns in the Liberty, and who furnished lime to my brother. He opened his door when I knocked and told him how I did not wish to be seen in the street at so early an hour in the morning. Michael Berney, my steady companion, was with me, and we were shewn up to a garret loft, from which we could get out on the roofs of the neighbouring houses, and thereby have a chance of escaping, if the premises were searched. — We spent all sunday the 24th of july on this loft; not wishing further to endanger our hospitable host, when it became dark, we quit our retreat and went along the circular road to a lane off Sackville street, to a Mrs Tool's lodgings; she was a widow, and a county of Wexford woman; she had her nephew John Sheridan, and his comrade Sawyers, boarding and lodging with her. This good woman readily consented to let Berney and me pass the night in her house. A small

closet, with a bed belonging to her nephew was given up to us, whilst he and his comrade slept on a mattrass in the outer room. Berney and I lay on the bed inside, in our clothes Between ten and eleven o'clock, Sheriff Cash, at the head of several armed yeomen, came to Mrs Tool's, to know from her, if she had not strangers lodging in her house; she with great composure answered, you see Mr Sheriff, I have only my nephew and his comrade, both you know work for your honour; pointing at the same time to where they were lying. Sheriff Cash kept a timber yard, and fortunately he knew Mrs Tool, and seemed satisfied that she told him the truth; for going away, he bid her a very good night, calling her by her name in a friendly manner. — I must say that Berney and I heard the last words of the Sheriff with delight; our situation being so perilous, having no means left us for escape, had a search been made by the Orange yeomen; we were only armed with the short pocket pistols which I have already described, of musket caliber, four inch barrels. Indeed it is only justice to say that Sheriff Cash was really « gallant » on this occasion; he left his guards at the door, and did not allow them to enter the « lady's » apartment whilst he was questioning her about the persons she lodged, etc.

Good Mrs Tool went early in the morning to apprize my brother of our situation; she returned quickly to tell me, that the timber yard was as usual open, and business seemingly going on as before, which delighted me,

as I feared my brother might be arrested and thrown into prison, on account of his place being so much frequented by the persons now involved in our unlucky attempt. — Berney and I spent monday the 25th of july in our closet, anxiously waiting my brother's arrival. When he came at dusk, we both walked out with him. Michael Berney leaving us to go to his sister Mrs Murphy's whom Mr Kennedy had had the precaution to inform that she might expect her brother that evening.

As the names of all persons lodging in each house was ordered by the municipal authorities to be pasted up on the outside door, no alternative was left but to remain at our dwellings, or be liable to be out-lawed. I chose the former, and on tuesday morning the 26th I had the yard opened, and I endeavoured to assume a business-like air, as if nothing had happened. God only knew my afflicted state, at every moment expecting to be arrested, and then not hearing any thing of what had become of dear Robert Emmett augmented the sadness of my situation beyond description. — Fortunately in the midst of my perplexities, the truest and most generous of our associates, Mr Phil Long, sent word to me to meet him at Stephens Green, and after we had spoken over the failure and disaster at Thomas street, he nobly told me, that as long as he had the means, and he was then rich, that the brave men who should have the misfortune to be arrested and committed to prison, should not be abandoned; that the best lawyers should be retained to defend them, etc.,

and he begged me to be the bearer of his intentions on the matter to the respective families when any of their members had the misfortune to be imprisoned : but his name was not to be mentioned in those transactions. As one could not be too cautious to avoid being committed unnecessarily in those dangerous times, Mr Long arranged with me to meet him every morning at a certain hour at Stephens Green ; he did not like to call on me, lest he might be followed by a spy, and for the same reason, he did not wish me to call on him at his house in Crow street.

Mr Phil Long thought it would be advisable and politic to give some money to Mrs Mac Cabe, the wife of the unfortunate man who had been arrested on sunday morning the 24th at his own door, armed with a blunderbuss, and brought from thence to the castle, where no doubt he had been put to the torture in order to extort from him all he knew respecting our organization.

I called on Mrs Mac Cabe; her house in Francis street being shut up, she was lodging with a friend in the same street, when I gave her the ten pound note and told her that the gentleman who sent her the money bid me tell her, that neither she nor her husband should ever want, as long as he lived ; the unfortunate woman burst into a flood of tears, and it was some time before she could answer me, apparently conscious that her husband did not merit such kindness. She told me she was not allowed to speak

to him, but in the presence of two keepers of the castle; but she thought that even in their presence she could say to him that she had kind friends who promised not to neglect her. I told Mrs Mac Cabe to be careful never to mention any names and I promised to return again to see her.

Every time Mr Long and I met, we had to communicate to each other something sad respecting persons arrested. Still we hoped that there would be no informers, as the men in the secret were sober and prudent, and being now put on their guard against the spies which no doubt would be sent amongst them hereafter, there was less to be dreaded on that score; and it must be said to the honour of all those concerned, that up to the breaking out at Thomas street, the government spies were completely baffled in the city as well as in the country. As to the arrest of poor Mac Intosh, it could only be attributed to his having taken out the lease in his own name of the house in Patrick street, which served as the depot, and where the unfortunate explosion took place on saturday the 16th of july, and which was the cause of the premature rising, and all the misfortunes which followed. Thomas Keenan, Mac Intosh's brother-in-law, was arrested at the same time and committed to prison. — Poor Denis Redmond might have had a chance of escaping, only for his own imprudence; indeed his cousin Michael Berney alway feared he would do something

flighty. When we were walking outside Black pitts, on saturday the 23d of july, he discharged his blunderbuss across a hedge where a horse made some noise. He however got safe back to his house on the coal quay, and there instead of endeavouring to hide the pikes in his own premises, he began to throw them over a wall into a court yard belonging to another house; by this act of folly all was discovered in the morning. Notwithstanding all this, he escaped to Newry, and was on the point of getting a passage on board a vessel, when he was arrested and brought back a prisoner to Dublin. In the various other houses where pikes, and fire-arms had been deposited, they were so carefully concealed, that they were never discovered; consequently no one suffered. Had poor Redmond concealed in like manner in his own house the pikes left there, he might be alive and well to this day, for he was not otherwise implicated than by lending his house on the occasion.

Mr Phil Long hearing of those arrests bid me go at once and retain counsellor Bennet and tell him at the same time to be good enough to point out, or name other lawyers who should be retained immediately, to assist him in defending the unfortunate prisoners. Mr Bennet promised to get every thing possible ready by the time the trials came on. It was now necessary to apprize the poor fellows immured in their dungeons, through their families, that every thing was doing, that could be done

for their defence. I being charged with this commission felt much indeed that I was not at liberty to mention the name of the worthy man who came forward at this awful moment to render such services. In my mind, Phil Long was, of all the leaders, the one who was most entitled to the praise and gratitude of the people. Other leaders might perhaps excell him in the field, but could never surpass him in generosity and true patriotism and in his exertions for the independence of Ireland.

Several days elapsed after the disasters of Thomas street, before Robert Emmett came back to his former lodgings at Mrs Palmer's outside the canal at Harold's cross. — Both Mr John Patten and Mr Phil Long endeavoured to persuade him of the urgent necessity of his going at once to France, to which he replied, that it should never be said of him that he had abandoned the brave people implicated through his means. He wished much however that some fit person was sent immediately to Paris, to communicate to the french government through his brother, the situation of things in Ireland.

The second day after dear Robert Emmett returned from the mountains, I had my last melancholy interview with him. He seemed much affected and cast down; he however began at once to explain to me the causes which prevented him from coming to join me at the coal quay on saturday night the 23d of july, as had been agreed upon between us. « The trust-worthy Ned Condon » he

said « was coming with six hackney coaches to the depot; « walking beside the first coach, an officer rode up to « him and asked him where he was going with so many « coaches. Ned Condon replied « Sir, I am hard of hear- « ing » getting at the same time nearer to him. The « officer then repeated the question in a menacing tone; « on which Condon discharged his pistol at him. The « coachmen witnessing this act, escaped with their coa- « ches, and Condon seeing them drive off, returned to « tell me what had happened to him. I then decided, that « the men who were to be conveyed in the coaches, should « go on foot to the castle, and whilst preparing for this « march, a false alarm was given that troops were sur- « rounding the depot, and in consequence our men there « began to rush out, too hurriedly no doubt, to fight in « the open street, and by the time they got to Thomas « street, disorder and confusion got amongst them. You « heard of course what occurred there, after which an « attack on the castle could not be thought of, conse- « quently the signal rockets were not made use of. »

I could see plainly how he was overwhelmed with sorrow whilst speaking on this sad subject. He thought the person to be sent to Paris should be one of those who had a perfect knowledge of the organization, and the vast preparations which had been so successfully carried on until the fatal explosion took place at the Patrick street depot. « As you are » he added, « fully in possession of « all the circumstances, it will be agreeably felt, when it

« is known that you are the messenger to my brother. » I could only promise that I should do my utmost to execute the commission intrusted to my care. On which I took my last farewell of this magnanimous young man, who during this interview never uttered a word of blame against any of those leaders who were assembled at Mr John Hevey's and whose presence with him might have preserved discipline and prevented the disasters and false alarm which produced such bad effects on the men in Thames street. One of these leaders at least was blameable; William Dowdall should have come at once to Robert Emmett's assistance at this critical moment, he being his confident, and inmate all the time they were at Butterfield lane. He could have no excuse to offer for his conduct on this occasion. I cannot give any opinion as to the others who were at Mr Hevey's, not knowing their engagements with Mr Emmett, but their absence was a cruel loss, for amongst them were the bravest of the brave who would have made the men observe order in their march to the castle, which would have been surprized and taken; the government being then completely off its guard; once in possession of it, the citizens « en masse » would have flocked to the standard of independence hoisted on this monument, the emblem of Ireland's degradation for centuries, and the eminent statesmen alluded to in Robert Emmett's speech, would have been hastening to the castle; there to take their seat in the provisional government. A few hours would have sufficed to dislodge

the english garrison of Dublin, which mustered weaker than at any other time, and by threatening to set fire to those quarters where resistance was made, the troops defending them would have been soon forced to capitulate. Not for centuries had Ireland had so favourable an opportunity of getting rid of the cruel english yoke. Every one in the country disaffected or discontented, except the contemptible place-hunters and the vile Orangemen; France the most powerful military nation in the world, then at war with England, anxiously waiting for an occasion to attack her in her weak and most vulnerable part Ireland — Under all these considerations, was it to be wondered at, that the men of 1798, as well as the irish patriots in general, thought it both wise and prudent to be prepared with arms and ammunition for those events hourly expected, the landing of a french army on the coast of Ireland? — Notwithstanding all this, there are many who think it would be ridiculous for the irish under any contingency to be looking for their independence. To such lukewarm patriots I would say, it would be more ridiculous and absurd to think, that the inhabitants of Ireland will ever cease declaring that they have a right to govern themselves, and that they will ever be ready to embrace any favourable occasion to get rid of their task masters; and more, that the memory of the ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmett will never cease to be revered, down to the latest posterity, and his plans will ever be considered and consulted by all those wishing for the independence of poor Ireland.

I was daily waiting in the most cruel anxiety to hear of some means of getting to France, thinking my presence at Paris with Thomas Addis Emmett might be of use in obtaining relief from the french government, when one evening, the good Phil Long sent his nephew, a young lad, Davie Fitzgerald to tell me that an American vessel would be sailing from Dublin direct to Bordeaux in two or three days at furthest; he gave me at the same time forty pounds, to pay the preparatory expences; the remainder of one hundred pounds, the sum considered absolutely necessary for the journey, I was to receive later. Next day I met captain O'Connor by appointment. It was this worthy country man who arranged with the yankee captain to take me as a passenger on board his vessel, where I was to act in the capacity of steward, Mr O'Connor's own vessel was lying also in the custom house dock at the time. He traded between New York (his home) and Dublin : he was originally from Wexford, but now a citizen of the United States. The doctor of his vessel, a nice young man of the name of Horner, from the county of Wicklow, was with him.

Captain O'Connor advised me to go at once and buy my sailor's dress and a mattrass. He sent doctor Horner with me to make purchases, whilst he went to endeavour to procure for me a passport. We then separated. Horner and I after buying my jacket, trowsers, bedding etc., and paying for those articles which were to be sent in the evening to captain O'Connor's vessel, were return-

ing, when we met captain O'Connor coming in haste to look for us. He said, « I have just quit the yankee cap- « tain, who told me, as the wind had changed and be- « come favourable, he was determined to sail immedia- « tely; you must therefore come at once to my vessel, « there is no time to be lost. » — On which doctor Horner and I went to High street to get guineas for my bank notes, at a watch maker's, where I was known, having sometimes brought customers to the house. I asked the young man in the shop, if he could get me the gold. He replied, no, but said when his brother came back he could give me the guineas I wanted. — « But if you are in a « hurry and cannot wait till my brother returns, I will « pick the lock of his desk. » No sooner was this said, then it was done. He no doubt saw I was in a « hurry ». I paid him at the rate of two shillings and six pence for each guinea, and when I got them, doctor Horner and I returned quickly to the vessel, where captain O'Connor was anxiously waiting for us. This excellent man, to whom I could never be grateful enough for his exertions to aid me at this critical moment, told me he had succeeded in persuading one of his sailors to sell me his passport for 20 dollars. This man was the only one of his crew whose size and age corresponded with mine; his name was Ephraim Brownall, from the state of Mississipi.

I asked captain O'Connor what I should have to pay for my passage. He replied, « I dont like to have the ap-

« pearance of making a bargain with the fellow; he « might refuse at once to take you, but when you are « out at sea to night, pay him whatever he demands. You « know he can render you great service, which I am « confident he will on my account; he knows nothing « about your mission, and of course you will have no « conversation with him on that subject. »

It was getting late, the yankee vessel was preparing to be off, the anchor was raised, and as yet none of the articles which doctor Horner and I had purchased, were sent; to remedy this neglect of the slop merchant, as there was no time to be lost, the excellent captain O'Connor gave me his own jacket and trowsers, neck handkerchief, etc., and every thing necessary, all fitting me tolerably well. When attired in my sailor's dress, he accompanied me on board the American vessel and introduced me to the captain. He then took leave of me, and in an instant we sailed out of the custom house dock. I perceived my dear brother on the quay : we could only take our last farewell with salutes of the hands.

My sorrow at this moment, quitting all that was dear to me, was great indeed. How much more would it not have been, but for the hope I entertained of soon coming back, and making part of an army destined to render my beloved country happy and independent : — but alas ! poor Ireland was doomed to be again disappointed. The

plans of the great captain then at the head of the french government were deranged and frustrated, by the powerful effect of the english subsidies lavished in such profusion on the mercenary soldiers and governments of the continent.

In counting my money I found I had still thirty nine pounds and some shillings, besides three french pieces in silver of five shillings value each ; these miss Biddy Palmer gave me the night before, when taking leave of her and her respected father.

After I had reckoned my money, I went down to the captain's cabin, and told him I wished to pay him for my passage, and asked the amount. « Well, » he replied « it is only about nineteen guineas and a half. » On which, I handed him that sum. He seemed in great good humour and high spirits; he shewed me his small provision stores, telling me, as steward of the vessel I ought to know about all these matters. He assured me that if the wind continued as it was then, we should be in Bordeaux in less than four days; this indeed was cheering for me to hear, in my melancholy situation. The mate of the ship was a very nice young man, and I was glad to see his hair cut short like my own; but his face being sunburnt, he had the appearance of a sailor who had seen service, whilst I had to follow captain O'Connor's advice, and make up for my want of « browning » ; before I left his ship, he made me rub my hands on the

deck, and then my face several times, so that with not washing it, I soon got the weather beaten hue. The crew of the vessel was composed of the captain, a cabin boy, the mate and six sailors; rather few for a long voyage. Three of the sailors had been lately inoculated, and the pock appeared on their faces as if it were the natural small pox which they had. Our first day passed on very cheerfully, as we were making five or six knots an hour, but early in the morning of the second day, we were hailed by an english cruizer. We had to reef our sail and lie to, whilst an officer from this cruizer came to question our captain and inspect his little ship. Fortunately the english ship was returning from some distant voyage, and consequently had no knowledge of what had taken place recently at Dublin. The yankee captain however seemed much alarmed — no doubt on my account, for he could have nothing to dread for himself or his crew; still he acted with great circumspection and ordered the three sailors who had the pretended small pox to go to their beds or hammocks, and there to remain, feigning to be suffering, till the inspection finished. The english officer from the cruizer passing through the different parts of the vessel, remarked those men in the small pox, and asked the yankee captain, how he could have thought of sailing with such a crew. To which he replied, that a doctor whom he consulted, told him, that his men would have a better chance of recovering at sea, than in remaining longer in the custom house docks at Dublin, where

contagion of some kind seemed to reign at this moment; besides, the climate of Lisbon, to which port he was bound, would be more favourable for that disease. He then asked the english officer to have the goodness to let the doctor of his ship come and visit his sick sailors. The officer answered drily, that their doctor had other things to mind than waiting on Americans. — He being invited to accept a glass of good Dublin porter, and I beckoned to bring a bottle, he declined, in an equally ungracious manner; evidently he was in a hurry to get away from a vessel where sickness so prevailed. To my great delight, I soon saw him step into his boat to regain his ship, for certainly I was far from being at my ease whilst he remained in our vessel.

After his departure, I could not help expressing my surprise to the yankee captain, that he should wish the english doctor to come and visit his sailors, as it would then be soon discovered they were not sick, only inoculated — « Well » he said, « it was because I made that « request, which I knew would not be complied with, « that the officer placed confidence in me and believed « every thing I told him, to be true. » Of course after this I was satisfied, and began to think that he had more cleverness than I suspected at first. I asked him if he thought we should be often visited before we arrived; he said, that as long as we were sailing in the direct line to Lisbon, he did not mind, but once quitting that direction to get to the mouth of the river Gironde, we might expect

to be visited again by english cruizers, and certainly on the third day we could perceive several, but they were a good distance off, and fortunately, we got on tolerably well all that day and night; the next morning early, the fourth day, the captain took a french pilot on board his vessel to steer her up the river to Bordeaux. The wind failing, the day was far advanced before we reached the station where the french squadron lay at anchor, guarding the mouth of the river. Here our yankee captain was signaled to go on board the commodore's frigate. He went there in haste, without letting me know he was going, which displeased me much, for I should have accompanied him and put myself at once at the disposition of the french officer in command there, whom I should have prayed, as a favour, to have me sent in custody to Bordeaux, and from thence to Paris, where Mr Thomas Addis Emmett would explain to the french government the nature of my mission. — I was grievously disappointed and annoyed when I saw the captain return with a serjeant and eight marine soldiers in his little boat; they had come to guard the vessel during the night, and to prevent any communication with the shore, as the vessel was not allowed to proceed further. The captain returning on board, saw I was not satisfied, because he had not mentioned to the french commodore any thing about me. He said, « how could I have thought that an « American ship would have been prevented sailing up « the river to Bordeaux? It is a damned new regulation,

« which says that vessels coming from a country in war « with France wont be admitted. But never mind, dont « be uneasy ; I shall sail in the morning for Lisbon, and « it being a neutral port, clearing out there, and return- « ing here immediately, we will then land at Bordeaux « without any hinderance. » — To all this I made no reply; I was vexed, and began to think very badly of him, for had he mentioned to the french commodore, as he should have done, that he had a passenger on board who wished to land at Bordeaux, I should have been brought forthwith to the french frigate to be examined. Fortunately for me, he was allowed to pass the night at anchor in the bay, otherwise I should have run the risk of being taken by the english cruizers, had he been ordered to sail away without stopping. I knew the guard of marine soldiers would return to their ship in the morning, and I resolved to go with them at the risk of my life. The cabin boy understanding a little french, came to tell me that the french pilot promised to land me safely next night on the french coast, and that I had no occasion to try any other means. I gave no answer to this proposal, determined to act on my own plan in the morning. As soon as it was day, I dressed; I put on my black coat, black pantaloons, a white waistcoat and Hessian boots. I then began to walk up and down the deck, in hopes that I might attract the notice of the guard ships, but a kind of mist or fog prevailed, which no doubt prevented them seeing me for some time. However the

fog soon cleared up, and the yankee vessel was signaled to be off. Her anchor was raised, and she under weigh, when to my great joy, I saw the boat coming from the french squadron to take back the marine soldiers to their ship. I made a small bundle of good captain O'Connor's jacket and trowsers, the only luggage I possessed, and the moment I saw the last of those soldiers and the serjeant who commanded them, get into the boat, I threw my bundle down into it; then taking hold of a rope, I leapt after it, not liking to go the regular way by the ladder, fearing the brute of a captain might be capable of stopping me. I was so disgusted, that I left the vessel without speaking to him, or even to the mate whom I had rather thought well of. When I got into the boat, looking back to the deck, I could perceive that the french pilot was holding some conversation with the soldiers, and one of them had the audacity to take hold of me, and as I thought, wanted to force me back to the vessel. — However I soon loosened his hand from my collar, and threw him on his back, when I went and placed myself beside the serjeant, making signs to him, the best way I could, that I was under his care 'till we reached the commodore's vessel. — Seeing a person in coloured clothes in the boat with the soldiers coming from the American ship, made the officers of the french squadron curious to see what kind of being he was; I could perceive their telescopes all pointed to the boat, as we approached the frigate : but I was soon relieved from their curiosity.

The officer in command met me on the stairs, took me by the hand, conducted me to his cabin, and made me sit down beside him.

When his interpreter came, I explained briefly the object of my mission to Paris, told him it was immaterial to me how I was sent, provided I went there quickly; he promised me I should be sent off to Bordeaux immediately, and that once there, I should be at the disposition of the marine prefect, who he was sure would comply with my request, and have me sent without delay to Paris. He then asked me some questions about the yankee captain, and the sum I paid him for my passage. I had scarcely time to answer, when I saw the fellow ushered into the cabin, where we were sitting. He was not asked to sit down, but received instantly a severe reprimand from the commander, in the following terms: « You told « me nothing about this gentleman yesterday, though « you knew he wanted to go in haste to Bordeaux. I dont « say you are in the pay of England, but your conduct « on this occasion shews, you are not friendly to France. « Your God is traffic, you intended to make nineteen « guineas and a half more of your passenger, before you « put him at liberty. You know well that the fare from « Dublin to Bordeaux, is only five pounds at most; there- « fore, refund the balance at once. » On which the poor yankee laid the nineteen guineas and a half on the table. The commander bid him keep five, and hand the remainder to me. Then ensued a scene I can never forget. I

thought that if I took back this money, it would be acting unhandsomely towards a man, who three days previous, by his manœuvring with his pretended sick sailors, when we were boarded by the english cruizer, had probably saved my life. I felt overcome with emotion in mentioning the circumstances to the french commander, and I told him, at the same time, that I could not on any account think of taking back the money. « That is your own affair, » he replied, I thought, rather dryly; he then pointed to the yankee captain to take up his money, when he dismissed him. The poor fellow came with tears in his eyes to bid me farewell; so we parted this time better friends than when I was leaving his vessel an hour before.

A nice decked boat was getting ready to take me up to Bordeaux as soon as the crew should have breakfasted; I took a walk on the deck, waiting the breakfast hour, and there I met the interpreter. I was anxious to know from him, if I had displeased the commodore by not taking back, from the yankee captain, the money he over-charged for my passage. « On the contrary, » he said, « the whole « transaction did you great honour : it shewed you were « disinterested, and forgiving at the same time; » and not having mentioned any thing about the conduct of the marine soldiers, the serjeant who commanded them bid him thank me for it, as he would have been blamed, had I made complaint against the soldier who wanted to force me back to the vessel.

I was satisfied that all I wished to have explained

would be well-translated by the sailor interpreter, who was an irishman, of the name of Brown, from Baggot street, Dublin. He spoke french fluently; having been several years in the service. — I thought it augured well to meet a countryman under such circumstances; and though Brown was only a simple sailor, he knew a great deal then about the state of France. « You must know » he said to me, « it is no more a Republic, and that is the « reason, when you mentioned a merchant, I translated « negociant en grand. » He told me that the officers were very kind to him; and he seemed quite contented with his situation. I left him my jacket and trowsers, and I gave him one of the six livres pieces I got from miss Biddy Palmer, previous to my leaving Dublin. The commodore coming to invite me down to breakfast, I took my leave of poor Brown and followed the officer who soon placed me beside him at the breakfast table, which was most splendidly served with all kinds of viands, fruits, etc., every thing the season could afford. — It was the first french repast I had seen, and I cannot forget the favourable impression it made on me respecting the french living and manners. We were eight at table; six officers were invited; some of them were from the two war brigs at anchor beside the frigate. I was agreeably surprised when the commander began to speak to me in english, and I could not help saying, that he had no need of an interpreter. « Oh! you flatter me; I am quite at a loss « sometimes for words; besides, it is a good lesson for me

« to hear your countryman Brown translating into en-
« glish what I tell him in french. I have great confidence
« in him; he is well-behaved, and much liked on board
« this vessel. » — I was very glad to hear this good account of Brown.

The commodore told me, he had been a prisoner of war in England, and he seemed well versed in politics, and knew a great deal about the history of english statesmen, particularly that of Fox, Sheridan and Pitt. I spent a most agreeable hour at this breakfast table, and after the coffee and liqueurs were served, the commodore conducted me to the little vessel which was ready to sail for Bordeaux; he introduced me to the officer who had the command of it, and then took his leave of me, in an affectionate manner, as if we had been old friends. The wind being favourable, the little vessel was under full sail and steered off. In a very short time we lost sight of the squadron. However we had to pass the night on the river, and only reached Bordeaux in the morning at half past eight o'clock, when the officer conducted me in a coach to the prison. There I got a messenger and sent a note by him to Mr Hugh Wilson the intimate friend of the messieurs Emmett, praying him to come and see me immediately. Mr Wilson being engaged in business in a mercantile house and very busy at the time, sent me his great friend and fellow prisoner in Dublin, Mr Thomas Markey, by whom he wrote in answer to my note, to say, that he could not be with me before two o'clock, but that I might

place every confidence in his friend Markey, who would do every thing for me till he could come himself. After I read Mr Wilson's answer to me, Mr Markey and I shook hands most cordially; but he was extremely displeased to see in my room a county of Cork man of the name of O'Finn who resided in Bordeaux, and said at once : « O'Finn you are very wrong to intrude yourself on this « gentleman to whom you have no Introduction; you « may see he has no want of your services. » On which O'Finn went away. Markey was anxious to know what O'Finn had been telling me, to which I readily replied, « he had only been a few minutes with me, that he told « me he was on the quay when I landed, and seeing that « I had no luggage he came to offer me his services, that « he would send me shirts and every thing else I stood « in need of; remarking at the same time, he was sure « they would fit me, as we were about the same size. » He was very well dressed in black, with crape on his hat. And he observed to me, that he was the only irishman at Bordeaux who had had the spirit to go in mourning for general Napper Tandy, who died a short time before in that town. — Markey merely remarked that O'Finn should not have boasted of his intimacy with poor Tandy, the irish refugees not regarding him (O'Finn) as one of themselves; for he had not left Ireland on account of politics.

Mr Markey left me, after ordering the jailer to get me some breakfast. He soon returned to tell me, that Mr Hugh

Wilson had been to wait on the commissary general of police, M. Berrière, who was a great friend to the irish patriots, to beg of him to have me sent off forthwith to Paris. This gentleman had a large dinner party at his villa, or country house, just near the town, and to which several irish were invited. He told Mr Wilson, he would send his carriage for me to the prison at three o'clock to bring me out to dinner. Both Markey and Wilson were with me in the prison when the order and the carriage came to the door. They availed themselves of the carriage and accompanied me to the commissary general's house where I met other worthy irish patriots, such as Mr Pat Mac Cann, Hugh Kellegher, young Hampden Evans, etc. I spent a delightful day with them at the commissary general's villa. As this gentleman only invited me out to dinner, he wrote to the maritime prefect to know if I should be sent back to prison. He got an answer to his letter whilst we were still at table, the purport of which was, that I was not to be sent back, that I was at his, the commissary's, disposition, who he hoped would have me sent to Paris without delay, as he had reported to the government all the circumstances concerning me, from the time I was received on board the french squadron at the mouth of the river. — Mr Mac Cann had a room prepared for me at his house on the quay, where I slept in a clean bed, for the first time since I left Dublin.

I intended to set off in the morning for Paris, but young Evans, who was to accompany me, had friends engaged

for dinner on that day saturday. So I had to pass another cheerful day with the true irish patriots, Hugh Wilson, Thomas Markey, etc.

Next morning sunday, I started for Paris. The coach in which I went, set out from the opposite side of the river.— Hampden Evans' guests of the day before, crossed the river, and we breakfasted together and they saw us into the coach and bade us farewell. I might have travelled at the expence of the government, but it was considered more respectable for me to pay my own place and expences, than for government to be answerable for them.

Mr Wilson told me that he wrote to Mr Thomas Addis Emmet the morning I landed in Bordeaux, and that he should now write to him again, to let him know the day and hour I should arrive in Paris. Mr Evans speaking french well, made the journey very pleasant; otherwise it might have been dull enough to be shut up for four nights and five days in a coach before we reached Paris. It would have been particularly so to me, who thought every minute an hour till my mission was terminated, thinking then that assistance would be obtained from the french government by Mr Emmett.

We arrived at the coach-office rue Montmartre at three o'clock p. m. where we met doctor Mac Neven and adjutant general Dalton; this officer belonged to the staff of the minister of war general Berthier, who sent him to receive me at the diligence office. His coach being ready,

he made the conductor of the diligence get into it, with himself, doctor Mac Nevan and me. Hampden Evans remained to look after his luggage, and as I had none, general Dalton ordered his coachman to drive to the grand judge Regnier's hotel, place Vendôme, in whose study Mr Thomas Addis Emmett was waiting our arrival. On being asked by the minister if he knew me, Mr Emmett replied, he had never seen me before. The grand judge then handed to him a paper containing the impression of the seal-ring which I had been the bearer of from his brother Robert Emmett, and which the commodore commanding the squadron at the mouth of the river at Bordeaux thought proper to take from me, and have forwarded to his government, after I had written my name on the back of the paper on which the impression was made. — As soon as Mr Emmett had compared this impression with his own seal-ring, he crossed the room, took me in his arms and embraced me with affection. The grand judge witnessing this, seemed quite satisfied. He then told Mr Emmett that the first consul, required from him, as soon as possible, a detailed report on the present state of Ireland, and that it would be well if this document were furnished next morning early. A « carte de sûreté » being then handed to me, we all retired from the grand judge's hotel. I, a « freeman, » going with Mr Emmett to his lodgings rue du Cherche-Midi, where he presented me to his lady and children. We then went and hired a small cheap room for me, petite rue du Bac, quite near his house.

Doctor Mac Neven was to dine with us, and whilst waiting for dinner, Mr Emmett had the kindness to let me make use of his dressing room, of which I stood in the greatest need. Immediately after dinner we three retired to Mr Emmett's study, to commence the report required by the first consul: doctor Mac Nevan writing with great facility, and I explaining and answering the best way I could, all their queries about men and things in Ireland. A rough-draft was soon drawn up,— Mr Emmett having been lately chosen by the irish refugees in France to represent them with the first consul, he was the more anxious to have this document carefully made out, and as it was to be copied in the morning we retired each to bed late at night.

And now this account of my mission being ended, I must say before concluding this chapter, that I shall ever feel proud of the part I took with the lamented Robert Emmett. — I have often asked myself, how could I have acted otherwise, seeing all his views and plans for the independence of my country so much superior to any thing ever imagined before on the subject? — They were only frustrated by accident and the explosion of a depot, and as I have always said, whenever irishmen think of obtaining freedom, Robert Emmett's plans will be their best guide. First, to take the capital, and then the provinces will burst out and raise the same standard immediately.

The consciousness that I had executed to the best of my abilities every thing I undertook to perform, and the hope that I should soon be returning to my unfortunate country served to cheer my spirits; otherwise I should have been sad indeed.

END OF VOL. I

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MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

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MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

CHEF DE BATAILLON IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE

Officer of the Legion of honour, Knight of Saint-Louis, etc.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

VOL. II

PARIS

GUSTAVE BOSSANGE ET Cie

25, QUAI VOLTAIRE

NEW-YORK

19, WALTER STREET

1863

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

PREVIOUS TO GIVING MY NOTES TO COLONEL O'NEILL

When I returned with the 56th regiment in 1835 to keep garrison at Paris, after an absence of nearly seven years, I met with the kindest attention from my friends there, and particularly so from colonel O'Neill. — He told me he was then occupied collecting materials to write the history of the irish brigades in the french service, under the monarchy of the Bourbons down to 1792, and that he intended also to write the history of the irish legion under the government of the Consulate and the Empire; and as I had served in this legion from its formation in 1803, till it was disbanded in september 1815, he hoped I would assist him and write out notes on the services and campaigns of the legion, etc. I told him to explain in writing what he wanted me to do. The following is the letter I received from him on the subject.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL O'NEILL TO MILES BYRNE, WRITTEN IN 1837, AT PARIS.

« My dear commandant,

« Having been engaged for some years past in collecting materials for a biographical history of the irish, who have in any way distinguished themselves in foreign countries, and as that work ought to be preceded by an historical sketch concerning the regiments of the old irish brigade, and of the irish legion whose conduct has been so brilliant at Astorga, Antwerp, and other fields, where it was called into action, I apply to you to aid me to fulfil my task, informing me :

« What were the motives generally which led the united irish to take up arms on the landing of general Humbert in Ireland; what was the epoch of the formation of the irish legion in the service of France, as well as the different circumstances connected with that formation;

« The number of campaigns it made;

« The battles, combats, affairs of advance posts, skirmishes, and sieges where it was engaged;

« The names of the officers, irish by birth or descent, who were in the legion, and of those who distinguished themselves by actions worthy of record;

« The date of the fusion of the legion into that of the 3d foreign regiment, and that of its being disbanded.

« I beg you will also have the kindness to add to this information, any reflexions or observations that may make the position and prospects of the irish officers in the service of France known, and shew how much they have suffered by the various changes of government which have taken place in this country, from the elevation of Napoleon to the imperial throne, down to the present day.

« In complying with my request, you will infinitely oblige, my dear commandant, him who has the honour to be your affectionate friend and very humble servant.

« C. O'NEIL. »

NOTES

OF AN IRISH EXILE

OF 1798

CHAPTER I

CONTENTS

Observations on general Hoche's expedition to Ireland in december 1796, and on general Humbert's expedition in august 1798, with some reflections on their failure. The cruel state of the country after general Humbert's capitulation to lord Cornwallis; the bad effects of the union with England on the public spirit of the irish patriots in 1800 greatly increased by the peace made between the french and english governments at Amiens in 1802. – The hostilities however, and the declaration of war proclaimed by those two nations against each other in march 1803, soon rouse the prostrate irish from their desponding situation and make them hope independence would be obtained ere this war terminated. — Robert Emmett returning from the continent to Dublin rejoiced to witness this cheering change for the better amongst all classes of the irish patriots, and after having interviews with many distinguished chiefs and leaders of those who had escaped through the disasters of the insurrection, he agrees with them that a safe mode of organization should commence forthwith throughout Ireland, to be ready to take part with the french aid that could not fail to be obtained from the first consul to shake off the english yoke; as to himself, he determines to begin the preparations necessary to get possession of the castle and city of Dublin which he considered as the surest way to cause a general rising in Ireland, and to accomplish this, he resolves to spend the last shilling of his fortune. —

Decree of the first consul for the formation of an irish legion in the service of France. — Reunion of the irish officers at Morlaix under the command of adjutant general Mac Sheehy charged with the organization of the legion. — The legion ordered to Quimper and from thence to Carhaix, where it was when the empire was proclaimed: Captains Corbet and Sweeny's dispute and duel on the occasion. — The legion ordered to Brest and reviewed there by marshal Augereau, and marched back to Carhaix, and afterwards to Lesneven where the command is taken from adjutant general Mac Sheehy.

The irish patriots disappointed by general Hoche not landing in december 1796 as they expected, were driven into partial insurrection by the persecution of the english government, which was irritated at their attempt to throw off its yoke and at their calling in the aid of France.

The general rising that was intended in 1798, after the system of the united irishmen had been organized, failed in consequence of lord Edward Fitzgerald and several other leading men being betrayed and arrested. However, three or four counties made great efforts; viz : Kildare, Wicklow, Carlow and Wexford. The latter county alone occupied the english forces and was successful in many engagements. Had general Humbert landed with his eleven hundred men in the month of june 1798 whilst the people of Wexford were in full force, instead of august 1798, when they were dispersed and discouraged, every county in Ireland would have taken up arms, as they only wanted a rallying point, and their independence would have been immediately proclaimed, and consequently, every thing like an english faction, or vestige

of government would have been obliged to surrender.

Though general Humbert arrived too late and only when the spirits of the irish patriots were much broken, still as he advanced into the country, he found the people every where ready to join him — but they were unarmed, and he had not brought the arms that were promised. He capitulated to lord Cornwallis who was at the head of a force of more than thirty thousand men, leaving the unfortunate irish to their fate, who were butchered by the soldiery for several days throughout the country. —

In 1803 as soon as hostilities commenced between France and England, after the short peace of Amiens, the patriotic Irish who wished for the independence of their country, began to hope for assistance from France, as general Buonaparte, on whose aid they could reckon, was at the head of the government as First Consul.

Many of those exiled Irish were at this time in different parts of France, and particularly at Paris. They chose Mr Thomas Addis Emmett as their agent or representative to the First Consul, who consulted with him and Mr Arthur O'Connor on the matter. They informed him that the irish patriots in France were ready to go as volunteers in any expedition which had for its object the emancipation of their country.

Although Robert Emmett's plan and preparations for the organization of Ireland became known to the english

government after the explosion of the depot in Patrick street, Dublin, and the final fate of this ever-to-be-lamented martyr, yet all tended to shew the First Consul the great resources of the irish patriots, and he eagerly entered into all the details related in the report on the state of Ireland, given to him by Mr Thomas Addis Emmett on the arrival at Paris of the confidential agent sent from Dublin in august 1803; and in consequence, it was stipulated, that a french army should be sent to assist the irish to get rid of the english yoke; and the First Consul understanding from Mr Emmett that Augereau was a favorite with the irish nation, had him appointed general in chief to command the expedition; and immediately ordered the formation of an irish legion in the service of France. He gave to all those gentlemen who volunteered to enter the irish legion, commissions as french officers, so that in the event of their falling into the hands of the english they should be protected; or, should any violence be offered them, he should have the right to retaliate on the English prisoners in France.

The decree of the first consul for the formation of this irish legion was dated november 1803; by it, the officers were all to be irishmen, or irishmen's sons born in France. The pay was to be the same as that given to officers and soldiers of the line of the french army. No rank was to be given higher than captain till they should land with the expedition in Ireland. — There were two exceptions: captain Blackwell, whose long services and campaigns

with the french armies entitled him to promotion ; he received his commission as chef de bataillon to the irish legion.

Arthur O'Connor whose renown began when he was high Sheriff of the county of Cork, and who, when a member of the irish house of Commons, made the ablest speech in favour of catholic emancipation that ever was pronounced in the irish parliament, and who immediately after this speech retired from parliament, accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. He was the friend and companion of lord Edward Fitzgerald; the delegate to general Hoche; the « disinherited » nephew of the tory lord Longueville; the prisoner tried at Maidstone, which attracted the attention of the english nobility ; the « long imprisoned » in the jail of Dublin, and at fort George in Scotland : he received his commission of general of division in the service of France, dated the 24th of february 1804, with orders to repair to Brest to make part of the general in chief Augereau's staff, composed of many officers of great distinction such as « Lamarque, » who had then the rank of chef d'escadron, or lieutenant-colonel, and afterwards was the great general Lamarque who took « Capri » in 1808 and pacified la Vendée in the hundred days of 1815; — General Donzelot, chief of the staff, highly talented. — The three generals who had the command of the divisions under Augereau were men of the greatest military experience; general Mathieu Dumas, De Jardin,

and the enterprizing general Bonnet, so much distinguished in Spain.

It was however stipulated that on leaving Brest, a certain number of captains were to get the rank of colonel, and also a certain number of lieutenants that of lieutenant colonel; which rank was to be confirmed to them even in the event of the expedition failing and their getting back to France. In naming these captains and lieutenants, the preference was to be given to those who had been obliged to expatriate themselves for their exertions in Ireland to effect its independence.

Adjutant general Mac Sheehy, an irishman by birth, but in the french service, was charged with the organization of the legion, and for that purpose was commanded to repair to Morlaix where the irish exiles were assembled.

Adjutant general Mac Sheehy received unlimited powers at Morlaix to propose officers for advancement up to the rank of captain; all he named were confirmed by the minister of war general Berthier.

The greatest exertions were made to have the officers splendidly equipped and ready for sailing. They received the same outfit given to french officers entering on campaign; no expence being spared by the french government.

The best french instructors both for the infantry and

rtillery were sent to teach the officers the french mili-
ıry tactics, and when the legion was reviewed at Brest
y marshal Augereau, previous to their intended embar-
ation, he put a french regiment under their orders and
ıade each officer command in turn. He was much plea-
ed with their knowledge of manœuvring the infantry,
ıd also with the way they exercised the artillery. He
ound the officers capable of instructing companies of ar-
illery on arriving in Ireland [1]. On this occasion each of-
ıcer received 400 frs more in addition to his outfit, or
what is called in french « une gratification extraordinaire
l'entrée en campagne. » This gratification of 400 frs was
given to every officer afterwards who entered the
irish legion : — a favour granted to no other regi-
ment.

[1] After marshal Augereau's review and inspection of the irish legion at Brest in 1804, we went in the evening to the military coffee house, which was very crowded, with naval officers, as well as those of the army. Our officers wondered much to see a lieutenant of one of the ships of war, coming to the table where we were taking our coffee and shake hands with me. He was the officer who had been ordered by the commodore to escort me up the river to Bordeaux in 1803, when I escaped from Ireland, and who treated me so well during the night I spent on the passage, in his little war-sloop. He had made great progress in speaking english, taking lessons, he said, every day, from my countryman Brown, of Baggot street, Dublin, who was a sailor on board the commodore's vessel, and who had been so useful to me also. He told me that Brown had got promotion and was then on board one of the admiral's vessels as interpreter and that he was a well-behaved, sober man, which I was very glad to learn, as sailors in general are too apt to take a hearty glass. I regretted not having more chat with this young officer who had been so kind to me at Bordeaux; but we had to separate; he to return to sleep on board his vessel, I to go to my lodgings and prepare to march back to Carhaix in the morning.

The legion assembled at Morlaix was marched to Quimper in march 1804, where all those officers who had been proposed for advancement by adjutant general Macsheehy received their brevets. — From Quimper the legion was ordered to Carhaix, in Finistère, a small town (the native place of Latour d'Auvergne, premier grenadier de France), which from being more inland and less frequented, was better suited for manœuvring, and where the best results were obtained. — Two officers, captain Tennant and captain William Corbet, were deputed from thence by the legion to go to Paris to be present at the coronation of the emperor (may 1804), who on that occasion presented it, as well as the french regiments, with colours and an eagle. — On one side of the colours was written « Napoléon I, empereur des Français, à la legion irlandaise, » on the reverse was, a harp (without a crown), with the inscription : « L'independance d'Irlande. »

The irish legion was the only foreign corps in the french service to whom Napoleon ever intrusted an eagle.

Rejoicings took place at Carhaix, as in the other towns of France, in honour of the coronation, by order of the authorities.

An unhappy dispute took place there between two officers of the legion, captain Sweeny and captain Thomas Corbet, which disagreement ended in a duel after the legion marched to Lesneven. They fought with pistols,

oth were wounded, but captain Corbet died of his wounds he same night.

When marshal Augereau who commanded the army at Brest, heard of the dispute, he ordered the chief of his staff general Donzelot, with lieutenant general O'Connor to repair to Carhaix to inspect the irish legion; and in consequence of their report, it was ordered in august 1804 to Lesneven, where the command of the legion was taken from adjutant general Mac Sheehy. Unfortunately for the irish officers, he proved himself quite unfit to remain at their head. He was capricious, passionate and vindictive; consequently, not impartial as a chief should be. One instance which I shall relate, will suffice to shew how he used, or abused, the confidence with which the war minister intrusted him.

Being at exercise one day at Carhaix, the lieutenant adjutant major Caugnan made use of some expression which displeased captain O'Meally. The latter, when the exercise finished, asked the adjutant major, who tho' a french man knew english well, if he would apologize to him for the expression « you are a « bête, » stupid, etc.,» which he had used during the manœuvres. He replied he had no apology to offer. — Captain O'Meally then told him he was a coward, and unworthy to be admitted amongst gentlemen, etc. Though O'Meally might not be as expert as other officers in the manœuvres, none could

surpass him in his knowledge of the etiquette of duelling; his native land of Connaught, never produced a cooler, nor a braver, nor a more honourable antagonist than he was; and on the ground, his amiable manners and daring courage was the wonder of the seconds, and furnished a theme of gay conversation. — He gloried in the part he had taken with general Humbert in Ireland in 1798; and the great sacrifices his family suffered and went through, in the loss of property of every kind, was his pride. —

Adjutant general Mac Sheehy as soon as he heard the adjutant major Caugnan's complaint against O'Meally, told him at once he should challenge him, and he sent for captain William O'Mara and bid him be second to Caugnan. Captain Ware was O'Meally's second. They fought with pistols; the adjutant major was wounded, and captain O'Meally was put into the town prison, and next morning he was escorted by gendarmes to the chateau of Brest, to which prison he was condemned for fifteen days, by the chief who ordered the duel!

How far was I from thinking that this duel would retard my military career! — Being with several officers in the street when the gendarmes were conducting O'Meally to prison, I said, if he had been wounded, Caugnan would no doubt have been put into prison, but as they fought honourably, it was strange that there should be any question of imprisonment. — Captain Patt Mac Sheehy, the general's cousin, went and told him that I

was speaking against him. On which he took and tore in pieces a proposition he had made to the minister of war for my commission of captain, and which I should have received in eight days, instead of years, which I had to wait ere I obtained that rank.

Nothing could be more wicked and more unworthy of a chief than adjutant general Mac Sheehy's telling captain Sweeny that he had been denounced at the municipality in the presence of the mayor and his adjoints, as not having raised his hand at the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the emperor Napoleon at Carhaix in may 1804, by captain Thomas Corbet, and which caused the duel and the death of the latter, and which did so much harm to the irish cause with the french government. But Mac Sheehy seemed to care very little about the martyrs who had suffered for Ireland. Commandant Blackwell was deprived of his rank for some time, in consequence of Mac Sheehy's reports against him to the War office. They both quit the legion at Lesneven in 1804, and were soon afterwards employed at the grand army. — But they were not soon forgotten by their countrymen, who had to remain in the legion and to suffer from having had chiefs so incapable of commanding even respect for themselves.

Captain Sweeny resigned when his wound got well, and retired to Morlaix where he married a relation of general Moreau. — Captain Mac Neven gave in his re-

signation and went to New York, America. Captain Gol logher resigned and went to reside at Bordeaux.

The legion being at Lesneven, Mr Peterzelli a chef de bataillon of the 16th regiment leger, was appointed provisionally, to the command of the irish legion, under the control of general Harty, who was ordered to Landernau, where a part of the legion was sent from Lesneven to be under his command, waiting for the expedition that was expected to sail for Ireland. He was an irishman by birth, and had acquired a military reputation for his brave and decided conduct in preventing Berwick's regiment in garrison at Landau in 1792 from marching across the Rhine to join the enemy's camp at the other side. Harty was captain of the grenadiers company, and seeing the regiment marching on the direction of the Rhine, he asked his lieutenant colonel O'Mahony where he intended going to? the answer was, « to join our princes on the other side. » Captain Harty said he would not desert the country he had adopted. He harangued the regiment and returned with it to Landau, leaving lieutenant colonel O'Mahony and three officers who followed him to go away and cross the Rhine to the enemy's camp. Harty received the grateful thanks of the governor and the inhabitants of Landau, when he returned there triumphantly at the head of Berwick's regiment, which he had saved from the foul crime of desertion to the enemy with arms and baggage. With the antecedents and what I knew of general

Harty's patriotism and great desire to see Ireland independent, his private and public character as a man of honour and a brave soldier made me glad to be of the detachment to Landernau where he commanded; besides, several of the officers who composed it were my best friends and comrades, such as, captains Ware, Barker, Fitzhenry, Masterson, Saint-Leger, Murray, Mac Mahon, etc.; we were happy and united, and rejoiced much to be under general Harty's orders; nearer to Brest than we were at Lesneven, and from a little hill just over Landernau, we could see the masts of the ships in the bay of Brest, from whence we expected soon to sail with an army to liberate our beloved country; this view caused sensations that exiles alone can feel and appreciate. — General Harty being himself an infantry officer, kept us busily employed at exercise and studying the evolutions and tactics of that arm. He had some of the officers to dine with him every day, and did the honours of his rank and command in the most agreeable manner to them.

Eight irishmen, soldiers in an english regiment at Jersey, escaped in a boat to the french coast and were sent to the legion. They told general Harty that they had heard of the irish legion in the french service, and that all their countrymen in the english regiments were disposed to do as they had done, whenever an opportunity was offered, etc. They were very well-behaved men for english soldiers. One of them being from the county of Kilkenny

gave general Harty news about many of his friends there. — The generals Fontaine and Sarazan who had been with Humbert in Ireland, were attached to marshal Augereau's staff, waiting to accompany the expedition. General Sarazan was not liked by the generals. It was said of him that he had written reports against them to the emperor. It would appear he was capable of doing bad things; for in 1813 he had a command at Boulogne-sur-Mer when he deserted to an english frigate off the coast, and it was suspected that he had been in the pay of England from the time of general Humbert's capitulation in 1798. At the passage of the prisoners through Dublin, he was allowed to walk about the city on parole, whilst Humbert and the other french officers were in prison. After the restoration of the Bourbons general Sarazan came back to France, and some time after, he was tried and condemned to the galleys for bigamy.

In the spring of 1805 the detachment at Landernau was ordered to rejoin the legion at Lesneven, and although this latter town had a choice society, in which the officers were well received, we who were of the detachment regretted leaving Landernau where we had spent our time so profitably and agreeably. However we were well received and on the most friendly terms with the inhabitants of Lesneven; concerts were organized by the officers, who played on different instruments, with the young men of the town, who were musicians. Captain Lawless and the two Saint-Legers arranged those musi-

cal meetings. — At a ball given by the officers of the legion, I was appointed one of the stewards, and I had the mission of being bearer of the invitations to the society of Landernau, which flattered me very much. Captain Markey accompanied me, and we spent a pleasant day amongst our acquaintances there; indeed our time passed cheerfully enough at Lesneven. We used sometimes to hire horses and ride to Brest, to visit our friend captain Murphy, who was on board the admiral's vessel, as head pilot of the fleet, with the rank of captain of a frigate; from him we learned that all the preparations were completed, and on a vast scale, for the expedition : twenty one ships of the line, with frigates and transport vessels sufficient to carry twenty five thousand troops, artillery, arms, etc. We always returned in high spirits and full of hope, to our garrison, after our visit to captain Murphy at Brest. He was much respected there by the officers of the fleet : his reputation as the bearer of general Humbert's despatches to the french government in 1798 was well known, and he had been presented with pistols of honour by the Directory, for his brilliant conduct on the occasion.

Captain Patt Mac Sheehy had a dispute with the mayor's son of Lesneven, young Carrandra; after firing their pistols, the mayor's son wanted to fight with swords; the seconds prevailed and settled the matter. Unfortunately the mayor's son on returning to town, said to some of

his friends, whom he met, « those irish officers wont fight but with pistols. » Lieutenant Osmond happening to be present said to him « I am one of those irish offi- « cers, and I am ready to prove to you the contrary. » They went to the field and fought with small swords. The mayor's son received a desperate wound and was carried, in what appeared, a dying state to his father's house. This caused a painful sensation. An order came in the night from the general in chief at Brest, for the legion to quit Lesnevan forthwith and march to Quimper. Thus by the folly of a half crazy fellow, like Patt Mac Sheehy, were the officers obliged to take leave of a charming society, in which they had spent more than a year most agreeably. To be sure they were not likely to lose by a change of garrison. Quimper being the chief town of the department, greater advantages in every way were to be had there; a very choice society composed of many elegant and handsome ladies of the ancient families in that country, frequented the balls and evening entertainments given by the prefet of Finistère, M. Miolis, brother to the general who acquired such notoriety afterwards at Rome, by the arrest of pope Pius the VII.

In the beginning of the summer of 1805 general Harty was named inspector general and ordered to Quimper, to inspect the irish legion. This inspection cheered the spirits of the officers and made them still hope that the expedition would soon sail, to free their country from the foreign yoke.

Jerome Buonaparte on his way to Brest passed by Quimper. He stopped at the prefet's hotel, a short time. Lieutenant Saint-Leger and thirty men were on guard there : he sent them away, saying, that a captain of a vessel was not entitled to a guard of honour; he thanked Saint-Leger, and begged him to leave one of his serjeants as platoon or orderly at his disposition while he remained.

A few days after, we learned, that Jerome Buonaparte and a part of the french fleet had sailed from Brest, which omened badly for poor Ireland; indeed from that moment we could see plainly that there were little hopes of any thing being done, till the fleet was again re-united.

Captain Derry resigned, to go to America; those officers who were determined to remain in the french service, to learn their profession, regretted much seeing Derry quit them; he was a kind, good friend and comrade, and highly honourable in every respect. The morning he set off from Quimper, we escorted him some distance on the road, when we met an irish man of the name of Mullen, who had just escaped from Ireland, to join the legion; he said that he feared the expedition would have sailed before he arrived. We could learn from him how earnestly the irish were still looking to France for relief. Mr Derry observed to him « I am quitting the legion and my dear « friends here, because I see no chance of an expedition « for Ireland. » Mr Mullen was from the county of Down,

Mr Derry's native country, and he had time to get a great deal of news about their common friends, before the coach started, and particularly about his brother, the catholic bishop, whose diocese was in the county. Mr Mullen was the nephew of our worthy friend Mac Canna, who saved the irish college in the days of terror.

When marshal Augereau's corps marched from Brest in 1805, to join the grand army, general Arthur O'Connor who was attached to its staff, came to Paris and married the daughter and only child of the celebrated and unfortunate Condorcet; this union was his great ambition, and indeed it proved a happy one. Mademoiselle Condorcet had the advantage being brought up by her high-minded and accomplished mother, the marquise de Condorcet, whose courage and fortitude during the cruel terror and persecution of 1793 acquired for her the greatest consideration from the true patriots of every country; she knew well how to appreciate the sacrifices and sufferings, and imprisonments which Arthur O'Connor had undergone, endeavouring to obtain the freedom of his native country : her brother general Grouchy highly approved of his niece's marriage with his friend general O'Connor; they were considered a very handsome pair; mademoiselle Condorcet was a fine, sprightly, animated young girl, scarcely twenty; general O'Connor nearly forty, with very distinguished manners. He soon purchased the estate and chateau de Bignon in the depart-

ment of the Loiret, where he spent the greater part of his time, waiting the minister's orders to be actively employed. — As nothing was done or attempted by the french government to better the situation of poor Ireland, during that long war with England, general O'Connor was allowed the full appointments of a general of division though not in command, till the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, when he got a retiring pension of six thousand francs per annum.

Several officers of the irish legion at Quimper in 1805 were ordered to command detachments to conduct conscripts to Strasbourg : these were captain Tennant, captain William Corbet, lieutenants O'Reilly, Allen, Burgess, O'Morin, etc. At Strasbourg the men were all armed and organized into brigades and columns, to march with all the military preparations and precautions through the country of the Tyrol, to the city of Venice, where the men were drafted into their respective regiments, and the irish officers got separate feuilles de route to return by « etapes, » or regular day's marches to rejoin the legion at Quimper; besides their pay, they received a marching indemnity, which quite sufficed for them to take the coach occasionally and to visit many places in Italy. This pleasure compensated in a great measure for the painful marches they had to make through the Tyrol mountains. Allen wrote to me frequently during the three months he spent travelling.

In the spring of 1806 during the stay of the legion at Quimper, the english having landed some troops near Concarneau in the night time, commandant Peterzelli marched with a detachment against them. As he took none of the officers who were irishmen by birth, and whose turn it was to march, they felt highly indignant at the insult of not being sent against the common enemy; on his return next day, after the english had re-embarked, they went all without exception, but individually, and deposited their swords with him, declaring, they would not resume them till they got satisfaction. They remained eight days for this under forced arrest, when the emperor hearing of their conduct and highly approving it, ordered them back their swords, and assured them of his resolution to do them justice.

It was on this occasion we could see that captain William Lawless possessed great powers of extemporary speaking. He recapitulated in the strongest terms that Peterzelli's neglect, whether intentional or otherwise mattered little, that as officers and men of honour, born in Ireland, we should forthwith seek redress, and surrender our swords till we obtained it. Being under forced arrest, we feared difficulties might occur to prevent our sending off our despatches to the Emperor and the minister of war; but Mrs Barker soon surmounted them; this excellent woman went, by her husband captain Barker's orders, and got the document signed by all the irish

officers, and then went three leagues from Quimper and had it put into the post office of a small town on the road to Paris. This precaution was thought adviseable.

During the stay of the legion at Quimper, in the spring of 1806, two officers were married there; captain Masterson, to the daughter of the marquis de Castratt, and captain Lacy to mademoiselle Amelie de Guilmar, of a noble family. These marriages created a good deal of amusement, which we needed at the time. Captain Masterson invited several of his comrades to his wedding; and as the marquis de Castratt had spent some time in the county of Wexford, during his stay in Ireland, at the time of the emigration, we received the kindest hospitality from this elderly nobleman and his daughter madame la comtesse de Beauvoir, a widow lady of great talents and vivacity. When they had spent the money they brought with them to Ireland, not having the means of getting more from France, madame de Beauvoir, to support her father, went at once to be governess to the children of Doctor and Mrs Purcell of Dublin; the parents of the well known Peter Purcell, who took an active part in the catholic association and precursor society.

Madame de Beauvoir had only been a short time married, when she and her father's family were forced to emigrate; the day they left the chateau to escape to the

coast, her husband the count de Beauvoir, after going a few hundred yards, returned to the chateau for something he had forgotten; when coming away, the second time, he was met by the gendarmes in the court, arrested and shortly after, tried and executed.

The marquis de Castratt had, besides madame de Beauvoir, four daughters and a son. Fortunately for those young people in their father's absence, their uncle the marquis de Gregoire had his daughter married to the first aide-de-camp of general Hoche, colonel Bonté, after the treaty of peace had been concluded with the chiefs of the army of la Vendée. Those chiefs having chosen mademoiselle de Gregoire to be their negociatrice at the head quarters of the french army, the general in chief Hoche, was much taken with her highly accomplished manners, and his aide-de-camp colonel Bonté with her person and great beauty. Her name will never be forgotten in Lower Brittany, for the service she rendered, in having had the courage to accept this mission in the midst of the cruel civil war then raging there. Colonel Bonté after his marriage, was soon raised to the rank of general, and got a command in Italy, — Lieutenant O'Reilly on his way back from Venice, waited on general Bonté to whose lady he brought a letter from her cousin and former companion, mademoiselle de Castratt, now madame Masterson. — General Bonté finding O'Reilly speaking french so fluently, told him he would ask the emperor to have him appointed his aide-de-camp, with the rank of cap-

tain. But O'Reilly could not be persuaded, that an expedition would not be sent sooner or later to Ireland, therefore he declined the general's friendly offer, which no doubt must afterwards have vexed him, when he was fighting against the english at Flushing in 1809, « still a lieutenant. »

Captain Masterson's brother Mr John Masterson, who served in the irish brigades before 1792 and was married to a West India lady, by whom he acquired property in Antigua, was residing at Brussells with his wife and family in 1806. Knowing the marquis de Castratt in the county of Wexford as a french emigrant, he highly approved his brother's alliance with that noble man, and settled sixty pounds a year on his sister-in-law, which annuity was paid to her after his death by his daughter Miss Sally Masterson, who inheritel her father's estate in Antigua.

We spent si delightful days with the marquis de Castratt and his amiable family. In the evenings there was music, and dancing on the lawn before the chateau for the country people of the neighbourhood. After supper little plays were got up, of various kinds, by madame de Beauvoir and her uncle the marquis de Grégoire, vho had great taste for all such amusements, having learned them when a page to Louis the XV; indeed he possessed much of the polished manners of the old french noblesse.

What struck us much the day of the wedding, returning from the church, trough the great hall of the chateau, was, to see a number of peasants waiting there to offer presents to the new married pair as they passed. These presents consisted of lambs, kids, calves, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, butter made up in the form of saints, etc., all being voluntary, the peasantry being no longer serfs, told well for the marquis de Castratt, when he returned home from the emigration, he had no power over these peasants, his former tenants or serfs, they had become « proprietors » of the national lands or property. He got back however his chateau and gardens, which happened not to have been sold, though plundered and empty. The family had a mansion on the land of their birth, where they were much respected by the country people.

Captain Lacy's marriage with mademoiselle de Guilmar could not afford us as much amusements, for her uncle monsieur de Malesherbes refused his consent. She had to quit his residence in the country and come to a relation's house at Quimper, who handed her to the altar. When the brave Lacy took her for better for worse, he never enquired whether she had any fortune or not; she was young, and handsome and sweet-tempered, that was all he required. He gave a splendid supper on the occasion to his comrades and friends. He was born in Spain, and was a real soldier. No irishman lamented more than he did, that the expedition to Ireland did not take place.

A few days after the wedding, we heard that Jerome Buonaparte had returned from America, not accompanied by the ships of the line that sailed from Brest with him, but in a frigate, closely pursued by several english war ships. From these he narrowly escaped into the bay of Concarneau, four leagues from Quimper. This little town gave a ball and splendid entertainments to him and the officers of the frigate, whilst he had to wait for orders from the minister of marine at Paris. A battalion of infantry was placed on board his frigate to reinforce the crew, lest the english should cut the cable in the night and take her off.

Though we had made no demand collectively to the war office, yet we heard from our friends at Paris, that we might soon expect to change our garrison; and in june 1806 the legion received orders to march from Quimper to Alençon, there to wait another destination. Before setting out, we heard of poor lieutenant Mac Henry's death at the hospital of Landernau, where he had stopped to be treated for a swelled knee. The surgeon opened it and he died during the operation. He was an honest presbyterian from the north of Ireland, and a true patriot. He and I were one day in march 1804, taking a walk at Quimper, down the river. Thinking we might meet wolves we charged our muskets, with ball cartridges. Returning, he saw a wild duck dive in the river, and when it put its head up over the water, he fired and killed it; when we examined the duck, we found the ball had split the head in

two. So enchanted was he with this musket that he determined at once to lay out two or three guineas in getting it newly stocked and polished, in the best style. I told him he should try it again before going to any expence, so we went next day to the ruins of an old windmilla, league from the town, and we placed a sheet of paper on the wall. He said he would go about the same distance from the mill that he was from the duck. After firing three rounds, without once hitting the target, he flung the musket on the ground, swearing at it. He was very good humoured, and made the officers of the mess laugh at his failure, saying by it he had saved a hundred francs.

Mr Mullen at once had himself enrolled on the books of the irish legion, determined to stick by it in any rank he could fill. He was not like one of his countrymen Mr Mac Gurken brother to the catholic attorney or sollicitor of Belfast who had been so actively employed in the years 1797, and 98 defending the united irishmen then charged with treason. Mac Gurken thought that the great sacrifices made by his brother at that period entitled him to the rank of officer, and was resolved to accept nothing less. His appearance was greatly against him; he was deeply marked with the small pox, very ugly in consequence, and along with his disagreeable looks, he was impudent and presumptuous to a degree. He had been a month at Quimper, waiting, as he said, for an answer to an application that had been made in his favour. The non-com-

missioned officers of the legion were delighted when he went away; they only feared he might change his mind, and be one day enrolled amongst them.

Our march from Quimper could not be agreeable, turning our backs to the coast, and relinquishing, at least for the present, all hopes for Ireland. — The married officers were allowed to take the coach as far as Rennes, except captain Lacy, who was doing the functions of adjutant major. He had to walk and make the regular day's march. His lady on horseback, accompanied him. We had a « séjour » or resting day at the little town of Pontivy, and another at Rennes, where the legion was reviewed by general Delaborde, who commanded there, and who on this occasion took the privilege to admonish the irish officers on their too great susceptibility at Quimper with commandant Peterzelli, who meant nothing, only being in great haste to march against the english invaders, took with him the first officers he met belonging to the legion; never thinking of the place of their birth. This formidable invasion consisted of an english midshipman and ten marine soldiers, who landed in the night and carried off with them two peasants, whom they obliged to dress in their sunday cloaths, who, after sitting all day on board the english frigate as models for the young artists and officers to take their portraits, were landed the night after on the coast, having been well-treated during the twenty four hours of captivity, as prisoners of war should be.

These details, though satirical, served to reconcile the officers with commandant Peterzelli.

General Humbert was residing at Rennes at the time of our passing there, not in favour since his unfortunate failure in Ireland in 1798. Captain Barker and other officers who knew him at Paris after he returned from prison, waited on him, and found him looking well; he assured them that whenever the french government was serious about an expedition to Ireland, he would be employed in it.

Admiral Villeneuve who was taken prisoner at the battle of Trafalgar, where Nelson fell, in october 1805, being exchanged and on his way to Paris, stopped at Rennes, and shot himself in the hotel, a few days before the legion arrived there.

Our march from Rennes to Alençon was agreeable enough, and as we expected on arriving there to have further orders, we were in great spirits; however being told that we might hire lodgings, as it was probable that the legion would stop some time; it was thought adviseable to send a memorial to the emperor, signed by the officers praying to be employed on active service, to which the minister of war answered that his imperial majesty would take our demand into consideration; so we made up our minds to be satisfied with the garrison of Alençon.

I can never forget that it was at this town I receivep the first letter and news from my dear half brother, Edward Kennedy, who had suffered three years imprisonment and only got liberated under Mr Fox's administration; he was arrested in august 1803, a few days after I escaped from Dublin, and the same day, he told me, a general and a minute search was made for me at my mother's residence in the county of Wexford, and at every house in the neighbourhood, where the Orange men thought I might get shelter.

My brother's letter contained the principal occurrences which took place during his imprisonment, and from the day we separated till his liberation. He never could learn whether or not I had got safe to France, to execute my mission there. Such were the privations the state prisoners had to suffer in the Dublin jails, and no friend was allowed to see them. — His melancholy account of poor Robert Emmett's execution made me sad indeed: the body, with the head severed from it, was brought and left for some time in the court of the prison, where the prisoners might view it from their cells. — My brother's greatest comfort was to meet his fellow prisoners, when they were allowed to walk in the yard; particularly the worthy Philip Long, who proved himself to the last his kind friend : they were liberated the same day; messrs Cluny, Hughes, Gray and Hickson got out some time before. He spoke to me of William Parrott in the highest terms, which I was very glad of, as his brother Joseph

was one of our distinguished officers, and the cousin of my friend and comrade Hugh Ware; in short, this letter was a complete journal of that sad time : it was brought by some friend of Philip Long's to the continent, and put into the post office at Amsterdam. I never paid money with such pleasure as I did the four francs postage of this letter, which with my brother's large wax seal unbroken, and coming to me through an enemy's country, in the time of war, no doubt caused an emotion which can readily be accounted for by the exiles of Erin. —

General Bonnet who commanded the first division of marshal Augereau's army at Brest, which had been destined for Ireland, was at Alençon on leave of absence when we arrived there. It was said that his dispute with admiral Ganteaume about preventing the grenadiers of his division sweeping the decks, did not serve him with the emperor. But he was too brave a soldier, and possessed of too much talent, to be left any time in disgrace by Napoleon, who knew so well how to appreciate the worth of such officers. General Bonnet married a young lady of Alençon whilst we were there. His brother was the post master general and enjoyed great influence in the department « de l'Orne. » Colonel Cavallier, a very handsome man, commanded the gendarmes of that country; he and the prefet had reception nights, which made the garrison very agreeable. It was at Alençon that the following five officers left the legion in 1806, captain Wil-

liam Corbet, captain Bernard Mac Shechy, lieutenant Austin Gibbons, and the sub lieutenants Swanton and Manginean.

CHAPTER II

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1806. The legion ordered to march to Berlin. — Pass by Paris, my visits there. — Captain Barker, Mrs Tone. — The town of Verdun and the english prisoners there. — Metz and captain O'Heron. — Sarrebruck, Pitt's depot of false assignats. — Mayence. — Polish and irish prisoners. — Marshal Kellerman. — The empress Josephine and the queen Hortense. — The concert and young Flechy. — 1807. March to Landau. — Visit to Manheim. General Harty's conduct in '92 not forgotten. — The tambour major admired. — The church at Landau serving as a place of worship for catholics and protestants. — Order to march to the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer. — The march by Verdun. — The english prisoners. — The governor of Arras. — The depot of english prisoners. — The camp at Boulogne. — Colonel general Gouvion Saint-Cyr. — The prussian captain Delorme. — Lieutenant Powell's dispute. — Allen and O'Reilly; Mr Mac Canna, general Dufour; the council of war. — Six officers ordered to Brest. — The legion march to Antwerp; general Harty and the governor. — Charles Ryan and captain Ware. — Miss Sally Masterson and the parties of pleasure. — The Mastersons of Bruges and Mr Johnstone the Austrian consul. — Putenham Mac Cabe and Mrs Berthemy. — The irish legion ordered to the Island of Walcheren. — Camp at West Capell. — General Harty in command. — Terveere. — The hospital of Middleburg. — A battalion ordered to Spain, captain Lacy commands it. — Flushing annexed to France. The inundation there. My permission to go to Brussels. Mr Corr. — Father Cowan, etc. The french captain of the port. — The english newspapers. — Transactions at Bayonne with the spanish kings. — News from Spain by lieutenant O'Morin.

We were anxiously following the movements of the french army in that memorable and short campaign of october 1806, which decided the fate of the prussian monarchy at the battle of Iena on the 14th of the same

month; and on the 28th Napoleon after he had made his triumphal entrance into the capital of that monarchy, gave orders that the irish legion should march forthwith to Berlin, there to be completed with men. — We now felt that our memorial had succeeded, and we were enchanted at the prospect of seeing real military service. The order for the march sent to the legion at Alençon mentioned the different towns where it was to halt for the night, as far as Mayence. — The married officers as usual got permission to take the coach with their families, on condition to be present every fifth day, at the general inspection. — Captain Barker availed himself of it to place his son Arthur, then nine years of age, in the irish college at Paris; as the superior required a ministerial order, and it required some days before that could be obtained, the kind Mrs Tone took charge of little Barker and brought him to her house, to be a play mate for her children, until all the formalities were complied with. I got permission to stop a few days at Paris, to see some of my friends who were still there : Mr John Sweetman, Lewins, Mac Cormach, etc. By taking the coach to Chateau-Thierry, I rejoined the legion there at the inspection. — Although we did not muster very strong, still we were organized as completely as the french regiments; each company having it's captain, lieutenant sub-lieutenant, serjeant major, serjeants, corporals and drummers; and besides the eagle bearer, who had the rank of officer, the ensign bearer with the green colours, on which

was « The independence of Ireland » inscribed in gold letters. And on the other side of the green colours was the « Harp without the crown. » With our eagle uncovered and colours flying, we marched in perfect military order through every town and excited great interest amongst the inhabitants, who used to exclaim : « The Irish and the Poles were their faithful allies. » — The town of Verdun, where we should have halted one night, being the depot of the english prisoners of war, the governor took upon himself to lodge the irish legion in a suburb, lest its presence might be disagreeable to those prisoners; at day-break he had the draw bridge let down and the gates opened to let the legion march through, before the english prisoners could have light to see and contemplate our green flag, and its beautiful inscription, so obnoxious to them, « The independence of Ireland! » — Our march however through the town at that early hour attracted great notice ; as our band played up our national air of « Patrick's day in the morning, » we could see many windows opened and gentlemen in their shirts enquiring across the street, in good english, what was meant by this music at such an early hour. « Why damn « it Burke, you ought to know that air » was answered from one window to another. This caused much conversation.

Altho' we were not very well lodged in the faubourg of Verdun, we had a capital dinner in one of the little inns there. I sat at table next to captain O'Heren, who

entertained us with many anecdotes of what occurred in 1792, when the place was garrisoned by the prussian army. —

At four leagues from Verdun, on the road to Metz, we halted in a village to breakfast, and it was amusing enough to hear all the news that the officers had learned at their lodgings the night before, respecting the english prisoners, and their rambles through the country, every day till sunset, when they had to be in town to answer the roll call.

Captain O'Heren got permission at the village to take the coach as far as Metz, and we were greatly shocked on arriving there next day, to learn that he had died suddenly in the night at the hotel where he stopped. — O'Heren was studying in France at the time of the revolution, and took an active part in it : he had talent, and would have filled a diplomatic situation with credit. He and I were lodged in the same house at Lesnevan, where he was a great favorite with the family, who received a good deal of company in the evening. O'Heren's society they considered a great acquisition; he spoke french fluently, and had the gay manners of a well bred irish man; he was a good patriot, and could not fail to be well received wherever he went.

Our march continued to be agreeable enough, the weather being very fine, though at the end of november. — Arriving at Sarrebrouk, we halted to breakfast there. —

The town had been burnt and suffered much from the disasters of the war. — It was in this place that Pitt had established a manufactory of forged assignats, as one of his famous stratagems for ruining and conquering the french nation! —

On arriving at Mayence, the legion received orders to halt there, where 1500 Poles who had been in the prussian service volunteered to inter into the french service after the battle of Iena. They were incorporated into the irish legion at Mayence, as were a great number of irish. These irish had been engaged in the rebellion, and whilst imprisoned in Ireland were sold by the english government in 1798 and 1799 to the king of Prussia, to work in his mines; his agent going through the prisons in Ireland and choosing the best and ablest young men. Previous to the hostilities with France, the king of Prussia obliged these brave and unfortunate men to enter his army. — It may easily be imagined they rejoiced to join the irish soldiery in the service of France; holding out a hope, as it then did, that they would one day see their country liberated.

Those « irish prussian prisoners » speaking german, so as to make themselves understood, and at least as well as their comrades the polish prisoners, rendered vast service to their officers in the beginning. We met amongst them, many whom we knew in the insurrection of 1798; captain Ware met several who had fought beside him in the

county of Kildare; viz: Foster, Gunning, etc., fine young fellows. — And Dalton, Cane, Doyle, O'Brien, and many others from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, who knew me from my childhood.

Mullowney who had been wounded at Castlebar and condemned to be transported, had the rank of serjeant-major in the prussian army; he soon obtained that of officer in the irish legion, and became one of the distinguished captains of the irish regiment in the campaigns of 1813. — The french pay, the soldier's rations, and the way of living with the discipline, was so much superior to that of the prussian army, that both Poles and Irish were delighted with the french service. — Marshal Kellerman, who commanded the army of reserve at Mayence, gave orders that great coats, shirts, shoes, etc., should be furnished forthwith to the captains of the irish legion for their soldiers, and in a few days after, on passing the review, he was quite pleased to see the legion so well equipped and so formidable. He paid us some handsome compliments on this occasion, saying, that the irish bravery was proverbial, and their attachment to France well known, etc. He also told us that he had been a cadet in one of the irish brigades when a boy, for a short time; his manners were simple, and those of a well-bred gentleman; his military career long and glorious; but he prided himself more on his victory at Valmy, than on all the others, because, he said, it put an end for ever to the prussian ambition of making conquests in France.

We found Mayence a delightful garrison, though on account of the continual passage of troops there, and its being the great depot of the grand army, we could not expect to remain longer than the time necessary to get our men armed. We used to meet on the public walk, the empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense queen of Holland, both looking young and handsome.

At a concert given to them, the son of our master tailor, young Flechy, a lad of fourteen years of age, played on the violin, to the surprise and admiration of the other musicians, who considered him quite a prodigy. The empress next day, sent him a handsome present.

At the end of december the legion was ordered to march to Landau; this town being a strong fortress, where the service of the place was executed with as much punctuality and rigor as if the enemy were at its gates, was of the greatest service to both officers and men.

On this march to Landau, captain Ware and I got permission to cross the Rhine and visit the town of Manheim, of which there has been so much said of its beauty and regularity. Having to recross the river early next morning, to join our companies that were lodged in a village on the road, we were not a little surprised to hear vollies of musket shots in every direction; on enquiring, we were told that it was the custom of the country to celebrate the new year with this kind of rejoicing at day break: so our march to Landau on the first of january 1807 accompanied by rejoicing and firing, announced

that we should see, ere the war terminated plenty of that kind of amusement.

The irish legion was well received by the inhabitants of Landau; they recollected the noble conduct of captain Harty in 1792, when he, in spite of his lieutenant colonel O'Mahony, prevented Berwick's regiment from crossing the Rhine to the enemy's camp, and marched back with it in triumph. He received the grateful thanks of the governor, and of the people of the town. Is not this circumstance one of the instances which shew how difficult it is to define what is called passive obedience to military chiefs and tyrants? Had captain Harty obeyed his chief, the french army would have been deprived of the splendid services of the 70th demi-brigade, and the irish composing it, would have been driven to the cruel and dishonourable necessity of soliciting employment from the british government! —

No garrison could be more suitable for the completion of the legion than Landau; provisions there were cheap and abundant, particularly potatoes, which the polish soldiers relished fully as much as the irish did. Their manner of preparing this food was excellent. The potatoes were grated, then half boiled, into a sort of soup; a quantity of bacon being cut very small and half fried, was put into the potatoe soup, and boiled until it became quite thick, then it was turned out into the soldier's dishes or pans. They enjoyed this pudding very much, though it did not contain any currants or raisins. — With

such substantial diet, our soldiers were able to bear up against fatigue and the cold frosty weather, and accordingly we had exercise and manœuvring every day, though in the depth of winter.

Hearing that there were prussian prisoners arrived at the town of Spires, and that one of them, a man seven feet high, wished to engage in a french regiment as « drum major, » I was sent there, and my instructions were, not to engage any of them but Poles, except however the tambour-major (drum-major), whose birth place mattered not, provided he could march upright at the head of the legion. The commander of the town of Spires gave me the best assistance he could; I dined with him, and after dinner he sent for the giant, as he called him, and asked him what was the amount of the prussian pay he received. We found that the french pay would be double; besides, the officers consented to add forty franks a month to it; so with all this, and the double rations he was entitled to, the tambour-major was enchanted, and he told me he would be ready to march when I pleased. He had got a slight wound, but the surgeon of the hospital who visited him assured me that it would never prevent him from marching and doing his service. Forty of the Poles volunteered; only thirty of them were fit for marching; I engaged these, gave each a day's pay, and ordered them to assemble at eight o'clock next morning, when we started for Landau and after marching more than three leagues, I halted in a village for an hour to let the

men breakfast, and when the drum beat to march again, all were present, but the frost was so intense, twelve degrees under zero, that half of the men were seized with the cold and unable to proceed, in consequence of having quitted the red hot stoves in the houses where they had breakfasted. By the time I arrived at the gates of Landau in the evening, only ten of the thirty were present; the other twenty being so weak, they took two days to come to Landau. The chief and all the officers were delighted to see the « superbe » tambour-major, and paid me many compliments for the care I had taken of him on the march, keeping him away from the hot stoves and only allowing him to drink what was necessary to bear up against the desperate cold, otherwise he also would have remained sick on the road. The inhabitants admired the tambour-major, as they did every thing that added splendour to the troops of the garrison, on whom depended a good deal of the commerce of Landau, furnishing the ornaments, and every thing in the way of provisions. The apartments let to the officers insured a small rent to the house keepers, who were attentive and careful to make every thing comfortable in the lodgings. It was edifying to witness the tolerance amongst these good people with regard to religion. In the same church every sunday the catholics and the protestants had at different hours, their respective religious services. We went to the nine o'clock mass, and leaving the church, we used to meet at the door, the protestants entering for their worship, which

began at ten. This was an agreeable sight to us, who were brought up with a horror of the protestant ascendency in Ireland. We spent the gay time of carnaval at Landau and were very happy there; but we were rejoiced when the order arrived for the legion to march to the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer, as this march to the coast indicated that Napoleon had not relinquished his former great plan of invading England and Ireland, and that he would resume it on a larger scale, when he concluded peace with Russia and Prussia. The camp at Boulogne was then commanded by one of the illustrious captains of the age, the colonel general « Gouvion Saint-Cyr, » afterwards a marshal of France.

The army of reserve under his orders was principally composed of the fourth or fifth battalions of the regiments of the grand army which left their depots at the different camps on the coast to receive the young soldiers, and there to have them instructed and prepared for campaigning. To make part of an army commanded by one of the ablest generals of the time delighted us, and we were gay and cheerful on the way.

At Metz we had a resting day where the council of administration ordered two thousand feathers and other ornaments to be made, and forwarded to the camp at Boulogne. On « this » march the legion was not lodged in the suburbs of Verdun; but the english prisoners there could behold from the ramparts at half a league off, a little army on march, clothed in green, commanded by

rish officers, with the eagle uncovered, and the banners flying, on which was inscribed in large letters of gold « Independence of Ireland. »

At Arras tho' there was a depot of english prisoners there, we were lodged in the town, because the governor had the good sense to make the english sleep one night in the citadel, until we marched out in the morning.

We found every thing in perfect order on arriving at our camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer : the soldiers barracks, as well as those of the officers were clean and airy. A few hours sufficed for us to be completely installed in our new abode; the inhabitants at Boulogne being so well accustomed to furnish every necessary for the military, we had no trouble, and for the sum of twelve francs a month, an officer's barrack was furnished with bed, table, chairs, etc.

On the third day after our arrival we were reviewed by the general in chief, Gouvion Saint-Cyr; it was the first time I had seen him. And now transcribing these notes, I am reminded of a short conversation he honoured me with in 1819, when he was minister of war to Louis XVIII.

The inspector general Claperode had the half pay officers of the department of the Seine assembled at his house in the rue Ville-l'Evêque, when he conducted them across the Place de la Concorde to the minister of war's hotel in the rue Saint-Dominique to pay their respects to his excellency; the officers in the different uniforms of the

empire formed a motley group and caused a sensation ; mine being green, attracted notice, as well as the others. The minister asked me if I had obtained my letters of naturalization. I said to him I had. Then other questions about my campaigns. He then wished to know if I possessed any fortune : « None but my sword, monsieur le maréchal » was my reply; on which he bowed to me. Twelve days after I received my commission for the second battalion of the second legion de l'Ille-et-Vilaine, then forming at Rennes. Unfortunately before the second battalion had time to be assembled, a re-organization of the french army into regiments took place, by which change, I had still to remain on half pay.

I was far then indeed from imagining that english influence could be used against my advancement, and it was only when I returned from Greece in 1830, that I learned, that sir Charles Stuart the english ambassador at Paris, went to the minister of war general de Caux in 1828 to ask him to have my name and colonel Corbet's struck off the list of staff officers employed on the expedition to Morée. The minister refused, saying we were french officers, employed in our turn. He however fearing that the ambassador might go to Saint-Cloud, to ask the king Charles X, who could refuse him nothing, ordered us to repair to Toulon without delay to embark with the division ready to sail, and commanded by the generals Maison, Higonet, Schneider, etc.

To return to Boulogne, our men being mostly soldiers

who had served, it only required some drilling and exercise, to make them understand the french word of command, to enable us to manœuvre in line with the french regiments. One month busily and well employed at the camp of Boulogne sufficed to accomplish this : and at a grand review passed there by the general in chief Gouvion Saint-Cyr, he testified his satisfaction on the progress which the irish legion had made in manœuvring; and the brilliancy of its « tenue » pleased him much; indeed it appeared to great advantage at the review, having got in time from Metz, the feathers and the other ornaments for the soldiers; altogether their uniform was splendid.

A very disagreeable circumstance occurred this day; the following is a true version of it; a vain prussian captain of the name of Delorme in whom marshal Kellerman had taken some interest at Mayence, was attached to the legion and followed it to the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer. At a general review passed by general Saint-Cyr, when the legion in column by companies, was marching to defile before the general in chief, captain Delorme, who had no company in the legion, wishing to shew himself by defiling before the general, and perceiving lieutenant Powell commanding a company in the absence of his captain, who was sick, insisted on taking the command from the lieutenant who refused, stating, he saw no order from the chief to give up the command of his company at that time, and having passed the review and inspec-

tion all day, he wished to have the honour of defiling before the general; but the captain persevering, the lieutenant pushed him rudely from before the company and continued to defile. As soon as the review was over, captain Delorme complained to commandant Peterzelli, who had lieutenant Powell sent to the town prison, where he was to remain 'till he was tried by a court martial. Upon this, all the other lieutenants of the legion resolved to force captain Delorme to fight them, and drew lots; lieutenant Allen who spoke to him first on the subject, and whom he refused to fight, was immediately sent to the town prison.

Lieutenant O'Reilly meeting Delorme in the fields, coming from the chief's lodgings, after having had lieutenant Allen sent to prison, told him he must fight on the spot, or give him his word of honour that he would fight as soon as he could procure a second. — He complied with the latter demand and went to Boulogne, to get a captain of a swiss regiment to be his second. They fought with swords, and lieutenant O'Reilly might have easily killed or wounded him, as he asked several times to repose himself, and finally said, he would fight no more.

Lieutenant Powell was tried by the court martial at the camp at Ambleteuse. The court was presided by general Dufour, who had been in the expedition to Ireland, and who felt for the persecuted irish.

Mr Mac Canna, a worthy irish patriot established at Boulogne got a friend of his, a major in one of the regi-

ments, to defend lieutenant Powell, and never was a defence more ably conducted. The comparison between the irish and the prussians, and the devotion of the former to the french cause, was so forcibly stated, that it appeared a shame to have let the trial take place. Lieutenant Powell was accordingly acquitted with great eclat.

Lieutenant Allen on coming out of prison sent a challenge by captain Dowdell to captain Delorme, who however preferred signing a paper, saying, that if he could not obtain an exchange into some other regiment in the course of six months, he would give in his resignation.

After this, he lived on good terms with the officers.

During the stay of the legion at the camp the six following officers were ordered to Brest, where still hopes were held out of an expedition to Ireland; these officers were captains Lawless, Markey, and Broughan, and lieutenants Murray, O'Reilly, and Devereux.

In june 1807 the legion was ordered to march from Boulogne to Antwerp. This town being declared in a state of siege, the garrison duty was severe, and strictly executed; much to the advantage of the young officers. — General Harty had the command of the brigade, of which the legion made a part. The senator Lefebvre was the governor general of Antwerp.

Many ships of the line were launched at this time at Antwerp.

Charles Ryan who came from Dublin, joined the legion at Antwerp, but not being personally known to any of the officers, and having no papers with him to prove his identity, he found some difficulty on arriving, especially as the governor had no instructions from the minister of war respecting him. — Captain Ware knowing his father in Dublin, volunteered to be responsible for him, and he was accordingly allowed to follow the legion till he received his commission as sub-lieutenant from the minister at war in july 1808.

Putting Antwerp in a state of siege was necessary no doubt, and where there were such vast naval stores, the military service required to be rigorously executed, in order to be always guarded against an enemy so powerful at sea as the english were at that period. Napoleon's great victories, and the peace he concluded at Tilsit in july 1807 with the Prussian and Russian monarchs, did not save the poor king of Denmark, who was in profound peace with all the world, from having his capital, Copenhagen, bombarded, his fleet, consisting of twenty eight sails of the line, sixteen frigates, nine brigs, and a number of small vessels being seized, and all his naval and military stores being taken or destroyed, a month after that peace of Tilsit, by the english robbers, who felt no shame at so foul a deed.

At Antwerp four officers of the irish legion mounted

guard every day, besides those making the rounds at night. My post was generally at the arsenal every eight or ten days, where I did not find the twenty four hours of guard dull, having so much to see and admire in the construction of those ships of the line, so rapidly completed, three of which were launched whilst we were in garrison at Antwerp, the Austerlitz, the Iena, and the Friedland.

General Chamberlac who commanded the military division at Brussels, was appointed to inspect the troops comprising the garrison and forts of Antwerp. His inspection lasted eight days, during which time we were busily occupied with the theory, exercise and evolutions. — His report on the state of the instruction and discipline of the irish legion was very favorable, and highly flattering to the officers; so much so, that the brave general Harty, who commanded our brigade, promised us, that he would have no manœuvres for some time, in order that we might have a little recreation after our fatigues. We eagerly availed ourselves of his politeness, and organized country excursions to offer amusements to the married officer's ladies of the regiment. Captain Masterson's niece, miss Sally Masterson was on a visit with him and his wife at the time, and she being very handsome, highly educated, sprightly and amiable in her manners, attracted much attention. She soon became the delight of all who knew her.

Captain Dowdall and other officers decided on spending a day at the fort of « Lillo, » four leagues down the river, and they hired a large sloop to bring the guests, with the band of music of the legion, wines, and every thing necessary for a splendid dinner, to which the governor of the fort was invited, along with the mayor of the village of Lillo. — The weather was bright and warm, and the table was laid out in a shady garden belonging to the hotel. After seeing all that was curious in the fort, we sat down to dinner. The ladies being placed at table between the french gentlemen, gave great assistance in doing the honours. The conversation turning on the beautiful effect of the music, as we sailed into Lillo, captain Ware asked captain Dowdall « if commandant Peterzelli appeared dis- « pleased at not being invited to be of the party, when « he called on him to ask permission to bring the band « of music of the regiment on board? » Poor Dowdall exclaimed « I entirely forgot to get it, I had so many other « things to think of. » On which there was a general laugh, and he blushed still more deeply, when some one said : « A man in love cannot have all his wits about « him! » — The fact was, Dowdall took charge of all, and he even had the precaution to bring several of our soldiers who were first rate seamen also, to aid the sailors of the vessel ; unfortunately he forgot the precaution of limiting the quantity they were to drink, so that, altho' Regan, Gollagher, Harison, etc., were well behaved, sober soldiers, they were this day, like the rest of the company

half seas over on leaving Lillo, and could neither steer nor row a boat to tow on our sloop; so that before we had got half way up the river to Antwerp, some of the ladies became alarmed and screamed out begging to be put on shore. It being also the wish of Father Cowan, who had the charge of miss Sally Masterson, we had the vessel brought as near to the banks as possible, when almos all the company landed. Captain and Mrs Barker, captain Ware and a few others preferred remaining on board all night. But luckily for them, the wind changed and they reached Antwerp before the gates where shut; whilst all of us who had landed, passed a wretched enough night in a farm house half a league from the river, and early in the morning made the best of our way to Antwerp on foot; we however procured a large waggon for the ladies, before we started. — We officers, not having had permission to be absent for a night from a town in a state of siege, were put under arrest for four days, when we arrived at Antwerp. — Miss Sally Masterson hearing this, went at once to general Harty, and brought him with her to the governor, whom she prayed to raise our arrests, declaring that she was the cause of our not returning before night to Antwerp, as she had become so alarmed in the ship. Of course the governor could not refuse the petition of so fair a lady, and so our arrests were immediately raised.

Miss Sally Masterson did not return home, till she had the pleasure herself of visiting and announcing to the

various officers her success with the governor. She said to the governor, when asking him to raise our arrests, that she was emboldened to do so, from being the daughter of an officer who had served in France, and the niece of a captain of the irish legion, and particularly as she had been the cause of the vessel being delayed in sailing up the river, for from her delicate health she was easily alarmed, etc.; indeed miss Masterson did look very delicate and the more so from being in deep mourning for her father, who had died a short time before at Brussels. — Her mother and her younger sister came to join her at Antwerp, where they took an « appartement » on the Place Verte; and where they gave very agreeable evening tea parties, — We met there sometimes Mrs Masterson of Bruges and her two daughters miss Mary and miss Martha. In marching through Bruges I had the pleasure dining with them, on our way to Antwerp, and they introduced us to a very worthy scotch gentleman a friend of theirs, a Mr Johnstone, who was the austrian consul at Antwerp. Mrs Masterson and her daughters were at this time on a visit to Mr and Mrs Johnstone. They were english, and no relation to the other Masterson family. Miss Martha Masterson little thought then that two years later, she would have it in her power to succour, and save the life of an irish exile. — In 1808 she married an eminent physician at Flushing, a doctor Moke, and on the 15th of august 1809 whilst the french general Monet was negociating to obtain good terms from lord Chatham, but

before the capitulation was signed, commandant William Lawless was brought desperately wounded to madame Moke's house. She had him immediately carefully placed in her cellar on a mattrass, when she gave him refreshments herself, until her husband returned at night, and had time to examine and dress his wound. Nothing could exceed their kind attention to Lawless, and to lieutenant O'Reilly his fellow sufferer, until they procured them the means of escaping from the isle of Walcheren to Antwerp, nearly three months after.

When miss Sally Masterson and her mother and sister were going to return to Brussels, we agreed to conduct them as far as Malines, which is half-way, and there to have a farewell dinner. Mrs and miss Masterson of Bruges were going at the same time to spend some time at Brussels, so we had the pleasure of their company also at the « parting » dinner at Malines.

Captain Dowdall had an elegant « char-à-banc » of his own, with a very fine horse; this carriage was quite adapted for little country parties in fine weather; it had three seats which held three persons each, and one on the coach box drove. This time Mr Allen drove the char-à-banc. — Nothing could be more agreeable than our dinner party at Malines, till the « doleful » moment of parting arrived; then Dowdall, on taking leave made a great harangue or speech, which he concluded by saying, « may God forget us, if we ever forget you! » — This of course was addressed to miss Sally.

After seeing the two families of Masterson into their carriages and set off for Brussels, captains Dowdall and Allen, with seven or eight ladies (of the irish legion) got up into the char-à-banc. Allen volunteering again to drive, got up on the box and fearing that the gates of Antwerp might be shut, before they could get there, they drove off at a prodigiously rapid rate.

Lieutenant Gillmor and I had a carriage for ourselves, and he having taken the precaution to get a permission in the morning before leaving town, to have the gates opened for us till 12 o'clock, we were in no hurry, and were the last on the road. After making three leagues, we perceived three of our party, who had been thrown from the char-à-banc on the high way; captain Masterson's wife endeavouring to carry one of the wheels, another lady something else. The horse had escaped into a field, and Allen and Dowdall were in pursuit of him. As to the char à banc, it was smashed in pieces, and they were only trying to save the horse. No one was hurt, and Gillmor and I hastened to stow all the ladies into our carriage, and followed them close on foot to have the gates opened.

After conducting them to their houses, we repaired to our homes; we were very wet, as it had rained the whole way This party concluded the fêtes got up for miss Sally Masterson while she was on the visit to her uncle and aunt. However on hearing of our misadventures, and fearing that some of her friends might have been injured

when the char-à-banc broke down, she came back to Antwerp to ascertain the particulars. She was accompanied this time by a miss Stanhope, a friend of hers, a very handsome young lady, whose family resided at Brussels.

After visiting all her friends, miss Sally Masterson returned the next day to Brussels; it was the last time that any of us had the pleasure of seeing her.

Although in time of war, many found means of getting away from Ireland and came to France through Holland, or by Hamburgh. Mr Putenham Mac Cabe whom we left at Paris in 1803, when we were hurrying off to the coast to embark as we thought in an expedition to liberate our country from a foreign yoke, arrived one morning at Antwerp, in the month of august 1807 from Amsterdam. He was accompanied by two ladies whom he had taken charge of in London, Mrs Berthemy and her daughter; they were, the sister and the niece of the celebrated irish orator, « Henry Flood, » the contemporary of Grattan. — Mac Cabe being well known to many of the officers, we invited him and the two ladies, his fellow travellers, to dine at our mess at the Lion-d'Or; they accepted our invitation and we spent a very pleasant evening. — Mac Cabe shewed us a beautiful case of duelling pistols, which he was taking to offer as a present to his friend general Arthur O'Connor, then at Paris.

A few days after, an officer of the former irish brigade,

captain Wall, arrived at Antwerp, with his wife, two sons and thre daughters; they had passed the time of the emigration at Wexford, where he carried on some kind of business in the salt trade. Arriving at Paris he got his sons into the irish college to finish their studies, and he himself got placed as a captain at the depot of the irish legion. His wife was a miss Walsh, born in France and cousin to the count de Leran Walsh, senator.

In september 1807 the irish legion was ordered to the isle of Walcheren, and encamped at West Capelle, two leagues from Flushing. The legion at this time was considerably augmented by polish and irish recruits arriving daily; but it suffered dreadfully from the effects of the climate. General Harty who commanded the brigade, with half the officers and men being sick at one time. In consequence of which, the camp was raised and the legion was ordered to Ter Verre and Middleburg in november, as being more healthy quarters; the hospitals in those towns were soon crowded with officers as well as men.

A battalion of eight hundred men being ordered to Spain, captain Lacy got the command, being the senior officer of those who were not sick. This battalion made part of the army that went into Spain with prince Murat. They followed him to Madrid and encamped in its vicinity in the winter of 1807 and 1808, remaining there till

the revolt of the 2d of may 1808, when it was ordered into Madrid to make part of the garrison of that capital. From thence it retreated back behind the Ebro with king Joseph in the summer of 1808, and being continually employed at the advanced posts, suffered much.

Before the battalion received orders to march from Madrid, captain Lacy disappeared. Being a Spaniard by birth, he had numerous acquaintances in Madrid, and it was thought at first that he had fallen a victim to some jealous rival, particularly as his horse, money and effects of every kind were found at his lodgings, and his servant could give no clew where he might be found. It was only at the battle of Ocano the year after, that it was rightly known what had become of him : there he commanded a brigade of spanish cavalry against the french and escaped amongst the last from the field of battle. — He was afterwards named captain general of Catalonia by the Cortes of Cadiz, and was one of their devoted supporters : but after the return of king Ferdinand from imprisonment in France, Lacy being considered too liberal, soon fell into disgrace with his majesty, who suspected him to be at the head of a conspiracy in favour of the constitution of 1812. He was tried by a court martial, condemned to death, and sent to the island of Majorca, where his guards shot him as soon as he landed.

The remainder of the irish legion that was left in Holland returned from Ter Verre and Middleburg to Flush-

ing in december 1807, to be under the orders of genera Monet, governor general of the isle of Walcheren.

Flushing was at this time, by a decree of the emperor separated from Holland and annexed to France. It wa inundated in 1808, from the dykes giving way in a grea storm, when numbers lost their lives. The irish officer received great praise for their active exertions on thi melancholy occasion, by which many lives were saved and indeed on this as on all such, where the lives of human beings were in danger, Allen was one of those officers sure to be found ready to risk his own life to save that of others.

He and I were lodged at a hotel on the most elevated part of Flushing. The evening before this disastrous inundation took place, we went to call on captain Barker and his wife; they had just arrived from Middleburg and were lodged on a ground floor of a private house, by billet. They promised to come and breakfast with us early the next morning, and we were to assist them in looking out for comfortable lodgings. — In the morning Allen remained at our hotel to see that the breakfast was properly prepared, whilst I went to conduct the Barkers to our hotel, as they did not know the town. — I had hardly gone fifty steps from the hall door, when I saw the sea rolling mountains high, and the quays covered with eight feet of water. The floods had risen and were more than fifteen feet deep in the street where the Barkers were lodged.

Boats were getting ready, and Allen and I hired one, and pointed to the sailors to row to the street where captain Barker was lodged. Seeing that the water had reached the first storey of his house, where captains Ware and Parrot were both lying sick in bed of the Flushing fever, we of course thought they were drowned. However on sailing under the windows of the house we saw captain Barker at one of them on the third floor; he told us their escape was a mere chance, and owing to their little child Alice, sleeping in a cradle bed beside them. She was awoke by the water flowing upon her, and called out loudly « mamma, mamma, salt water, salt water! » — They had just time to rush to the stairs, carrying the child. One minute more, and it would have been too late, as the sea soon invaded the first storey, where Ware and his cousin were. They had time to get out of bed, carry up their cloaths and get to the garret to dress themselves.

We soon brought them a small basket of provisions, enough for the day, and which they pulled up by a rope.

We then went to one of the lowest streets of the town, where the magazine of the legion was stowed. There we found the front of the house thrown down by the flood, and the master tailor Flecher and several men holding by the rafters of the third storey. We procured a ladder, and got them safe into our boat. — But all the cloth and arms,

and every thing in the house was carried away into the sea, by the flood and returning tide. — Allen and I continued going from street to street enquiring about the officers who were blockaded by the inundation. — Arthur Mac Mahon's account of the way his landlady and her family perished, was lamentable indeed. He lodged on the first floor, and the family under him on the ground one. The unfortunate woman's cries awakened him, and he ran down stairs to try to get her out of the water, when he himself narrowly escaped being drowned. A mountain of water flowed in, and the cries ceased! — Never to his last moments could Mac Mahon forget these cries.

I had unfortunately to quit Allen suddenly, and repair to bed, there to pass five or six hours in cold and hot fits, knocked down with the terrible fever, whilst he remained at the great guard house all night, giving orders, or going with relief to the unfortunate inhabitants, many of whom were saved by his timely exertions at that perilous moment; a report of which was published next day, and a complimentary letter, signed by the civil authorities of Flushing, was addressed to him. I must add, he prized this letter, as equal to any brevet he ever obtained afterwards in campaign.

In all kind of danger, even in sickness, Allen was lucky. I recollect when he, Ware, Parrot, Eager, Gillmor, O'Reilly and I were in the officer's ward in the military hospital at Middleburg, that he got rid of his fever in

eight days, and had scarcely ever any relapse; whereas we had it returning continually, until we left the Island.

Although the inhabitants of Flushing at the time of the disastrous inundation, were no more the subjects of the king of Holland, Louis Buonaparte, yet his human compassion was no way wanting towards them in their misfortunes. He sent large sums of money to be distributed amongst the people who had lost their all. — Few monarchs at that period, 1808, could boast of being so beloved as he was by his dutch subjects.

This fearful inundation took place in the month of january, 1808.

The french troops in garrison at Flushing, always received the same pay and rations, as the dutch army; and which was equal to double that of the french pay, until the annexation of the town to the french empire took place, when they were paid only according to the french tariff, which was a great privation in that bad climate and where every thing was so dear. The soldiers however continued to receive rations of wine.

Captain Ware never could have recovered had he remained at Flushing, he was so reduced by the fever, but fortunately for him, he got an order to join the battalion of the legion then encamped at Madrid, with prince Murat, a captain's place being vacant in it.

Our surgeon major Saint-Leger being in a dying state, I had to call on doctor Moke, one of the first physicians in Flushing. He seeing the worst symptoms, my feet greatly swelled, and that the great quantity of bark that I had taken did not stop the fever, he advised me of all things to change the air. — I obtained, in consequence of his certificate a leave of absence for a month. — I took my passage in a vessel going up to Antwerp, and I engaged two of the sailors to come to my hotel, to help me to get on board in time, as the vessel sailed at break of day. — We reached Antwerp that same evening, time enough for me to take the coach for Brussels. I stopped at the Hotel de Flandre in that town, and next day had a visit of a worthy irish patriot, Mr Corr, who had been established a considerable time in business in Brussels : he told me that hearing that one of the officers of the irish legion in garrison at Flushing had arrived sick at the hotel, he called to offer his services, and to see if there was any thing he could do for him. He wished to know if I found the hotel to my liking; I answered that it was every thing I could desire, and the charges very reasonable; the only thing I could object to was, the dinner hour, half past one o'clock, which was too soon for me. — On this he said, that he and Mrs Corr dined always at half past four, or five o'clock at the latest. and that he was sure the hour and their dinner would suit my taste, and that I could pay them the same price I was to give at the Hotel de Flandre. Not knowing Mr Corr's circum-

stances, and thinking that it might be of use to him, I consented, and the same day, I began to dine with him and his amiable wife. He hired a lodging for me two doors from his own house, with very obliging people, who prepared my breakfast for me, quite to my mind; so I was most comfortably settled. Every day I felt improving and the fever nearly subsided. It being carnaval time, Brussels as usual kept up its renown for all kinds of merriment during that period. There were plays, mask balls, etc. I think these amusements with the good fare I had at Mr Corr's roused me after the irksome, desponding life I had led at Middlebourg and Flushing. The former place is a most beautiful town : its cleanliness and neatness beyond all description, but to spend a sunday there would suffice to throw one into the lowest spirits. Such are the religious habits of the puritans who inhabit that pretty town, that they scruple even to open their doors on a sunday to give directions to a stranger how to find his way. I have experienced this inconvenience; meeting no one in the street, I had to ring at two or three houses, before any one would condescend to open the door and speak to me, yet at every house there were people at the windows.

To add to my comfort during the three weeks and four days which I was allowed to remain at Brussels, the worthy Father Cowan whom I had had the pleasure of knowing at Antwerp the year before was there; he

used to call on me to take me out to walk with him in the park, and as he belonged to the cathedral, he knew the town well. — We used to stop at a cake shop, eat some cakes and take a glass of good sherry wine before separating. I told him on what conditions I had accepted Mr Corr's table. He laughed and said, I see you dont know Corr; but dont mind him, there is a way of being up to him. His hospitality is well known to his countrymen ; as to his wife, she is a woman of the greatest merit, and a lady in every sense of the word; they are both much respected, and deservedly so.

Father Cowan used to dine occasionally on sundays at Mr Corr's, and he was most agreeable and full of amusing anecdotes. He had travelled much and studied and passed many years at Prague ; he spoke german, italian and french as well as english : No « Patt » ever regretted more than he did, not to be able to speak his native tongue « irish. »

My leave of absence being expired, I had to quit in haste and take leave of my good friends, whom I can never forget; for it was to their kind attention in a great measure that I owed my recovery at Brussels, in so short a time. — I had to stop a day at Antwerp for a vessel going to Flushing, and next evening I rejoined my comrades in that town. I need not say they were agreeably surprised to see me so well recovered.

I returned very à-propos, as one of the emperor's aides-

de-camp, general Bertrand, came shortly after to inspect the troops of the garrison and to give instructions to general Monet governor of the island, respecting the fortifications, defence to be made, etc., etc.

We had for several days, reviews, inspections, and manœuvres, and as I belonged to the grenadiers's company it was lucky for me that I had got rid of my fever, at least for some time; and I resolved for the future to remain at my post, at all hasards, until an order to send troops to re-inforce the battalion in Spain should arrive, and not to be absent, either at the hospital, or on leave of absence. The year before, had I only been sick in my room, instead of being at the hospital, I should have marched with the battalion commanded by captain Lacy to Madrid.

At Flushing an excellent table d'hôte was kept by an englishman of the name of Holder, where several of our officers dined at five o'clock. I went to dine there for some time; we had very agreeable company. General Clement lodged in the hotel, and his aides-de-camp dined with us, and occasionally the naval officers of the men of war ships, lying in the road. From the too frequent night service, making rounds in the damp air and fogs, I felt I should have a relapse of the horrid fever and ague. I had to quit the good table and begin again to take the Jesuit's bark, the only remedy doctor Moke could prescribe. He was good enough to give me some he had in reserve for himself of a superior quality, and which could not be

had at the pharmacien's; taking this red bark with strong port wine, I used to keep off the fever for a few days.

The newly appointed french captain of the port of Flushing lodged in the same hotel with me, and as the smugglers were sure to bring english newspapers, he had orders to send them forthwith to Paris.

He frequently asked me to look over these newspapers, as he did not know english, before he prepared his parcel for the post. He used to ask me « what does « Fox's » « paper, the Morning Chronicle, say of our emperor? » — The last time I had to translate news for this officer from the english newspapers, was, about the beginning of july 1808, a period when the attention of all Europe was attracted to the transactions taking place at Bayonne. I told him, not literally, but the principal facts; that general Savary had orders to bring Ferdinand VII. then the king of Spain, to Bayonne, there to be reprimanded by Napoleon in the presence of his father, king Charles the fourth, for having usurped and robbed his parent, this venerable monarch of his crown. He was ordered by Napoleon to restore it forthwith, or « else. » No sooner said than done. Charles got back his crown, and feeling himself too feeble to bear the burthen, he immediately abdicated in favour of the king of Naples; not the Bourbon branch, but the king Joseph Buonaparte. The newspaper I was translating added, Spain has now three kings, all absent; but the real sovereign of the country is reigning either at Seville or Cadiz; meaning the Junta,

chosen by the people. — Those papers contained also articles about the queen of Spain and Godoy the prince of the Peace.

It may be fairly asserted, that with the mutations of those kings, and the transfer of their realms, began Napoleon's worst difficulties. — Soon after could be seen his grand army on its march to Spain, scarcely reposed from its fatigues and great victories in Germany and the peace of Tilsitt, to keep his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain in spite of a nation composed of heroes and a determined people.

We were a long time without having any account of the irish battalion at Madrid, when a sous-lieutenant O'Morin, belonging to it, arrived at Flushing; he was threatened with insanity and was ordered to the depot to repose himself. From him we learned a great deal that did not transpire before. Captain Fitzhenry was now the senior officer to have a command when a detachment of troops from the legion should be ordered to Spain, which was hourly expected. We resolved if possible, not to be sick when it came, at least not to be absent, either on leave or at the hospital.

Captains O'Meally, Allen, Parrott and I agreed with Fitzhenry to hold ourselves ready to march at a minute's

notice; we were all so desirous to get away from the bad climate of the isle of Walcheren, and to see more active service.

CHAPTER III

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in the Asturias, by general Thiébault, when the battalion return to Burgos, on account of the way the battalion served with general Kellerman. — Our council at the old priest's house in a poor village. — My controversy with another spanish priest about the difference of the bad governments of Spain, compared to those of Ireland, etc.

In july 1808 another battalion of the irish legion, consisting of 600 men, left Flushing for Spain. — Captain Fitzhenry being the senior officer present, had the command, and joined at Pampeluna in september 1808 the battalion which had retreated from Madrid with king Joseph, and which being much reduced, the two battalions were incorporated into one under Fitzhenry, who was extremely active on this occasion; being recommended by marshal Moncey and other generals, knowing well how to command, riding well, indeed few could equal him in horsemanship, and he had two beautiful chargers, when he was named chef de bataillon by a decree of the emperor dated 16th december 1808. Several other promotions were obtained at the same time : Edmond Saint-Leger, « the author » Miles Byrne, John Allen, got their brevets as captains ; — Armand Parrott, Sheridan, Dowlan, Malowney as lieutenants ; Perry , Mac Egan, Keller, and Russel, as sous-lieutenants; these nominations completed the battalion in officers, which soon gained great praise for its instruction and discipline, from lieutenant general count de Buisson, governor of Pampeluna. Prince Berthier who had been minister of war, was then with the emperor at Madrid, as chief of the staff ; hearing the battalion so highly noted, and knowing

the officers to be irish exiled patriots, he ordered the battalion to make part of the army which marched against the english, then advancing into Spain, under the orders of general sir John Moore ; but after the defeat and death of this gallant general at Corunna, the battalion got orders to stop at Burgos, january 1809, under the command of general Darminac. The officers of that irish battalion were much disappointed at not having been brought in contact with general Moore's army ; many of them had fought against him in 1798, in the counties of Wexford and Wicklow in Ireland, when they were risking every thing dear to them on earth, to get rid of the cruel foreign yoke, by which the irish were murdered and tortured beyond any thing that ever took place in the most barbarous states of the world ; yet general Moore had acquired a far higher reputation for humanity than different other generals of the english, — « Lake » for instance who was commander in chief of the english at the battle of Vinegar hill.

When Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, on general Moore's word of honour, surrendered on condition to be allowed to expatriate himself for ever, this contract was faithfully executed, though Byrne was one of the principal leaders and chiefs throughout the insurrection ; whilst his younger brother William, against whom no charge could be made, save that of using his influence to protect the english prisoners from bad treatment, was hanged and executed at Wicklow. Yet he had a « written » protec-

tion from general Lake, given to him by order of lor Cornwallis. He was residing quietly at Dublin, for mor than three months previous to his arrest, being consciou he had nothing to dread. Having the vice-roy's, or lor lieutenant's protection in his pocket, he, every day, walk ed publicly about the city. His poor sister Fanny Byr ne's supplications to that cold hearted monster Cornwallis to have her brother's punishment commuted to transpor tation for life, was not listened to; thus then her unfor tunate brother perished, a martyr and a victim to thei blood thirsty english task masters. He was one of th most splendid-looking men, Ireland ever produced.

Napoleon seeing that general Moore's rapid retreat o Corunna would deprive him of an opportunity of defeat ing an english army, resolved to leave the further paci fication to his brother king Joseph and the french mars hals; he hastened back to Valladolid, and from thence t Burgos, where he arrived about eleven or twelve in th morning on the 17th of january 1809, after making al the way on horseback, 25 leagues. The irish battalio doing garrison duty at Burgos, was apprized of the em peror's passage there, and was under arms at an earl hour on the bridge to escort him to the bishop's palace where he reposed himself for an hour and a half, and during his stay, the irish battalion mounted guard on him. Colonel Daniel O'Meara who commanded the town of Burgos at the time under general Darminac, was highly

lelighted that Napoleon had the irish troops as his guard of honour : yet colonel O'Meara was then unconnected with the irish legion.

The emperor gave an audience and a good reception to the spanish civil authorities at Burgos, whilst he refused to receive the ecclesiastical corps, which was very numerous, because they had no chief at their head to present them, their bishop being absent, and thought to be with the junta.

The emperor started from Burgos in an open calèche, with general Savary, for Bayonne, where he arrived the same night : he was looking extremely well. It was the first time I had seen him since 1803, when he was First Consul, and he appeared to have become much stouter. We were gratified to have been the only troops on guard during his short stay, and being conspicuously placed, and our uniforms tolerably good, we appeared to advantage.

It was the first time that Napoleon had seen any part of that legion, which he so anxiously had organized in 1803, for the destined expedition to obtain the independence of Ireland, and to which he entrusted the honour of bearing his eagles, as he did to the french regiments of his guards. — His subsequent decrees to have the first irish regiment of the legion organized into four war battalions and a depot, is a proof of the good impression

made on him by the battalion at Burgos, commanded by Fitzhenry.

A small advanced post on the road to Valladolid, was commanded that day by an irishman, serjeant Mooney; the emperor attracted by the green uniform of the soldiers, pulled up his horse to speak to the serjeant to enquire what regiment he belonged to, etc. Serjeant Mooney and his twelve men and a corporal were exceedingly vain of this interview, and used to boast of having been inspected by Napoleon himself in person.

General Darminac was replaced in the command at Burgos, soon after the emperor's passage there, by baron Thiébault, general of division, who was appointed also to be governor of Old Castile. We were very glad to be under his orders, because he expressed himself on every occasion to be the friend of the exiled irish, and he would often say to us: « if I am a general to day, I owe, in a great « measure, that rank and my rapid advancement to an « irishman, the unfortunate general O'Morin, who took « me from the ranks of the volunteers in 1792, and had « me named captain. »

General Thiébault was highly educated and very well mannered, which was a great advantage to the troops under his command. He was the chief of the staff of that undaunted general, « Junot, » in Portugal, in 1808, and acquired great renown in his difficult situation; particularly at Lisbon, where he caused such improvements in

a very short space of time, by the sanitary changes which he obliged the inhabitants to make in their unclean city.

At Burgos he took great care to have the hospitals well provided with every necessary requisite for the convalescent. He took pleasure also in adding to the embellishment of a public walk, by the erection of a monument to the Cid. — He had orders to commence the fort at Burgos, which became so famous in 1812, resisting all the assaults of the english army commanded by Wellington. Our soldiers were employed at the construction of that fort for a short time, in january 1809, but the guerilla war soon gave them other occupation, and the service became quite different to that we had to perform at Pampeluna, where we had to escort prisoners to Bayonne and to visit hospitals containing thousands of young soldiers sick with the « maladie du pays. » Here at Burgos, we had to escort the mail or courrier, coming from France to Madrid and returning; continually fighting with guerillas, besides frequent disagreeable expeditions through the interior of the country. I shall mention a few of those that fell to my lot; and as every officer marched in his turn, it will shew the busy service the battalion had to perform.

One night I was ordered to march with a hundred and fifty men, two officers, Osmond and Mullowney, under the orders of the colonel of the 118th regiment, « Duclos, » who had an equal number of his own men ; just as we

were setting out lieutenant Osmond was told that he was named to do the functions of aide-de-camp to the prince of Isenberg, lately made general of brigade in the french army and arrived at Burgos, to get a command. I was sorry not to have Osmond with us, but I was glad he got a more agreeable situation; he was a good comrade and a distinguished officer. Our sudden march was in consequence of a detachment of soldiers who were sent to escort a number of cars loaded with bullets and ammunition from Valladolid to Aguilar-del-Campo, not arriving in this town in due time; and no news whatever of them, colonel Duclos was ordered to go in that direction to discover the reason. The serjeant who commanded the detachment seeing the oxen not able to go further, went to a small village off the road, to lodge his men, and stop for the night. When we came to that village, there was not a living being to be found to give any information, all had fled. We however soon discovered by the traces of blood through a field, where the eighteen bodies of the unfortunate french soldiers were buried, and in another field a little distance off, where the cannon balls were sunk in a kind of marshy ground. Colonel Duclos gave me an order to stop in a village near the one where the murders were perpetrated, till he could procure me cars to transport the bullets to the fort at Burgos. The second day I had sufficient, and I escorted the bullets and ammunition to Burgos, when general Thiébault told me that colonel Duclos being called back to the command of

his regiment, and the adjutant general Fontaine who had been in Ireland with general Humbert, and whom I knew at Landernau in 1804 was appointed to replace him. that he wished me to command the troops of this moving column, as I had already a knowledge of the country. After ten days marching and counter-marching under the orders of adjutant general Fontaine, I was relieved by other troops and I returned to Burgos to rejoin my battalion, and a few days after it was my turn to escort the mail to Lerma on the road to Madrid.

A Mr Murphy of the House of Gordon and Murphy of Madrid, availed himself of the escort to return to his home there; he was coming from France where he had been detained as a prisoner of war, and he had an officer of gendarmes travelling in his coach with him to Madrid, where his presence was required to settle commercial business of the firm.

After king Joseph retreated from his capital in 1808, Mr Murphy raised a regiment of cavalry at his own expence, and when colonel at the head of it, fighting gallantly against Napoleon, he was taken prisoner and sent to France.

Mr Murphy was a very splendid looking man, very handsome, and a good spanish patriot. Some of our officers experienced great kindness from him in 1807 at their camp at « Madrid. »

During our stay at Burgos we had occasion to see se-

veral of the distinguished generals of the Republic and the Empire. One night I got an order to be on guard with my company on marshal Lefebvre, duke of Dantzic, who was returning to France. And after the siege of Saragossa in february 1809 the duke of Montebello, marshal Lannes, arrived with his staff, and his first aide-de-camp was colonel William O'Meara who had been a captain and our comrade in the irish legion in 1804 when we were on the coast near Brest, expecting to be sent to Ireland. William O'Meara met there his twin brother colonel Daniel O'Meara who was the commander of the town of Burgos at the time. The meeting of the brothers in a foreign land, is another instance of the misfortunes of poor Ireland; had she been allowed to govern herself, those brave officers would have been an ornament to her commonwealth, in place of wandering abroad to seek their fortunes. — Colonel William O'Meara was wounded beside marshal Lannes, the day that hero was killed at the battle of Essling 1809. O'Meara was named baron of the Empire and general of brigade some time after.

The Irish abroad, and particularly the exiles banished from their homes, were often more enthusiastic about celebrating Saint Patrick's day, than if they had been living quietly in the green Island. This was the case with the officers of the irish battalion at Burgos, on the 17th march 1809. We had a dinner party to which we invited the commander of the place, colonel Daniel

O'Meara, colonel O'Neil, then a captain in the 47th regiment formerly Walshes, and which had been commanded by his father general O'Neil; his battalion had still several officers who had served in the brigades. A prussian regiment newly formed, in the service of France, arrived in Burgos, one of the officers of it, a Mr Plunkett, a very nice man, told us, that his father was the son of an irish man born in the Austrian States. — We had also the sons of irish men who had served in the irish regiments in the spanish army, Dalton, Mac Nalty, Cantan, etc. Thus the exiles of 1798 had the honour of entertaining at the festival of their patron saint, « Patrick, » the descendants of those of the different epochs of Ireland's sad history. – What a picture an able hand might have drawn of Ireland's misfortunes, inspired by the varied and woful histories of the ancestors of our guests! What a pity, that the author of « the exile of Erin » was not present at our dinner on Saint Patrick's day!

The guerillas at this time (1809), though far from being organized as they were afterwards, gave great occupation to the french troops in the province of Old Castille. It became a very disagreeable service to be continually, night and day marching to disperse those bands, and quite repugnant to our feelings, and we wished much to be brought to fight against a regular army; and I must say, that commandant Fitzhenry exerted himself greatly in this instance. He learning that general Kellerman (son

of marshal Kellerman the hero of Marengo), was to have the command of a corps of army, to co-operate with marshal Soult and marshal Ney against sir Arthur Wellesley and the English, then thought to be about landing again in Portugal, and against the spanish army under the command of the marquis de Romana, Fitzhenry's demand to have the honour for the irish battalion of making part of the army was accorded.

The battalion was marched to Leon to make part of the army assembling then under general Kellerman for the expedition against the marquis de Romana in the Asturias, and formed the advanced guard of the first brigade under general Charlot. On the 18th of may 1809 the army left Leon and had for several days to fight and force the passages in the mountains to Oviedo, until Romana's army was thought completely beaten and dispersed.

The battalion was then ordered to Gijon a small seaport town, where we expected to stop for some time [1]; but in consequence of marshal Soult's retreat from Oporto, and marshal Ney's from Galicia, general Kellerman had to evacuate the Asturias. He ordered the irish battalion on its way back to Burgos, to pursue the division of the

[1] We were delighted at the prospect of reposing ourselves a few days in the neat little town of Gijon. I was lodged at the house of a rich merchant on the quay, and I only found there one servant, a very old woman, who shewed me my room. Her mistress hearing that the strictest discipline was observed, sent me a message, to say, that she wished me to go to where she was hiding, at her gardener's house in the suburbs. I conducted this lady and her three little children to their home. Captain Macguire called on me, and she politely invited him to come to dinner, which he accepted with pleasure and we spent an agreeable evening with this amiable lady. The next morning she told me that her husband who was at their country

marquis de Romana's army, that had escaped into the mountains, and for several days the battalion, not more than six hundred strong, was attacking the rear guard of a division of several thousand. At length the Spanish general seeing but a small force following him, intended to attack in his turn and to draw the irish battalion into an ambuscade : he was however soon put to flight again when general Chovel and his brigade, that had left Leon a few days before, came in sight. This general kept the irish battalion with him in the mountains for some time, and then it returned to Leon, where the officer payer and the convalescents had remained; there they met general Kellerman, who ordered them on another expedition through the mountains to Santandero, passing by Aguilar del Campo. Finally, the battalion returned to Burgos after a long absence, to be again under the orders of general Thiébault, who informed the officers, that the emperor was so well pleased with the conduct of the irish legion, that he decreed it should take the title of First Irish Regiment of the legion in the service of France, and ordered the duke of Feltre, who was then minister of war, to have it organized with four war battalions, and a fifth with a

place a league or two from the town wished her to bring a small escort for him, as he feared if he returned alone, he might fall into the hands of the patriots and be badly treated. She asked me to accompany her. Commandant Fitzhenry thought I could not refuse her and bid me take a few men to serve as an escort. This lady had her horse and mule both saddled, and we were ready to start, when the drums beat to arms, fortunately for me and in half an hour after, the town was evacuated, and was only re-occupied the second day by a french battalion. — I must say, that this incident was a warning to me in all my future campaigns, never to quit my battalion on any account!

depot which was placed the same year, june 1809, at Landau near the Rhine.

General Thiebault read at parade the new organization which was as follows.

DANIEL O'MEARA, COLONEL,

Peterzelli, chef de bataillon.	1st battalion	at Flushing.
J. Fitzhenry, dº	2 . . .	in Spain.
J. F. Mahony, dº	3 . . .	at Landau.
. . .	4	not yet formed.

Colonel O'Meara was ordered to remain at Landau to see the 3d battalion completed and ready to march to Spain. Captain Lawless and the other five officers who were sent from the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer to Brest in 1807 were ordered to Landau and placed in commandant Mahony's battalion; Lawless as captain of grenadiers; but he soon received his brevet of « chef » of the first battalion then at Flushing, and an order to repair there to replace commandant Peterzelli, who was placed on general Monet's staff, in the command of that battalion; but before Lawless's arrival, the town was completely surrounded by sea and land, by the english. He gallantly made his way through the enemy's fleet, in a small open boat, and got safe into the town and took the command of the battalion There he distinguished himself in every sortie made against the enemy, till he received a

dangerous wound, and most of his men were killed or wounded.

General Monet having capitulated at Flushing without any stipulation for the irish officers, commandant Lawless thought it necessary to confide in the medical man of the place, doctor Moke, in whose house he was, and who dressed his wounds and kept him in concealment till he was well enough, and found an opportunity of making his escape to Antwerp, where he brought the Eagle of the regiment and was received by marshal Bernadotte (afterwards king of Sweden) with the highest marks of esteem and consideration for his brilliant conduct in the defence of Flushing. He was mentioned in the order of the army at Antwerp. The marshal having apprized the emperor of commandant Lawless's escape, he ordered him to repair to Paris, where he conferred on him the decoration of the legion of honour and the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Some of the officers of the irish regiment being made prisoners at Flushing and being taken to England, were there treated in every respect as french officers. No doubt from the fear of reprisals on the part of the french government, had any violence been offered them.

Amongst the officers of the regiment who escaped to France and who were mentioned in the reports of the siege as having distinguished themselves, were, captains Barker, Mac Can, and Dowdel : the two latter died of

their wounds at Ghent. Lieutenant Martin died of his wounds in some other town.

Lieutenant O'Reilly who escaped with commandant Lawless, received the decoration of the legion of honour on arriving in France, for his brilliant conduct during the siege, and was soon named a captain in the first battalion, re-organized at Landau. Captain Tennant was named commandant in the room of colonel Lawless.

The duke of Feltre receiving daily applications from irishmen detained in the different depots of english prisoners in France, to serve in the irish regiment, thought proper to send an intelligent officer to these depots, to ascertain that none but irish should be allowed to take service. Captain Markey who had been sent to Brest in 1807 was chosen for this purpose: he executed his mission with so much skill and activity, that after sending a great body of recruits to the irish regiment, the duke of Feltre took him for one of his aides-de-camp; in which situation he remained until he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The 3d battalion being completely organized in 1809 at Landau, was ordered to Spain under the command of commandant Mahony; but in consequence of the disturbed state of Germany in the war of the grand army, the battalion had to make several marches down the right bank of the Rhine before setting out for Spain, and only arrived at Burgos in the month of january 1810, when it was united to the 2d battalion.

Commandant Fitzhenry rose much in the estimation of the governor of Old Castille after he returned with his battalion to Burgos, when all the details of our campaign in the Asturias under the command of general Kellerman were known. The latter ordered a gratification of one hundred francs to be given to each officer of his division; this money was the produce of a prize made at Gijon of an english ship laden with coffee and spices and which was seized there and sold for the benefit of the hospitals. — General Thiébault was not pleased to learn that the troops which were sent from his government of Old Castille, to make part of general Kellerman's division did not participate in the gratification accorded to the officers. He asked commandant Fitzhenry the cause of this omission, to which the latter mentioned his conversation on the subject with general Kellerman, which was simply this. « Commandant, I have not comprised your officers « for the gratification, knowing that they must have in- « demnified themselves in their long marches after the « marquis de Romana in the interior of the Asturias. »

Commandant Fitzhenry replied: « General, the officers « of the irish battalion are men of high honour and prin- « ciple, and I challenge and defy any Spaniard to come « forward and prove that a single article or object was « ever taken, save the regular rations ordered to be fur- « nished to troops in campaign, by the officers of my « battalion, etc. »

It is true that general Kellerman did not pass for being

the most agreeable chief to serve under. We were quitting his command and returning to Burgos. He wished to employ us on our way back there, to disperse a part of Romana's army again rallying in the mountains. He could not have known the real force of the enemy we had to fight against, or he would have ordered more troops. We however manœuvred in this critical situation much better than could have been expected. One night that we had to stop in a poor village to give some repose to our men, commandant Fitzhenry being lodged at the priest's house, got a great deal of important information from the venerable old clergyman of this parish, all of which we found to be quite accurate and of infinite service to us next morning, and in consequence we avoided the ambuscade prepared for us by the marquis de Romana; we turned his position and soon put his troops to flight. — This short campaign in the Asturias gave us an opportunity of judging the character of its inhabitants, and I must say, that tho' in the time of war, we were generally on friendly terms with them. I was one day ordered by general Chovel to command a detachment of troops to escort a spanish agent who was going to a village six leagues off, to procure provisions for head quarters. We arrived there in the night. The agent took his billet at the Alcade's house, and I was lodged at the Parish priest's. This clergyman was middle aged, and very well looking. The next morning whilst the spanish agent, acting in the name of their king, « Joseph, » was regu-

lating with the senor Alcade about the quantity and nature of the provisions to be got ready, I had a long and interesting conversation with my host : this worthy patriotic ecclesiastic told me he had studied at Salamanca and had been acquainted there with many of my countrymen, both students of the irish college, and officers of the irish regiment in the Spanish service; he added, that he thought there was a great similitude in many respects between the people of our respective countries, their sufferings, etc. I answered there could be no comparison, as in his country, at that moment the inhabitants were not persecuted and deprived of their civil rights on account of the religion they professed. I allowed however that the Spaniards had suffered in their disastrous wars on account of the monarchs imposed on them : one time from an Austrian branch, another from the house of the Bourbons of France, and then from the Buonaparte family : whilst in poor Ireland the millions of unemancipated catholics serfs were kept in bondage by a protestant ascendency of a few hundred thousand individuals, acting there the part of the cruel task masters of England. That in changing the spanish dynasties, no religious persecutions took place in Spain. I perfectly agreed with him that the Spaniards had a right to govern themselves and to choose the form of government they wished; whilst on the other hand I maintained that no matter who the chief of the french government was, he became responsible to the nation to take the best means

to secure the friendship of the neighbouring states, and their perfect neutrality in time of war; that it could never be forgotten, that after the revolution of 1789 when hostilities began, protestant Prussia and catholic Spain were the first powers to attack and invade France. To be sure other powers soon followed the example, as protestant England and catholic Austria; the latter on the Rhine and on the Alps; the former got possession of Toulon by treachery, and made a bold attempt to take Dunkirk, but that town was commanded by an irishman O'Marra, and the duke of York and the english army under his orders were forced to make a shameful retreat : and again in 1806, had the battle of Iena been lost by France, your king Charles the fourth was prepared to declare war against her. — Now under all those circumstances, a sure guarantee was required by the french government from the Spanish nation : I am far from pretending that the right means were taken to secure it. — In the most animated tone did this Spanish priest reply, not as I expected indeed to my observations : he said, Sir, don't think that it is because we want Ferdinand more than Joseph, that the war is carried on against you; it is because we want to remain a spanish nation independent of foreigners, and we hope it will never cease 'till the last french soldier is driven from our country. You are here in a province, the « Asturias, » which the Moors could not conquer, and with God's help, you shall fail also. —

I could not help admiring the patriotism of this enthusiastic ecclesiastic : he reminded me of the virtuous clergymen who suffered torture and death, as martyrs, both in the field and on the scaffold, in Ireland in 1798, endeavouring to set their country free from the cruel foreign yoke. Historians writing on the wars of that period seem to disapprove the part some irish clergymen took in them, whilst they admire the Spaniards fighting against catholic France. — Be that as it may, the names of the priests and monks who were buried under the ruins of Saragossa in the month of february 1809, will be revered and remembered in that country to the end of time ; as sure as that the names of Father Roche, Father Redmond, the two Fathers Murphy, and Father Kearns will never be forgotten in the county of Wexford « as long as the Slaney « runs into the sea ! »

One of the Fathers Murphy was killed at the battle of Arklow on the 9th of june 1798. The other four were hanged and quartered in the most disgusting and cruel manner, and died martyrs to their country's cause. With three of them I was on the most intimate terms, all through the insurrection, viz : Fathers John Murphy, Kearns and Roche. As to poor Father Redmond, he was the curate of our parish, and it was he who attended my dear father in his last moments in 1797. — Father Frank Kavanagh was the parish priest and they had three chapels in the parish, Clough, Crane and Monaseed, to attend on sundays.

Father Redmond took no part whatever in the war; he resided quite retired, with his family in the neighbourhood of Earl Mountnorris' mansion. One day a detachment from our camp being sent there to procure some provisions, Father Redmond presented himself to them, and in the most humble manner beseeched them not to burn or plunder the concerns of the Earl, who was one of the best of men. He succeeded in his request and retired again to his home, where he remained 'till the war was over, when lord Mountnorris had him arrested and escorted to the english camp at Gorey hill, with a rope about his neck. There he had him hanged from the bough of a tree; and whilst he was suspended, the noble Earl had the courage to discharge his case of pistols through the body of this innocent priest, whose only crime was that of having contributed to save the premises of that cowardly Earl, who wanted to redeem his lost reputation by this cruel murder. He knew he was censured for not being at the head of his corps of yeomen cavalry, when they fought and were defeated on the 26th of may 1798. His lieutenants Busky and Swan were killed, and almost all the men.

CHAPTER IV

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The emperor Napoleon after the battle of Wagram and his other victories in Germany, heard the unpleasant news of the capitulation of the french garrison at Flushing, to the English on the 15th of august 1809, and

knowing that the first battalion of the irish regiment commanded by William Lawless made part of that garrison, he gave orders to have another first battalion forthwith organized at Landau, the depot where the men and officers were assembled for its formation. Captain John Tennant was promoted to the command of it, with the rank of « chef de bataillon, » in the room of commandant Lawless, who was reported killed during the siege of Flushing. (It was in november he escaped to Antwerp.) — Lieutenant Osmond who had been employed as aide-de-camp for a short time in Spain, to the prince Isenberg, received his commission as captain adjutant major to commandant Tennant's battalion ; and indeed a better choice could not have been made. — Mac Carthy a volunteer in a french regiment at the camp of Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1804, got rapid promotion : he was a lieutenant at the battle of Wagram, where he distinguished himself, and for which, he was named knight of the legion of honour and captain of grenadiers to the first battalion of the irish regiment at Landau, commanded by Tennant. Mac Carthy was a fine officer; highly instructed, and the best of comrades. Besides the captains O'Quin, Markey, Magrath, de Meyers, etc., the first battalion was composed of lieutenants and sous lieutenants of worth, and all were animated with a military spirit that could not be surpassed in any regiment; — such were, the youngest Saint-Leger, O'Brien, Berthemy, Lynch, Magrath junior, Young Osmond, nephew to the captain; Swanton,

Wall junior, Glashan senior, Mac Auly, Markey's nephew, etc., etc.

How disagreeable and discouraging it must have been to these young officers to witness the injudicious manner the minister of war « Feltre » behaved towards them. They at least expected that when the place of captain became vacant in the regiment, it would be filled by the senior lieutenant or by one chosen by the chiefs, as is the case in the french regiments. One instance will suffice to prove the contrary was the case in the irish regiment. — General Clark when he was governor of Berlin in 1806 became acquainted there with a Mr Ferguson a scotch gentleman. In 1809 general Clark, then duke of Feltre, and minister of war at Paris, was waited on and solicited by his former acquaintance Mr Ferguson, for some situation under the french government. The minister immediately granted him the commission of captain in the irish regiment to the prejudice of all those brave lieutenants before mentioned. No doubt Mr Ferguson was a well bred gentleman, but he was more than fifty years of age, and he had not the least idea of the military profession, and which he candidly owned himself to marshal Massena in Spain, who took compassion on him, and gave him permission to go and stop at Valladolid until an opportunity to return to the depot of the irish regiment at Landau, should occur. Many other instances of old captains (who should have been retreated), being put at the head of companies in

the irish regiment by the duke of Feltre, who did not seem to feel for the military spirit and emulation, which is the life and soul of an army, by depriving those brave young officers of the advancement they were so well entitled to, by appointing men to situations, who had no claims as irish patriots, shewed that he, the duke of Feltre, cared little about the independence of Ireland ; and indeed he could not have given a better proof than that of having named John Francis Mahony, chef de bataillon over the heads of such captains as Lawless, Tennant ,Markey, Brangan, O'Malley, Saint-Leger, Allen, Ware, etc.

Mahony had nothing to recommend him to hold a rank in an irish regiment, in the french service: he emigrated as a sub-lieutenant in 1792 ,took service in England and served in Egypt against the French in 1799 ; after the peaceof Amiens in 1802 he sold out his commission in the english army and returned to France. He never asked to be employed so long as any hopes of an expedition to Ireland was entertained. In 1809 he was named to command the third battalion of the irish regiment, which was ordered to Spain, to join the second battalion, at Burgos; but what was still worse, was, not to have promoted the senior superior officer of the regiment to the rank of colonel of it. Had commandant Fitzhenry got the situation, captain Ware would have replaced him, and the first lieutenant would have been named captain in his place; and promotion would thus have been obtained down to the soldiers in the ranks.

Colonel Daniel O'Meara whom we knew in 1809 as commander of the place at Burgos, was named colonel of the first irish regiment the same year, and ordered to the depot at Landau, to have the war battalions organized and equipped, ready to march against the enemies of France : unfortunately tho' a brave and an honourable man, he was quite unfit for the task of commanding a regiment; having been mostly employed on the staff, he knew little of the evolutions or manœuvres of infantry, and he was getting too old to learn, and being adicted to drinking, he was rendered not only useless but unsafe at the head of his regiment. He remained at the depot, waiting 'till the third battalion arrived in Spain should be united with the second, to go and take the command of both : but as is mentioned in the third chapter, commandant Mahony had to march with his battalion for some time down the Rhine, to disperse guerrillas that were attempting to make a diversion in the rear of the french grand army, and which might have become formidable and dangerous, interrupting all small detachments, had the Germans possessed the same kind of spirit and talents for a guerrilla war, that the Spaniards had. — In consequence of this short excursion on the Rhine, the third battalion only reached Burgos in january 1810, after its long march in winter. I was truly glad to see it arrive, as I met amongst the officers composing it several of my former friends and comrades; first of all, captain Paul Murray, whose acquaintance I made in the

mountains of the county of Wicklow in 1798, at a memorable period of Ireland's sad history ; next captain Brangan, who was destined to have taken an active part in poor Robert Emmett's unsuccessful undertaking in 1803. My acquaintance with Jackson, Bourk, Delany, Nugent, Cabour de la Haye (the nephew of the illustrious general Foy), only commenced at Burgos in 1810, and I must say, for the latter, I never knew a more upright, better, or braver man than he was, all the time he remained in the irish regiment; and to his last moment, when he was colonel of the staff, and enjoying influence, his great pleasure was, to ascertain how he could be useful to his former comrades. All his acts were in perfect harmony with his uncle general Foy's.

As to Jackson and Bourk they were young men of ability, for whom I had the sincerest friendship till death and banishment separated us. — Captain Bourk was killed on the 29th of august 1813, at Lowenberg on the Bober.

Captain Jackson was banished from France on a ministerial order, of the war minister the duke of Feltre in 1815, as a « Buonapartist, » without any trial or proof. He went to South America where he soon obtained the rank of colonel, fighting for the independence of his newly adopted country.

Young Delany was brother to the gentleman I met at Mr Emmett's in 1803, and the friend of poor Thomas Russell and his nephew by marriage, William Hamilton.

Captain Ferguson looked rather conspicuous being well mounted on a white poney, and riding every day on the march beside his company, the command of which he left to his lieutenant, as he had not yet had time to learn the words of command before setting out from the depot at Landau. At table however in the evening, he was a perfect gentleman, and commandant Mahony seemed to appreciate that military quality in one of his captains, being an excellent judge himself of the étiquette to be observed on such occasions, from his experience at the mess tables of the english officers whilst he remained in that service.

Commandant Mahony would have been rather well looking but for a squint which he had, and which gave him at times a mean air; particularly so on account of the impediment he had in his speech : his stammer would often prevent him uttering a word for half a minute and then his face was distorted to a most extraordinary degree. He however could command without stammering and sing also with ease.

I need not say that we received at dinner and entertained in the best way we could commandant Mahony and his officers of the third battalion, the day they arrived, and that we spent a very pleasant evening together, talking over old times.

The two battalions being united, the sous intendant militaire inspected them and classed the officers. Captain

O'Malley passed to the third battalion in the first class. — Captain Murray replaced him in the second battalion. —Joseph Parrott was named adjutant major to the third battalion with commandant Mahony. At this review, in the absence of colonel O'Meara, commandant Fitzhenry, as senior superior officer took the command of the irish regiment then at Burgos.

The general of division Solignac replaced general Thiébault as governor of Old Castille. He employed the 2d battalion in all his expeditions against the marquis Ceto Porlier and the other spanish chiefs, which made a great name for Fitzhenry and the officers who composed that battalion. Captain Allen with his company of voltigeurs surprised near Najara in the night a squadron of spanish cavalry, consisting of four officers and 40 men. After taking horses that were fit for service, general Solignac had the rest sold and the money distributed amongst captain Allen's voltigeurs, to reward them for their activity. This had an excellent effect on the men of the regiment.

The irish regiment was relieved in Old Castille where it had been constantly engaged in expeditions against the guerrillas, by the young imperial guards arriving from France in february 1810. — At this time orders were given for the formation of the eighth corps, under general Junot, duke of Abrantes. — It was composed of three divisions commanded by lieutenants generals Clausel, Solignac, and Lagrange.

The irish regiment made a part of the 2d division, general Solignac's, in the 2d brigade commanded by general Thomier.

On the first of march 1810 it left Burgos for Rio Seco, where the division was united and formed the head quarters for some days of generals Solignac and Thomier.

Colonel O'Meara arrived at Rio Seco from the depot at Landau, with a detachement and took the command of the regiments. — The duke of Abrantes had his head quarters with the division Lagrange at Valladolid.

The division Clausel blockaded Astorga and began to make a regular siege; but his division was relieved in the trenches by general Solignac's, and he marched to the advanced posts before the english to prevent them raising the siege. The 2d division encamped near the town, and the irish regiment was employed day and night in the trenches during this memorable siege, which lasted three weeks.

On the 19th of april 1810, the general in chief the duke of Abrantes arrived, and as the spanish garrison would not surrender, he ordered the breach to be made, which with great difficulty was effected on the 21st of april 1810. A battalion of chosen troops was organized to mount the breach, of which captain Allen's company of voltigeurs, consisting of 150 men of the 2d battalion of the first irish regiment, marched at its head. — After captain Allen received his instructions as he passed the duke of Abrantes in the trenches, he divided his company into two sec-

tions, and at the head of the first he marched on to the breach. At five o'clock P. M. when the signal was given, he had to pass more than 200 yards uncovered before he got to the bottom of the breach, under the fire of above two thousand men ; he however mounted it with such bravery and decision, that when he arrived at the top, he turned round and saluted the general and the army of above 30,000 men; then pointing to his men to fire on the enemy that was on his flank, and to follow him into the town, he took possession of a house near the rampart, according to the instructions of the duke of Abrantes, in order to keep up the communication between the breach and the trenches, and this he defended the whole night. In order to facilitate the mounting of the breach to the rest of the battalion, he made a temporary rampart of the men's sacks on his left flank, from behind which he kept up a continual fire on the enemy that approached the breach from the rampart, and whom he feared might cut off his communication with the trenches. All the officers senior to Allen of the battalion being killed or wounded, all orders were given by him during the night 'till the arrival of captain Legrave aide-de-camp to the duke of Abrantes, who had been designed to command the battalion, but who did not join it 'till one in the morning.

A drummer of captain Allen's in mounting the breach had both his legs broken, but he kept his drum, sat down and beat the charge as long as he was able, and indeed

until all the battalion got up : for this, he received the cross of the Legion of honour. — The rest of commandant Fitzhenry's battalion remained all night near the breach, ready to mount the first in the morning, and suffered much. — Every company had men killed and wounded, carrying ladders to the breach, which was scarcely practicable. His adjutant major Perry, and his adjutant Gougie were both wounded, the latter lost his arm. The battalion received on this occasion great praise from the duke of Abrantes and the other generals. Captain Allen's conduct was so remarkable as to excite general admiration throughout the army assembled there : indeed it exceeded all praise that could be given him. — The duke of Abrantes who was so brave himself and such an admirer of heroic actions, was heard to exclaim, « Good « heavens! I would give two thousand napoleons to see « that brave man alive in the morning ; but it is impos- « sible for him to escape under such a tremendous fire. » The garrison seeing no chance of retaking the breach, which was steadily defended by captain Allen during the night, sent a flag of truce at day-light to the general in chief and surrendered at discretion. Five thousand fine troops marched out and laid down their arms on the glacis, and the irish regiment was ordered to escort them to Valladolid, which was considered a very hard service after all the fatigue they had endured day and night in the trenches during the siege.

After the town surrendered, captain Allen was orde-

red to return by the breach, as an honour, with the remains of the battalion which was reduced to about 150 men, out of 900; the rest being all killed or wounded.

The general in chief, Junot duke of Abrantes, accompanied by all the generals present, Solignac, Lagrange, Thomier, Sainte-Croix, etc., came to review those brave men who remained of the battalion that had mounted the breach. Nothing could equal their expressions of admiration and praise. — Each embraced captain Allen, the only captain who had escaped. Captain Allen and the remains of his company, was sent into Astorga after it had surrendered, to wait the return of the rest of the irish regiment sent to escort the prisoners to Valladolid. — Colonel O'Meara of the irish regiment was named to command the place, and the greatest order and discipline was kept up : no sort of plunder of any kind being allowed.

The irish regiment returned to Astorga after having escorted the prisoners to Valladolid, and in the beginning of may, being relieved by a swiss regiment at Astorga, they joined the division of general Solignac and marched to Toro.

It was during this march that the general in chief, the duke of Abrantes, placed colonel O'Meara on the staff of general Solignac, and gave the command of the irish regiment to commandant Fitzhenry. At the same time generals Solignac and Thomier having assembled the officers of the 3d battalion of the Irish regiment in the presence of commandant Mahony, and hearing their

complaints against him, he was attached to the duke's staff and the command of the 3d battalion given to captain Allen in his stead.

Commandant Mahony served as a sous-lieutenant in the irish brigade ; he emigrated in 1792 and entered the english service some time after; he made the campaign of Egypt against the french army ; he returned to France when the emigrants were allowed to come back, after selling his commission in the english service; but he was not employed by Napoleon 'till 1809.

Captain Allen felt on this occasion that he could not command a battalion in which there were two captains senior to him; but general Thomier told him, it was the wish of the duke of Abrantes, and that he ought to comply, as the duke expected by every courier, his (captain Allen's), brevet as chef de battalion.

The regiment was ordered from Toro to Salamanca in the beginning of june 1810, in which town prince Massena had just arrived to take the command of the three corps of army, destined to invade Portugal. — The 2d corps was commanded by general Regnier; the 6th by marshal Ney, and the 8th by Junot duke of Abrantes. The latter assembled the Irish officers on their arriving at Salamanca, to announce to them the promotions and decorations that were just arrived from Paris for the regiment. He expressed great regret that captain Allen's brevet as chef de bataillon was not amongst them, but promised him he would never cease his endeavours 'till

he obtained his brevet from the duke of Feltre then minister of war. — Captain Allen resumed the command of his company of voltigeurs in the 2d battalion, and captain O'Malley the senior captain of the 3d battalion took the command of it.

The 6th corps commanded by marshal Ney was employed to make the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the 8th corps commanded by Junot duke of Abrantes marched in the beginning of june 1810 from Salamanca to the advanced posts before the english, and occupied the line between Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo.

A battalion d'élite, or chosen troops of the irish regiment was assembled to act at the advanced posts during the siege, and captain Ware of the grenadiers of the 2d battalion of the irish was named by the duke of Abrantes to command it. In an attack made on a division of advanced posts by general Sainte-Croix and his brigade of cavalry, seconded by captain Ware, the english were driven back under the walls of Almeida and the fort of Conception. — Captain Ware was highly complimented by all the generals for the brilliant conduct of his battalion during this action. He received at this time his brevet of chef de battalion for the 4th battalion of the irish regiment, then forming at Landau in France, to which town he was ordered to repair without delay. He was ordered to give up the command of his company of grenadiers to captain Byrne of the 2d battalion[1].

[1] The author.

At the end of july 1810, as soon as Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered, the irish regiment went with the duke of Abrantes to his head quarters at Ledesma : in which place it remained until the camp was formed at Saint-Félix-le-Grand. From this camp it went to be employed at the siege of Almeida until the town was blown up and surrendered in the end of august the same year. After this siege, Massena, with the three corps of army marched into Portugal, and the irish regiment being considered as light troops, always marched at the head of general Thomier's brigade — This brave general seemed happy to have them under his command in entering Portugal, and in an energetic and eloquent speech which he made to the officers of the irish regiment the morning of the battle of Busaco, at the moment he expected the order for attacking the English, he reminded them of all the wrongs of unfortunate Ireland, and called also to their recollection Fontenoy, where the irish brigade in the service of France, decided the battle.

The day after the battle of Busaco the 8th corps marched on Coimbra and completely turned the left wing of the english army, then in full retreat on Lisbon.

The irish regiment shared in the honour of this day, and indeed in every place where the english attempted to resist, until they were driven behind their intrenchments at Torres Vedras near Lisbon.

The irish regiment encamped at the most advanced

posts, within cannon shot of the enemy's line, and remained in this position until the army was ordered to fall back on Santarem and Torres Novas in december 1810.

It was detached with general Thomier in a small village called Praseras, where the companies of élite were continually employed endeavouring to find provisions, which now became very difficult to procure. It became necessary to go out into the enemy's line and there to fight and run the greatest dangers; but the privations of this memorable campaign are too generally known for it to be necessary to say more, than, that the irish regiment bore them with as much fortitude as any other regiment in the army. — They were for nearly eight months without pay or rations, except at Torres Vedras, where the regiment came on the first of january 1811, to be on service with the general in chief prince Massena. In this place goat's flesh was distributed once a week; an ounce to each man, with some maize or indian corn; but even this scanty allowance ceased.

About the end of february 1811 several regiments were ordered to send into France the officers, serjeants and corporals of their 3ᵈ battalions, and to leave the private men to be incorporated in the 1st and 2ᵈ battalions, or war battalions. Captain Parrott conducted the officers and serjeants and corporals of the 3ᵈ battalion of the irish regiment to Landau.

On the 1st of march, previous to the retreat, the duke of Abrantes marched forward to attack the english, or

rather to manœuvre on their line. The irish regiment left Torres Novas and accompanied him on this expedition, during which he was wounded. The regiment returned from the advanced posts to Torres Novas on the 6th of march; on which day the retreat began on the whole line.

General Solignac's division in which was the irish regiment, covered the retreat for several days, until the army was concentrated at Pombal, at which place marshal Ney got the command of the rear guard of the army; and as every regiment furnished a battalion for the extreme rear guard, the irish battalion had this honor frequently during the retreat, which lasted nearly a month before the army reached the spanish frontier; never making more than three or four leagues a day, and continually fighting.

The Irish battalion was reviewed ad Celerico near the frontiers of Spain by the general, who was highly pleased to see still so many men present.

At this town marshal Ney left the army and returned to France.

By an order of the Division an officer from each regiment was sent into Spain to provide shoes and other articles to be ready for the men by the time they should get to their cantonments in Spain.

Captain Allen who was sent from the irish regiment on this mission, left Ciudad Rodrigo on the 26th of march 1811, accompanied by the colonel of the 22d regiment and

several other officers. They were attacked by the guerillas and the adjutant of the 22d, was taken prisoner, as was captain Allen, after receiving two wounds on his head.

After enduring the most cruel treatment, they were escorted to Cadiz, where they remained as prisoners for eighteen months. The duke of Abrantes was quite enraged when he heard of captain Allen's misfortune, and expressed the greatest sorrow on the occasion.

After marshal Ney left the army at Celerico, general Loisau took the command of the 6th corps. The army manœuvred to the left by Guarda Bellemonte. On the 1st of april it heard of the birth of the king of Rome. The 2d corps commanded by general Regnier had to sustain a desperate attack on the 3d of april, of the English and Portuguese.

On the 5th of april the army arrived on the spanish frontier, passing Alfaetas and on the 6th and 7th encamped near Rodrigo.

On the 8th the army passed by the town, took biscuit for four days to bring them to the neighbourhood of Toro and Salamanca and other cantonments, to recover the fatigues and privations of the campaign.

The irish battalion marched with the army for about two leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, on the road to Salamanca, when commandant Fitzhenry received an order to return with his battalion to make part of the garrison of Rodrigo. He desired the senior captain (OMalley), to take the command and to return with the battalion, whilst

he himself rode on to the head of the column to get permission to go to Salamanca, which was granted him by the general.

The battalion returned immediately to Rodrigo and was inspected on the glacis by the governor, general Rheno, who told the men that he had still plenty of provisions for them, notwithstanding all that had been delivered to the army passing by : and certainly he kept his word, and did every thing that depended on him to console the soldiers for their disappointment at not getting to the fine cantonments at Toro.

On entering the town, every man got a loaf of fine white bread, the first they had tasted for several months, and a ration of meat and wine. — This, with being tolerably well lodged, made both officers and men soon forget the miseries they had suffered in the severe campaign of Portugal.

The service of the place was hard enough; there being only two battalions, one of the 15th regiment and one of the irish ; and the town being nearly blockaded by the enemy as soon as the army had gone to its cantonments.

The cattle which was for the provision of the garrison, being sent to graze, was, with a number of the officer's horses, servants, etc., taken by the spanish cavalry and marched off so suddenly, that the garrison was not able to overtake them.

The governor, after firing a few cannon shots, to no

purpose, ordered the drawbridges to be raised and the gates to be shut, and at nine o'clock at night, 300 of the irish battalion, and 300 of the 15th regiment were marched out and ordered to surround a village about four leagues off, where he suspected the enemy would halt for the night with their booty. At day-light the village was attacked and the cattle, horses, servants, etc., retaken, with four spanish officers and the principal part of the detachment under their orders, all of whom were brought to Rodrigo before twelve o'clock the following day. One of these officers was allowed by the governor to write to his chief, to say, that he and another would be exchanged for captain Allen; but unfortunately the latter was already sent off a prisoner to Cadiz.

The English and Portuguese forces being occupied with the blockade of Almeida, and preparing to besiege that town, which had but a feeble garrison of 1500 men commanded by the brave general Brenier, the governor of Rodrigo was enabled to send different detachments to bring in provisions for the troops of the garrison there. In every excursion of the kind the irish were employed in their turn, if not sometimes preferred by general Rheno, under whose order they served with the utmost zeal and fidelity.

On the 18th of april 1811, commandant Fitzhenry, who had obtained permission to remain a few days at Salamanca, received orders to return to Rodrigo to join his battalion and to bring with him all the men of the irish

regiment who were convalescent, and able to march. He set out on the 19th with about 70 men; on the 22d of april, after passing Ledesma, he and his detachment were taken prisoners by Don Julian and his band, of above a thousand strong. The wife of a soldier who made part of the detachment, escaped and brought the news to the battalion.

At the end of april the remains of the different corps of prince Masséna's army received orders to get provisions for several days, and on the 30th of april and 1st of may to march to Rodrigo On the 3d of may, the 2d, 6th, 8th and 9th corps with a part of the imperial cavalry under the orders of marshal Bessières, duke of Istria, were reviewed by the commander in chief Masséna, on the plain near Ciudad Rodrigo. The irish battalion passed the review with its brigade.

On the 4th of may the army marched in three columns towards Almeida, and early on the 5th attacked the english and allied army. The battle continued all day with various chances of success, until Masséna found means at night to give orders to the governor of Almeida general Brenier, to blow up the fortifications : after the execution of which he was to fight his way across the english army This brave general with his garrison of 1,500 men punctually performed his instructions and fought at their head the whole night, through the english lines, and at day-light he arrived in sight of the french line and was soon supported by the second corps under the

command of general Regnier, whose advanced posts were at Saint-Felix.

On the 6th and 7th the army was ordered to return to their cantonments and a new organization was ordered to take place. The different corps, then greatly reduced, were to form six divisions to be called the army of Portugal, and the command of it to be given to marshal Marmont, duke of Ragusa, who had just come to replace Masséna in the command of the army. General Foy commanded the 1st division.

General Brenier for his brilliant conduct got his brevet of lieutenant general and the command of the 6th division of the army of Portugal.

The irish battalion made part of his division, with the 22d, 65th and 17th leger regiment and the Hanoverian legion.

FURTHER DETAILS OF CAPTAIN ALLEN'S BRILLIANT AFFAIR, MENTIONED PAGE 102.

General Solignac being in pursuit of the enemy at the town of Najara in the beginning of february 1810, desired commandant Fitzhenry to send him three captains of his battalion; Ware, Allen and I were ordered: the general told us we should have to march in the night with our companies, on three separate roads to surround a small town four or five leagues off, where a numerous

corps of the enemy's cavalry had taken up their quarters. — We got three sure guides and at ten o'clock at night marched on this fatiguing expedition. At day-light Ware and I met, after our men had blockaded the ways leading out of the town. We feared that Allen had met impediments, as he was not arrived in sight of the place. We apprized the authorities of our mission, and the alcade of the town hastened to come and inform us that the corps of cavalry left his town at mid-night; he shewed us the street by which it took its departure; he could not tell us more, except that it was formidable, to which we paid little attention, knowing that their policy was to exaggerate in such cases.

Ware and I hastened to get refreshments for our soldiers, and we then returned by the road, which Allen should have come by, had he not met some obstacles by the way; but before we marched two leagues, our anxiety was relieved; we reached the village where he had made the corps of cavalry prisoners, and he was on his way back, escorting them to head quarters and had arrived there several hours before we did.

In the trenches at the siege of Astorga, previous to the breach being mounted, captain Ware seeing by the order of the day, that his company of grenadiers was not to march at the head of the battalion designed for the attack, came to claim his right to that post. General Soligmac whom he addressed on the subject, immediately

said to the duke of Abrantes, who was just by « the cap-
« tain of grenadiers of the 2d battalion of the irish regi-
« ment claims as his right to be the first to mount the
« breach. » To which the duke mildly replied, « Captain
« have I not the right to order the dispositions for the
« attack? — You will be with your battalion and its
« chief Fitzhenry at the foot of the breach to assure our
« success. I have given this order knowing well I could
« count on you. » — Captain Ware retired, when the duke said « It is cheering and augurs well to receive re-
« clamations of that nature and at such a moment. I suppose, general Solignac, you know that captain well. »
— « Certainly, monsieur le duc, he accompanied me in
« all my expeditions night and day, in Old Castille, and
« I have recommanded him in consequence of his brilliant
« conduct in these affairs and combats, to the minister of
« war for advancement, to which he is so well entitled,
« as indeed I must say, all the officers of Fitzhenry's
« battalion are; unfortunately these brave men have to
« wait 'till vacancies for promotion occur in their own
« regiment. » As yet the second irish regiment was not organized.

Our general of brigade Thomier was pleased to speak in the highest terms of the regiment since it made part of his brigade : he alluded to the coolness of the officers in the moments of peril, as well as to their bravery and exactitude in performing, and conforming to all military duties, etc.

Three days previous to this conversation with the duke of Abrantes, captain Allen returning to our camp from the trenches where he had been on guard for twenty four hours, with his company, crossing a field, considered quite beyond the reach of the guns of the rampart, had two of his soldiers killed by his side : their heads were cut off by a cannon ball and Allen's uniform bespattered with their blood and brains. He instantly gave the command to his voltigeurs to disperse as riflemen through the fields; and in this way, he reached the camp without further loss, tho' several vollies were instantly fired at him and his men. General Thomier who witnessed Allen's prompt decision on this occasion in dispersing his men, as the best way to save them from the twenty four pounders of the rampart, mentioned this circumstance to the general in chief Junot, which probably was the reason that he appointed Allen to lead and mount the breach, seeing he was a man of character and decision in perilous situations, and indeed he judged him rightly.

I never felt greater pleasure, or was more agreeably surprised than when Allen's confidential soldier came to me in the night at the foot of the breach to say that his captain hoped I would be able to send him something to drink, for there was no water to be had in the house where they were. — It was the first news I had that poor Allen had escaped. I brought this brave soldier immediately to general Thomier, who was equally rejoiced;

and he went himself to apprize the duke of Abrantes of Allen's situation, and wonderful good luck in escaping alive after such fighting.

When it was ascertained that captain Allen had taken possession of a house in the town, near the rampart, which he resolved to defend during the night, and that he was able to preserve his communication open with the breach, a detachment of our regiment was ordered to bring him refreshments for his brave soldiers. Young Delany, a sous-lieutenant, had the command of the men carrying the provisions to captain Allen's troops. He succeeded in getting over the breach and in delivering carefully all the articles that were entrusted to his charge, and he recrossed the breach at the head of his detachment, to rejoin his battalion; but he had several of his men killed and wounded, and he himself had a musket ball through his arm. He went to the place in the trenches where our surgeon was busy dressing the wounds by candle light, and he sat down on a bank of clay, looking on for some time : when surgeon Prevost happened to turn his head and perceived him. — He said « lieute-
« nant Delany, I beg your pardon, but my instructions
« are, to oblige all those who come here conducting or
« carrying the wounded men, to return forthwith to their
« respective companies, and I am not to allow any one
« to remain here but those who want to have their wounds
« examined and dressed. » — « Well, I would thank
« you to examine my wound, » replied Delany. « How! »

exclaimed the surgeon, « my positive instructions are, to « dress the officer's wounds first, and you have said noth- « ing to me, tho' you have been there looking on for « more than half an hour. » « Oh! I am in no hurry; the « poor soldiers, whose wounds you have been dressing, « stood in more need of your assistance than I did. » — As soon as lieutenant Delany had his arm dressed and tied up, he rejoined his company, and would not avail himself of his wound to retire to the camp.

In surgeon Prevost's detailed report to the general in chief of the different cases of the wounded he had been dressing during the night, he mentioned the humane forbearance of one of the irish officers, which circumstance caused pleasure and delight to the brave and intrepid general Junot, who used often, to speak of it and to say, « what a pity such men have not a country of their « own to fight for! »

A white flag, or flag of truce, was perceived at day-break on the ramparts, and immediately the firing ceased, and the delegates sent by the Governor of Astorga to treat about the capitulation of the garrison, were received in the trenches by the duke of Abrantes, who required as a preliminary article, that the french troops should get possession of the great gate on the Valladolid road.

General Thomier accompanied by one of the spanish delegates, ordered captain Ware and me to follow him with our companies through the trenches to the gate above mentioned, and when he saw us properly installed

there, and our sentinels placed inside the gate, he retired. Scarcely had he gone away, when colonel Coutard of the 65th regiment came to claim the right of having the gate occupied by his soldiers, as it was his regiment which attacked the town on that side the day before, etc. He ordered captain Ware to remove his sentinels and to have his placed in their stead. — Ware refused, saying he was on guard and that he would only execute the orders of general Thomier who placed him there, or those of the generals higher in command, as general Solignac, or Junot general in chief, etc. « I should refuse my own « colonel if he were to give me orders, circumstanced as « I am; then I trust, colonel, you cannot expect I will « execute yours. » Some other words ensued between them, when colonel Coutard said « I must put you under « arrest »; captain Ware replied, « colonel, I shall keep « my arrest when I am off guard, but not 'till then! »

We regretted having had any thing disagreeable with the colonel of the 65th knowing as we did, from an officer in his regiment, our countryman captain O'Kean, that he had the greatest respect for the Irish in the french service. He obtained the cross of the legion of honour for several of his officers after their brilliant defence of Ratisbon in 1809. — Captain O'Kean was one of the first he proposed, as having well merited to be a knight of the legion of honour; a distinction at that period not granted except for real service. Our altercation with colonel Coutard soon finished.

The spanish garrison surrendered at discretion, and the irish regiment was ordered to assemble and draw up in line on the glacis of the town, to receive the prisoners and to escort them to Valladolid. Five thousand brave spanish soldiers marched out with all the honours of war, and laid down their arms on the glacis, in presence of the 8th corps of the french army. Those prisoners had the satisfaction to witness a specimen of french discipline ere they marched away. The battalion of french troops that entered with the spanish civil authorities to keep order and to furnish patroles and rounds through the town, arrested a man who contrived to get in before them, and was plundering a house; he was brought out to the glacis, and by order of the duke of Abrantes, shot forthwith; as a warning to those ambulant speculators and followers of armies, who never have any thing to sell but trumpery of the worst sort; their object being to get wealth by other means.

It was consolatory to see the horrors of war mitigated by a brave and humane chief; and indeed on this occasion the duke of Abrantes was entitled to the greatest praise; he required that the troops lodged in the place, should observe the same order and discipline which they would have been forced to maintain in a town in the interior of France. — What a striking contrast compared to the conduct of the English at Badajoz in 1812, where Wellington allowed his army during twenty four hours to commit all kinds of horrors on the innocent inhabitants, his

allies, after the french garrison had capitulated and were marched off prisoners of war! — and again at Saint-Sebastien the crimes perpetrated there make one shudder to hear them described. — Though indeed I should not have been surprised at the want of english discipline, from the knowledge I have had of the cruelties committed by the regiment of ancient Britons in my own unfortunate country, Ireland, in 1798.

The 47th and 70th regiments of the line, formerly (until 1792), Walsh's and Berwick's of the irish brigades, made part of our army before Astorga : many of the officers of those regiments where irishmen ; some born in France, and others in Ireland. I was very intimate with two of them, O'Neil, of the 47th and Brennan of the 70th. Those officers had often heard of the irish patriots of '98, fighting, not for a pretender, but for the independence of their beloved country. Well, they had at Astorga the satisfaction of seeing some of those patriots of '98 distinguish themselves so, as to be the admiration of the army, and captain Brennan told me, that such was the enthusiasm about the bravery of the Irish, that his regiment would boast of having sprung from Berwick's.

An honourable trait of an irish officer in the spanish service.

On our march from Astorga to Toro, I got in the morning, before we came to that town, charge of several spanish officers, prisoners of war, who were on their way to

France; general Thomier in giving me the command of the escort, prayed me, as the march would be rather long, to render it as agreeable as possible to those officers, and at the same time, he presented one of them to me, a major Dorran, whose uncle I knew in Dublin, living in Francis street. Mr Dorran told me, that his comrades in misfortune were military men of distinction, and that they were glad to be escorted by his countrymen. — After we had breakfasted at the half way halt, I found major Dorran a little indisposed. I wanted him to mount my horse, but he preferred, if I would allow him, to get up on one of the baggage waggons. I gave him in charge to the serjeant who had the care of our luggage. The rear guard and baggage arrived in due time at Toro; major Dorran was not with them, and the poor serjeant could give me no account of how he escaped. This was a very unpleasant circumstance for me, to have to report to the general in the morning. However, just as I was preparing to go to bed, about eleven o'clock at night, major Dorran came to my room; he wanted to apologize for having remained behind. Seeing he was distressed lest I should think badly of him, I said : « Major you were not on parole, you « had not pledged your word of honour. » — « No, » he replied « but could any thing be more dishonourable than « to have availed myself of my countryman's kindness to « me to escape, and to have him censured and injured « on my account. » — « Oh! no! » he repeated « a thous- « and deaths before dishonour. » The feelings of this

brave man must have been painful indeed : separated from his wife and two young children, whom he left in Galicia, near Corunna, in the care of her family. — I had a bed prepared for him and in the morning I conducted him to rejoin his comrades, who had spent the night in prison, and they were marched off under a french officer's command. We heard some days after, that two of these prisoners effected their escape on the road to Burgos and that major Dorran was one of them.

The day our vanguard, commanded by general Sainte-Croix, attacked the english general Stewart's advanced posts, and beat them back, under the walls of the Fort of Conception and Almeida, whilst waiting to let our men repose themselves, general Sainte-Croix came and sat down amongst us, and he began to praise our men, when commandant Ware said :

« General, they are not contented with you. » « What « then have I done to displease them? » replied the general. — « Well, they say that in every instance where « they expected to charge the enemy with their bayonets, « you got before them with your cavalry, and left them « very little share of the victory. » We all joined commandant Ware, and repeated that it was but too true. « Oh! gentlemen, you have a peculiar way of paying « compliments. » He then shook hands with us.

Two months after, when we were marching along the Tagus, down to Santarem, we were shocked indeed to

see general Sainte-Croix killed by a cannon ball, from one of the enemy's gun boats on the river. He was a splendid officer of cavalry, and he had done much to retrieve the reputation of the dragons in Spain. Napoleon had the highest opinion of his talents and worth, and would have made him one of the marshals of France, had he lived. I never heard of a general so universally regretted as he was, so amiable and so brave, that it was a pleasure to speak to him.

Although the 70th regiment in which captain William Corbet was, belonged to our army, and had made the campaigns in Spain and Portugal with us, I never met him after he left the irish legion at Alençon in 1806, though I frequently heard about him, from some of his comrades. Captain Brennan who was badly wounded beside captain Corbet on the 3d of april, stopped a day and a night at Ciudad Rodrigo, where we were in garrison. He told me that their chef de bataillon, and their colonel were both killed, and that captain Corbet as senior officer took the command of the battalion, and shewed the greatest coolness and bravery during the action. On the 3d of may 1811, when marshal Masséna's army was arriving in the plain before the town of Rodrigo, taking a walk through the camp, I came to the bivouack of the 70th regiment, when I saw captain Corbet very busy endeavouring to get something cooked for his dinner. He had a very poor supply of provisions, and

as he could not come into town with me, I brought one of his men and sent him out all I could procure; a loaf of white bread, and a few bottles of wine. Though we had many things to say to one another, after a lapse of five years that we had not met, that pleasure was deferred to a more favourable occasion, I being in a hurry to return to town. We however met frequently afterwards, when he was on marshal Marmont's staff. — I must say, that captain Corbet in his new situation was always obliging and friendly to his former comrades,— of which I shall speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V

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The reorganization of the army of Portugal into six divisions under the command of marshal Marmont, on cacount of the reduced state of the 2d, 6th and 8th corps, of which it was composed, was considered a wise measure; and the young generals put at the head of the divisions, such as Foy, Brenier, Mauguin, etc., and marshal Clauzel, then general of division commandant, created great emulation in the army; besides the marshal himself at that time had acquired a high reputation as general in chief, and his staff was composed of several distinguished officers. General Fabvier, of such notoriety in Greece, was then a captain, as was count Denys de Damremont, afterwards the general in chief who was killed in Africa at the siege of Constantine. — General Corbet was another of the staff captains, and from the experience he had acquired as an infantry officer of the 70th regiment of the line, his perfect knowledge of the french and english languages, writing both equally well, he rendered much service, and he was greatly esteemed by the duke of Ragusa (marshal Marmont).

Our general of division was the brave Brenier who made the surprising march through the english army after he had blown up the ramparts of Almeida. The irish

officers were delighted to be in his division; but they regretted not to be still in general Thomier's brigade who befriended them on all occasions, and who was so much liked by all the soldiers of the regiment. During the retreat out of Portugal he shared in all their dangers and miseries, and constantly bivouacked at the head of the irish battalion. One instance will shew why the soldiers took him into their consideration. When the army fell back from the line of Torres Vedras, the irish battalion stopped with general Thomier in the village of Prosseras. He ordered one day that I should make a reconnaissance with my grenadiers on the enemy's line, to return when I perceived them and to bring the cattle I met on the way, and provisions of any kind. When I returned I had to report to him that during my expedition I never saw a human being or living animal of any sort; that I had discovered a quantity of tanned leather in one place, hidden in the mountains; in another a room filled with white wax for making candles; that two of my grenadiers were missing, and that I feared they had been taken prisoners. He invited me to dinner, and just as we were going to sit down to table, at half past six o'clock in the evening, my serjeant major came to tell me that the two grenadiers who had remained behind, had arrived with two head of horn cattle. — General Thomier exclaimed : « send them here forthwith, they must dine with us. » And he ordered his servant to prepare places for them at the table. He was enchanted with these brave men. They

told him how they had contrived to procure the cattle; they said they had « extracted » them from the english cattle grazing in fields at a great distance. The expression made all the company laugh, and the general had a bumper filled to drink to their health.

Whenever we were marching near where general Thomier's division was stopping in the summer and autumn of 1811, I availed myself of the occasion to go and visit him, and have some conversation with him respecting our not being yet known to our new generals, etc. « Ne- « ver mind » he would reply. « You will be soon advan- « tageously known to them. »

A few days after he gave me a certificate of my services to present to these generals if I chose to do so.

Although I did not want to make use of that certificate at the time, it was consoling to me to have a testimonial from a general of worth and of high reputation, in whose brigade the irish regiment was so actively employed at the sieges of Astorga, Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and in the campaigns of Portugal. Besides, I was in very low spirits on account of commandant Fitzhenry's sad affair, and from being separated from some of my best friends and comrades. — Captain Allen a prisoner of war. Commandant Ware gone to Landau, and captain Murray from ill health obliged to return to France. Although captains

O'Malley and Brangan who were equally my friends were remaining, and that braver or more honourable men could not be, still they did not possess the resources necessary to take advantage and get the situation left vacant of chef de bataillon. — They were senior to me, and I feared that place would be filled by some « protégé » sent from Paris, who had no claims on the irish regiment.

General Brenier's division marched back to Salamanca and the neighbourhood of Toro : but on the first of june 1811 the army was united and reviewed by marshal Marmont and on the 4th marched from Salamanca and went through the province of Estramadura, passing by Banos and Placentia, crossing the Tagus at Lugar Nueva on a bridge of boats brought there by the army, to Truxillo, Merida, and to Badajos to attack the english and Portuguese army, then making the siege of that town.

By the time the french army arrived there, they had already made two breaches ; and only for this rapid march of the french army of Portugal, combined with that of marshal Soult from Seville, Badajos would have been taken by the english and Portuguese and Spaniards, who were thus obliged to retire behind Elvas into Portugal. This was from the 17th to the 20th of june 1811.

After sending provisions of every kind for six months into Badajos, for the garrison, and getting the breaches repaired, the army retired into different cantonments in

Estramadura. The irish battalion remained some time at Truxillo and from thence marched to Avilar passing by Naval Maral, the head quarters of marshal Marmont. They had pleasant quarters in the mountains during the hot summer of the comet of 1811, the soldiers being well fed and well lodged for the months of july and august.

In the beginning of september the captain of grenadiers, Byrne[1], of the irish battalion was ordered with his company and the company of voltigeurs of the irish regiment to general Brenier's head quarters at Bexar. — On the 19th the army marched to form a junction with the corps of army of the north commanded by general count Dorsenne, for the purpose of relieving Rodrigo, at that time besieged and blockaded by the english, and of throwing provisions into it. The two french armies met on the 24th and on the 25th marched on Rodrigo. — During this expedition the irish companies, commanded by the captain of grenadiers, Byrne, were in the advance guard and took part in the different actions that took place in raising the siege, and in driving the English and Portuguese into Portugal on the 27th, 28th and 29th of september at Fontelgenalgo and Alfitas.

The irish companies of elite returned back to Rodrigo on the 1st of october and from thence marched with general Brenier to Placencia his head quarters. They were

[1] The author of these « Memoirs ».

here united with the centre companies to do garrison duty and another of the 65th.

General Dejean who had just got his brevet, got the command of the brigade and replaced general Godar.

On the 13th of october 1811, the captain of grenadiers, Byrne, of the irish battalion having his company, with the company of voltigeurs of the same regiment assembled to pass an inspection, heard the general beat and was apprized that the enemy's cavalry to the number of fifteen hundred was drawn up in line within gunshot of the town : he immediately marched to attack them with his two companies formed in column by section ready to form a hollow square, and he succeeded in dispersing and driving them a great distance off before the rest of the troops of the garrison had time to be assembled. — General Brenier soon joined him with his aides-de-camp and staff officers all mounted, and when night came on and the enemy had effected their retreat, he was so delighted with the conduct of the soldiers, that he gave them all the money he had on him to drink when they returned to Placentia ; and the morning after, he gave the following order of the division.

« Placentia, le 14 octobre 1811.

ORDRE DU JOUR DE LA DIVISION.

« Hier, lors de l'appel aux armes des compagnies d'élite de la garnison, Monsieur le général de division a

remarqué que celles du bataillon irlandais se sont distinguées particulièrement par leur bravoure, leur zèle et leur exactitude à se rendre au point indiqué. Il leur en témoigne sa satisfaction.

« Signé :

« Le général de division,

« BRENIER.

« Pour copie conforme,

» L'adjudant commandant de l'état-major de la 6e division,

« DUBANDEDIET. »

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING ORDER OF THE DAY.

« Placencia, 14th october 1811.

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE DIVISION.

« Yesterday when the call to arms was made of the companies d'elite of the garrison, the general of division observed that those of the irish battalion particularly distinguished themselves by their bravery and zeal, and by their promptitude and exactness in repairing to the point they were ordered to. He testifies to them his satisfaction at their conduct.

« Signed :

« The general of division,

« BRENIER. »

It was whilst the battalion stopped at Placentia that the first news of captain Allen being a prisoner of war in a fort near Cadiz was received. After the exertions that had been made to have him exchanged in the month of april at Rodrigo failed as will be seen in the following note made at the time, it was agreeable to know that he was not given up to the English then at Cadiz.

As soon as the prisoners were escorted to Rodrigo, captain Byrne waited on the governor, general Rheno, to pray him to keep one of the officers, a nephew to don Julian, the chief of the guerrilla band, which took captain Allen prisoner, in order to have them exchanged. The general not only consented, but took the most lively interest in having the exchange carried into effect immediately, when he learned from captain Byrne the cruel fate that awaited poor Allen if he were handed over to the english general. He forthwith got the spanish prefet to procure a confidential person to carry a letter from the spanish officer to his uncle don Julian, supplicating him to give up captain Allen, and saying that another officer and himself would be exchanged for him. The messenger returned after four day's absence with an answer, that captain Allen had been sent to a depot of prisoners of war, without mentioning the name of the place. In consequence the spanish officer was sent off to join the other prisoners at Salamanca on their way to France, and Allen's comrades were left to conjecture whether or not he was still in existence.

This took place about the end of april 1811, and until the end of september the same year there was no news whatever of captain Allen, when captain Byrne being at Placentia received a letter from him, dated the prison of Cadiz, and containing all the details of what he had suffered, the manner he had been taken a prisoner, etc., etc. The same day captain Byrne inclosed to general Sémelé, chief of the staff to marshal Victor, then commanding the french army before Cadiz, a treasury bill of a thousand francs (un bon sur le trésor public à Paris), which he fortunately happened to have at the time ; he begged the general to have it changed into spanish money and to have it forwarded to captain Allen in his prison ; he also prayed him to have the goodness to use influence to have captain Allen exchanged, lest he should be given up to the English.

Captain Byrne wrote immediately to major Lawless at Bois-le-Duc, where he had then the command of the irish regiment, and inclosed him a copy of captain Allen's letter, requesting him also to use his influence with the minister of war to have captain Allen exchanged before he could fall into the hands of the English.

When captain Byrne returned in october 1811 to Placentia after the expedition to relieve Rodrigo terminated, he waited on marshal Marmont about captain Allen's unfortunate situation, gave him a detailed memoir on the subject, which the marshal approved and promised to have it forwarded immediately to marshal Victor,

who commanded before Cadiz, and he added, that he would use his own influence, and when any prisoners were made, he should propose an exchange for captain Allen.

Captain Byrne availed himself of being at head quarters to endeavour to get Allen exchanged, and neglected no opportunity that could tend to that end : indeed he could not have acted otherwise, for they were always on the most friendly terms and were the best comrades. — Captain Allen's purse was ever at his disposition, therefore captain Byrne felt the greatest happiness to have had the thousand francs to send to captain Allen. That sum was paid to captain Byrne on the 30th of december 1811 at Talavera de la Reyna, by Giraud the officer paymaster to the 2d battalion, when all arrears due to the officers were paid up in full, previous to their returning to France; and the appointments and arrears due to captain Allen were received up to the 26th of march 1811, the day he was made a prisoner, and deposited in the military chest of the battalion, which was brought to the depot at Bois-le-Duc in Holland, and there given up to colonel Lawless and the council of administration of the irish regiment.

When captain Allen arrived at Bois-le-Duc in 1812, after he had the good fortune to be exchanged, he found all his accounts and affairs properly settled to his liking by the quarter master of the regiment.

Captain Dillon, who had been one of the aides-de-camp to the duke of Abrantes, got his brevet of chef de bataillon to the second battalion of the irish regiment and joined it at Placentia in november 1811.

In the beginning of december 1811 marshal Marmont ordered a court martial to be assembled to try commandant Fitzhenry by contumacy, accused of desertion to the enemy. It was presided by the colonel of the 17th leger regiment, and composed of six other officers, from the 22d and 65th regiments of the line. It met in a village where the colonel of the 17th commanded, four leagues from Placentia.

After hearing all the evidence that had been procured from the 22d of april 1811, the day on which he was taken prisoner, down to the assembling of the court martial, four of the members of the court declared that he was guilty, three that he was not. As it is necessary according to the french military code, to have five out of the seven members forming a court martial, to condemn, Fitzhenry was acquitted.

On the 6th of december 1811, the irish battalion was ordered to Casa de Cadas, and from thence to Montbeltran in the mountains to relieve the 28th regiment which had been there some time. Lieutenant Malowney with 50 men of the irish battalion was ordered to go to a town eight leagues from Montbeltran to escort back a convoy of mules loaded with provisions. After he had passed a

mountain four leagues off, he met a french battalion that had been harrassed and attacked by the guerrillas in the plain through which Malowney had to pass. The chief of the french battalion wanted Malowney to return with him, saying, he surely could not think of advancing with so small a detachment against five hundred men all well mounted; but Malowney having a written order thought he could not with honour return before he met the enemy, and was forced to retreat. He accordingly proceeded, and as the chief of the battalion led him to expect, soon met the enemy and was obliged to take a position amongst the rocks, on the side of a hill, to defend himself. The guerrillas finding they could not bring Malowney and his men down into the plain, and night coming on, filed off to a small village just by.

Lieutenant Malowney on this left his position and pursued them into the village where they were scattered in disorder : he beat them out of it, barricaded all the outlets and defended himself all night and until eight o'clock the next morning, when fortunately he was relieved by a regiment that had marched several leagues, having heard the day before of the fighting. — Mallowney then continued his march and escorted back to Montbeltran his convoy with great eclat. This was not the only time he distinguished himself in the like manner — As soon as he returned to France, colonel Lawless obtained for him his brevet of captain in the 2d battalion of the irish regiment. He was one of those unfortunate

irishmen given up to the king of Prussia by the english government. He had been wounded and taken prisoner in Ireland after general Humbert surrendered, and was in the prussian army and taken a prisoner by the French at the battle of Iena, after which, he entered the irish regiment in the service of France, along with those other irishmen who had been taken prisoners at Iena, and who had been given up in a like manner to the prussian government by England.

During the month of december 1811 marshal Marmont ordered the different divisions of his army to manœuvre and change cantonments. The 6th division commanded by general Brenier was on march, when at Naval Maral he received orders for all the officers, non-commissioned officers, corporals and drummers of the 2d irish battalion to go into France, and to leave behind them all the private soldiers, to be incorporated into the prussian regiment in the French service and then in garrison at Lugar Nueva and Almiras on the Tagus.

On the 25th of december 1811 general Brenier accompanied by the military inspector performed this very painful duty, of separating the men from their officers, under whose orders they had been serving for four years in Spain, and to whom they were much attached. The general declared, he never before witnessed so distressing a scene, as three or four hundred men in the greatest grief and weeping at taking leave of their officers : he added, he thought it cruel and impolitic thus to separate them.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, corporals and drummers, in all about 120, marched for France and arrived at Talavera de la Reyna on the 27th of december. They stopped there three days to receive all arrears, then set out again and arrived at Toledo on the first of january 1812. From thence they proceeded to Madrid, where they had to wait ten days, being too few in number to march without a large convoy of troops.

A rather unpleasant incident took place at the gates of Madrid in january 1812 between the sons of two distinguished irish men. — One, was the son of the unfortunate « Theobald Dillon, » general of division, who was murdered by his own soldiers in the Revolution, near Lille. The other was the son of general O'Neil, who was colonel of Walsh's regiment in 1792 when it took the number of 47 of the french line. — These sons of theirs were captains in the army of Portugal: they had recently been promoted to the superior rank of chef de bataillon; O'Neill to the 47th regiment and Dillon to the command of the 2d battalion of the irish regiment. The latter marching out of Madrid at the head of the cadre of that battalion, was accosted by commandant O'Neill who said to him « commandant Dillon you cannot proceed far, as my « company of voltigeurs is placed at half a league on the « high road, to prevent any one passing, until the co- « lumn of troops forming the convoy is organized by the « general, and my battalion is ordered to be the van- « guard. »

« Very well » said commandant Dillon, still continuing to march 'till he was stopped by the captain of the voltigeurs of the 47th to whom he shewed his order to return to France. The captain very properly replied « such orders, commandant, do not regard me, mine are « to let no one pass here 'till the column is put on march « by the general's order, and I am determined to execute « my consigne, quoi qu'il en coûte. » Commandant Dillon being on horseback, and about twenty yards a head, seeing his small column stopped by the men of the 47th ordered it to advance, and the captain of grenadiers of the irish had the disagreeable task of pushing the voltigeurs of the 47th aside, to open a passage to march forward, and obey an unwise chief.

Notwithstanding the dangerous state of the country he had to march through, owing to the guerrillas being every day in sight, commandant Dillon made his way to Valladolid with his 120 men, but in this town he had to wait 18 days.

It was on this march from Madrid, that passing by the town of Segovia, lieutenant Jackson seized the occasion to shew off his wit and turn for bantering. Seeing a group of Spaniards, with their brown cloak thrown over their shoulders, examining and counting the troops that halted on the place, as was their custom on such occasions, he addressed these solemn gentlemen, saying, pointing to the tower, that he wished to know if it was

here that Gil Blas was imprisoned. They replied, it was the town prison. He then very politely begged one of them to accompany him, that he wished to ascertain the precise room which had been occupied by that truly enlightened Spaniard during his confinement in the tower. « Oh! señor » one said, « Gil Blas is a mere romance » ; to which Jackson replied, he was sorry to find they did not know the history of their country better : that it was a true narrative, and that only for the Inquisition Le Sage would have published it in quite a different form and given the real names of the persons alluded to. One of the spanish gentlemen seeing Jackson so serious and bent upon visiting the tower, accompanied him through every part of it, whilst Jackson made notes, and he fain would have persuaded his comrades that the Spaniards were delighted with the information he gave them.

This was only one of many instances when Jackson by his humour and gaiety made his comrades often forget their miseries and privations. — One morning at the bivouack of the irish regiment at the lines of Torres Vedras, whilst waiting for orders, the officers stood chatting together, when general Thomier beckoned one of them to come to him and tell him what the very animated conversation was about which he observed going on. He was told that it was lieutenant Jackson holding forth and maintaining that there could be no comparison between roast mutton and roast beef, provided the latter was « under-done » à l'anglaise. « Oh! par exemple, c'est un

« peu trop fort. » « What » he asked « did captain « O'Malley say on the matter? » — Oh, that it was cruel and inhuman to talk of roast meat of any kind to men who were starving, and when none could be had for love or money. Captain O'Malley is right, said the general. Jackson bore up against adversity in the same gay manner. — Captain Hutteau, the mayor of Malesherbes who was a prisoner of war in Russia, along with Jackson, takes infinite pleasure in talking to us about Jackson and his courage and vivacity in very trying circumstances. — Monsieur de Buisson also, a french magistrate, has given some excellent articles to the Siècle newspaper on his sufferings whilst a prisoner of war in Russia, when a sous-lieutenant of only 19 years of age. He speaks of captain Jackson in every trial and hardship they had to undergo, with the greatest admiration and gratitude 'till they were exchanged in 1814.

During this time, january 1812, Ciudad Rodrigo was taken by the English before marshal Marmont had time to arrive with his army to relieve it.

Two splendid standards in green and on which was written in gold letters : « Independence of Ireland » and which were sent to the 2d and 3d irish battalions by order of the emperor, and which had been at Valladolid rom the year before, were brought back to the depot by the officers of the 2d battalion, who after a long and fatiguing march, arrived on the 11th of april 1812 at

Bois-le-Duc in Holland, then the depot of the irish regiment instead of Landau.

At the end of february 1812, lieutenant-colonel Lawless got his brevet of colonel, and the command of the regiment, which by a decree of the emperor, was now called , « Troisième régiment étranger, irlandais. » By the same decree the other foreign regiments were numbered :

That of « Latour-d'Auvergne », n° 1;

That of « Isenberg », n° 2;

The « irish », n° 3;

The prussian regiment, n° 4.

Commandant Mahony at the same time was named gros-major, or lieutenant-colonel to the irish regiment. Commandant Tennant was with the first battalion of the irish regiment in the island of Goree in Holland. Commandant Ware with the 3d battalion at Williamstadt on the Meuse. The 4th battalion and depot received nearly fifteen hundred Germans and other foreigners, who had been in the dutch army, but who, in consequence of Holland becoming a part of France, were sent to the foreign regiments in the French service. Eight hundred of these brave men were drafted into the 2d battalion, just arrived from Spain, which completed it, and on the 18th of april it marched to Bergen-op-Zoom to form the garrison there and to prepare for joining the grand army.

Captain Hayne who had served in the 20th regiment

of the line in Italy, got his brevet as commandant of the 4th battalion and joined it at Bois-le-Duc in 1812.

Captain Allen who had been detained a prisoner at Cadiz, had the good fortune to be exchanged and arrived at the depot of the regiment at Bois-le-Duc at the end of the year 1812. — But there was no chance then of his obtaining the advancement he so well merited by his brilliant conduct at Astorga in Spain. All vacancies that had occurred in the regiment for superior officers were filled up, and many of them by those who having been born in France were entitled to advancement in french regiments; which was not just to the irish officers whose promotion was confined to their own regiment. Colonel Lawless however promised captain Allen that in the event of the regiment going into campaign, he should have the command of his company of voltigeurs in the 2d battalion.

The duke of Feltre on the recommendation of colonel Lawless, recompensed many of the subaltern officers coming out of Spain. Lieutenants Malowney, Delany, Dowling, Burk and Jackson received their brevets of captains : and ensigns Mac Egan, Brelevet, etc., theirs of lieutenants. Many non commissioned officers were also promoted to the rank of ensign.

Ensign Keller who was taken prisoner in Portugal by the English, escaped from England and joined the depot at Bois-le-Duc. Ensign Ryan who was taken prisoner at Flushing in august 1809 also escaped from prison

and joined the regiment in 1812. — Colonel Lawless obtained advancement for both these officers and they got their brevets as lieutenants and were placed in the war battalions.

Colonel Lawless obtained promotion for all the officers of the 2d battalion that were called into France from Spain in 1812, except captains O'Malley and Byrne, and the recompense these two officers considered themselves entitled to after the four or five severe campaigns they had just made, was, the decoration of the legion of Honour. On their way through Paris in march 1812 they waited on the minister of war and presented him a demand, backed by several of the generals under whose orders they had been serving. His reception was most favourable : so much so, that they left Paris for the depot in the highest spirits. — The minister wrote to colonel Lawless to know about their merits, conduct, etc., and whether it was, that the demand had not been forwarded by him to the minister as chief of the corps, or that he wished to see his superior officers decorated before the captains; it is probable, nay even certain, that he gave the last reason to the minister, for he could not have given any other; as neither of these captains had ever been under his orders, he could not well judge of their merits to obtain the knighthood in the legion of honour. But let that be as it may, it was very unfortunate that poor captain O'Malley did not obtain it at that epoch, for shortly

after he became stone blind and had to retire on a small pension with a wife and two children : 250 francs a year was thus lost for the last 32 years, to as brave a man as ever left Ireland.

As to captain Byrne, he had only to wait to make another campaign, the year after, when he got it : but it is not less true, that he felt much disappointed, and very sore on the subject; particularly so, on account of being on such friendly terms with colonel Lawless from the first moment he became acquainted with him : and indeed again at Berghen-op-Zoom in january 1813 previous to leaving that town to join the grand army, he had to complain of the want of decision in his favour on the part of colonel Lawless, who was on the point of giving his company of grenadiers to captain O'Reilly, who claimed it as his right, he having commanded, he said, a grenadiers company longer than captain Byrne, though the latter was his senior as a captain for more than a year. The third battalion to which O'Reilly belonged remaining in Holland, he, very naturally wished to get into one of the war battalions going into campaign. — Colonel Lawless submitted captain O'Reilly's claim to the minister of war, who decided against him, and in favour of captain Byrne : but this decision of the minister only arrived when the regiment was in presence of the enemy on the Elbe, and kept captain Byrne in a disagreeable state of suspence whilst waiting for the decision.

At the end of this memorable campaign of 1813, and

the beginning of the next 1814, captain Byrne being actively employed in Holland and at Antwerp, commanding a battalion at the advanced posts before the enemy, was quite sure of obtaining his brevet of chef de bataillon, as he was proposed on the field of battle at Goldberg the 24th of august 1813, with three other captains by general Puthod, and the demand was backed by general Lauriston, commander of the 5th corps of the army.

There seemed no doubt of these commissions being granted, but still captain Byrne was doomed to be disappointed, for as soon as the communication was opened after the siege of Antwerp, the colonel of the regiment « Mahony » received intelligence that captains Allen and O'Reilly were promoted, and that captains Byrne and Saint-Leger might expect their brevets also ; but from the change of government and the vast number of claimants he entertained little hopes.

Captain Byrne seeing two prussian captains in the French service of the name of Geittes getting their commissions as chiefs of battalion, in the month of october asked leave of absence for three months and came to Paris in december 1814. He saw marshal Soult (minister of war), twice in february 1815, who received him very well, and promised him the first place vacant in any of the three foreign regiments as chief of battalion; but he left the ministry and the Hundred Days came on before captain Byrne could get his brevet. — It is only justice to the memory of general Lawless to say, he did every

thing at « this » time to assist captain Byrne to obtain his commission, but unfortunately it was too late, and captain Byrne had in consequence to live on the miserable half pay of a captain for more than twelve years, until his ever-to-be-lamented friend colonel O'Neill, chief of the personal of the war office, got him employed in 1828 on the staff of general Maison on the expedition to Greece; and on the 4th of september 1830, being in Greece, he received his brevet as chief of the 2d battalion of the 56th regiment of the line, then at Grenoble, commanded by colonel Bugeaud, afterwards marshal of France.

Colonel Lawless shewed the greatest activity and talent for the administration as well as the instruction and discipline of his regiment. He passed the summer months of 1812 visiting and inspecting the different battalions detached in Holland, and holding them ready to march at a moment's notice.

CHAPTER VI

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As soon as the 29th bulletin of the grand army appeared in the newspapers and dated november 1812, with the account of the disasters of the retreat from Moscow, colonel Lawless wrote to the minister of war the duke of Feltre, in the name of all the officers of the regiment, soliciting in the most earnest terms to be employed in the grand army. The minister answered colonel Lawless immediately in the most friendly manner and acceded to his demand; he ordered him to complete the 1st and 2d battalions to a thousand each and to make every necessary preparation for the ensuing campaign.

By the month of january 1813 all was ready. On the 30th of january orders arrived for the regiment to march

o Magdeburg and on the 1st of february, commandant Tennant with the 1st battalion then in the island of Goree, set out, going through Holland to Osnaburg.

The 2d battalion under commandant Ware began to march also on the 1st of february for Magdeburg, quitting Berghen-op-Zoom and going by Breda, Tilbury, Bois-le-Duc, crossing the Meuse at Grave, the Waal at Nimgun and the Rhine at Wesel to Munster, and then to Osnaburg, where it arrived the same day as the 1st battalion.

This was the first time these two battalions had been together since they separated at Flushing in 1808. The 2d battalion having been more than four years in Spain. The meeting of the officers of the two battalions which belonged to the former irish legion, after so long a separation, was very agreeable to them all.

Colonel Lawless, after inspecting the two united battalions, marched at the head of his regiment by Minden, where they crossed the Weser, to Hanover, Brunswick, etc., to Magdeburg; where they arrived on the 28th of february, and though in the depth of winter had but few men in the hospitals, and left none behind; for which the colonel and officers were highly complimented by general Lauriston when he passed the review of the regiment on the 1st of march 1813 at Magdeburg. He was delighted to see two thousand men so well equipped and having a splendid band of music and every thing else in style and order.

Colonel William O'Mara who had been a captain in the irish legion at its formation in 1803, was now commandant superior of Magdeburg; he had been first aide-de-camp to marshal Lannes and was wounded the day the marshal was killed at the battle of Wagram in 1809: he was twin-brother to Daniel O'Mara who commanded the irish regiment for a short time in Spain, and their elder brother general O'Mara had the honour of commanding the town of Dunkirk and to see the english army under the duke of York forced to abandon the siege and fly in disorder before the french citizens, armed for its defence and their liberty.

The town of Magdeburg was at this time crowded beyond measure with the cohorts of the first band of the national guards arriving there to be organized into regiments of the line and to be comprized in the new corps about to be formed. General Lauriston was named commander in chief of the fifth corps, to be composed of four divisions.

The 1st division was commanded by general Maison; the 2d by general Puthod; the 3d by general Lagrange; the 4th by general Rochambeau. The Irish regiment was to make part of the 3d division of the 5th corps, but none of these divisions were yet assembled, and no troops, or scarcely any to guard the line of the Elbe from Magdeburg to Hamburg, the army which retreated with the vice-roy, Eugène Beauharnais, being employed from Magdeburg to Dresden.

On the 3d of march 1813 the irish regiments left Magdeburg and marched to Stendal, and from this town detached several companies along the Elbe to guard the passages and then proceeded to Arandsee, Seehausen, etc.

The enemy by this time had a corps of army on the other side of the Elbe near Werben.—Colonel Lawless got orders to call in all his detachments and to fall back on Stendal where the regiment was again united on the 17th of march.

The general of brigade, general Montbrun (brother to the lieutenant general of the same name), had a brigade of cavalry at Stendal; he gave orders for all the baggage to be sent off to Magdeburg, and even thought that he had not force enough to resist the enemy that had already passed the river.

On the 18th et 19th their advanced posts approached Stendal; on the 20th general Montbrun decided to attack them. He gave the command of the infantry consisting of two regiments, to colonel Lawless, who ordered the two companies of voltigeurs commanded by captains Allen and O'Reilly to flank the column, and the two companies of grenadiers, commanded by captains Byrne and Mac Carty, to make the vanguard and to begin the attack.

The enemy was beaten back to Werben and driven through the town in great disorder, as the grenadiers with the French cavalry entered pell mell, with them into the town. Several were lost repassing the river, and a

number of horses abandoned : four officers and a great many private soldiers were taken prisoners. Nothwithstanding this brilliant success, general Montbrun though it prudent to return in the night to Stendal, and on the second day after, the regiment marched, returned again with general Russel by Werben.

Commandant Tennant's battalion made a reconnaissance on the road to Seehausen and met the enemy in force. The prince of Eckmuhl marshal Davoust arrived and took the command. The irish regiment with the cavalry made the vanguard of his army. On the 24th he attacked and beat the enemy from Seehausen. The adjutant major captain Osmond left the regiment to perform the functions of chief of the staff with general Montbrun, and did not again rejoin the regiment.

Whilst commandant Ware and his battalion were at the chateau of Gartz and Schnakenburg, captain Malowney, who with his company, had been the last on duty of the battalion, received orders to march; he flew into a violent passion and remonstrated with the adjutant major, saying he would not march out of his turn; but when one of his comrades informed him he was chosen by the commandant on account of the importance and danger of the mission, which was, to prevent the enemy passing the Elbe in the night, they having a large boat on the other side, a league down the river, Malowney instantly exclaimed : « Ware was an excellent chief and « shewed his discernment and judgment in the orders he

« gave; » and repaired without delay to the place assigned, just in time to have his men concealed and to allow the enemy to approach in their boat within pistol shot, when he gave orders to fire on them. This unexpected attack made them instantly return to the other side, and obliged them to abandon their plan for that night, though they were in great force. — Captain Malowney had thus the honour of defending all the night this passage with his company alone.

The irish regiment with the cavalry making the vanguard under marshal Davoust, after beating the enemy from Seehausen on the 24th of march 1813, marched on the 26th to relieve general Morant, who was attacked by a superior force at Luneburg. They arrived in the night, after making a forced march of eighteen leagues, but unfortunately too late. The general had been already taken prisoner and the enemy retreated across the Elbe with him and the other prisoners.

On the 28th of march commandant Ware was detached with his battalion to Winsen on the Elbe, and on the 29th colonel Lawless and the rest of the regiment marched to Salzwedel and joined general Puthod's division at a chateau that had belonged to the king of England. It bivouacked and remained several days near Salzwedel and from thence went to Giffhorn in the beginning of april, at which place another bivouack was formed for a few days. Marshal Davoust lodged in an old castle and had the grenadiers of the irish regiment to guard him. During his

stay at this place, a young russian officer was taken concealed in the village, who owned that he intended to carry the marshal away, if he could meet him walking out alone as he was accustomed to do after dinner. The marshal shewed during the continual skirmishes he had with the enemy in this neighbourhood, the greatest activity, being always with the vanguard. When he was replaced by general Sebastiani, he spoke to him of the irish regiment in the highest terms.

The enemy had taken possession of Uelzen and were in great force, Russians and Prussians. General Sebastiani decided to attack them. He told the colonels and officers, when he received their visit, his intention to attack the enemy the next day; that they were ten thousand strong, that he had three thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, which he thought sufficient, and at the same time told colonel Lawless he should have the honour of making the advance guard. Accordingly on the 22d of april at day-light, the enemy's out posts were attacked and all driven back on Uelzen, which town they endeavoured to defend for a short time; but fearing their retreat might be cut off, they abandoned the place. No doubt with great reluctance, for its being easter sunday (according to the old style observed by the Russians), they had all their preparations made for the feast they have on such occasions: and as they had observed lent very strictly, it was a great disappointment to them to

be forced to leave their fine repast, consisting of meat and other good things.

Colonel Lawless was appointed to command the place, and had commandant Tennant's battalion in the town to furnish the different guards, which was considered a great honour, as the rest of the army bivouacked outside the town. The greatest order was observed and no inhabitant had the least complaint to make.

A spy who had been detected two days before, was condemned by a court martial, in this town, to be shot; but just as the gendarmes had placed him on his knees and were about to fire, general Sebastiani ordered him to be saved. The unfortunate man ought to have been very grateful, for he had nothing to say in his defence.

After remaining two days at Uelzen, the army marched on Luneburg, where the enemy were again concentrating their forces, instead of re crossing the Elbe. The irish grenadiers with the cavalry made the vanguard and when the enemy was beat, colonel Lawless was ordered by general Sebastiani to take the command of the town, where, as at Uelzen, the best order was observed.

Commandant Ware, who had been detached with his battalion on the 28th of march to Winsen on the Elbe, was ordered to fall back on Celles, to join a french brigade, in which town he had a brilliant combat with the Cossacks. — The town being evacuated by order one night, and the enemy allowed to take possession of it, in the morning they were attacked in the town and driven

through it in great disorder. They set fire to a wooden bridge over the Aller, to cover their retreat, but commandant Ware passed it on horseback through the flames, with his battalion and beat them a great distance from the town, when he was ordered to return and had scarcely time to repass the bridge, before it was consumed. It was on this occasion that general Aubert took a great liking to the irish regiment. He was colonel of the 148th regiment and was present when Ware passed the bridge; and when the general observed that Ware pursued the enemy too far, colonel Aubert replied, he would wish to be able to make the same reproach to his officers, who were mostly dutch, newly organized at Magdeburg.

On the 28th of april 1813 colonel Lawless heard at Luneburg of the emperor's arrival at the army : no news could haw afforded more pleasure than this gave to the troops, as they all well knew that a general action would soon take place, which would put an end to the continual marching and counter-marching they had had during the months of march and april : for the enemy would, in the event of losing the battle, have to recross the Elbe immediately and concentrate their forces, to make head against Napoleon and his grand army.

On the first of may 1813 colonel Lawless received orders to march to Brunswick with commandant Tennant's battalion, to which town commandant Ware had orders to repair from Celles with his battalion, and from thence

he regiment was to proceed to Halberstadt, to wait for urther orders from head quarters.

Nothing could be more flattering for the regiment han the praises the officers received from general Sebasiani, when they were presented to him by colonel Lawless, previous to their departure for the grand army. He said that the good result of the different affairs on the Elbe, from the beginning of the campaign, was due to their activity and bravery. — The colonel and corps of officers took leave also of general Puthod, as it was thought the regiment would join general Lagrange's division, to which it belonged, according to the organization of the 5th corps.

On the 5th of may 1813 the regiment was united at Brunswick and from thence marched to Halberstadt. It arrived at this town on the 8th where the news of the battle of Lutzen was announced to the troops under arms. The joy they expressed was great indeed. Every soldier felt in this victory a recompense for all his fatigues.

Colonel Lawless fearing that the orders for him might have been intercepted detached an officer to general Lauriston with a letter and a report of every thing concerning the regiment from the time it marched from Magdeburg on the 3d of march, down to the present day. He had to mention that the baggage of the officers had been sent from Stendal on the 17th of march by order of gene-

ral Montbrun, that it never returned, but had been sent back to Munster, and that they were in great need of their effects; the colonel also hoped that the general would have the regiment ordered immediately to join its division at the grand army. — In a few days after, he received the order so much wished, for the regiment to join in all haste the 5th corps. On the 15th of may they marched to Bernburg and found this place occupied by marshal Victor's corps of army. On the 17th again they met general Puthod at Dessau; he had orders also to join the 5th corps; so the irish regiment took its place again at the head of his division, and marched under his orders. They passed the Elbe at Wittenburg. General Puthod took Perry the adjutant major of the regiment to be his aide-de-camp.

The division took the direction of Bautzen, always bivouacking at night. On the 20th of may they slept on the field amongst the dead, where general Lauriston had attacked general York the day before, and forced him to retreat. On the 21st of may, after marching several leagues, general Puthod's division, consisting of ten thousand men, arrived on the field of battle between Bautzen and Wurschen. The action had already begun on the whole line and the 5th corps was completely engaged. General Lauriston was rejoiced to see his 2d division arrive at so important a moment: indeed the arrival of these fresh troops contributed to decide the battle. General Lauriston welcomed colonel Lawless in the most

friendly manner, and was delighted to see the regiment looking so well, after so much fatigue, and the fine band of music enchanted him, which contrary to custom (at their own request) preceded the regiment until the battle began. But there was no time for compliments, the regiment was soon employed to attack the enemy, and after passing in close column over a part of the field of battle, strewed with the dead and wounded, under a tremendous fire, colonel Lawless deployed it and sent the grenadiers in front and the voltigeurs on the flanks to begin the attack, which proved successful; routing the enemy in every place and at last in the evening taking the village of Wurschen, which gave the name of the battle of one of the two days fighting.

The grenadiers of the irish were pursuing the Cossacks through the court of the chateau of the village, when marshal Ney arrived on horseback, and ordered the captain (Byrne, whom he recognized, having known him in Portugal during the retreat from Torres Novas) to halt there: he told him the battle was won; to remain on guard with him for the night, and to place sentinels to prevent the place being plundered. He brought the captain with him into the chateau, and as soon as he found a bed-room, he took a mattrass, placed it on the floor, on which he flung himself down. He had his right foot swathed up in a napkin, having received a slight wound in it that day. He desired the captain to give the two sentinels at the door of the bed-room, instructions not to

allow any of his aides-de-camp when they arrived, to disturb him if he happened to be asleep. —

A colonel aide-de-camp who had followed the marshal, requested the captain of grenadiers to accompany him in examining the chateau, to see if the enemy had left provisions of any kind, and though every part seemed ransacked and destroyed, yet they by measuring and tracing found out a secret compartment in the cellar, in which were several hundred bottles of Tokay. The aide-de-camp apprised the marshal as soon as he was awake of what he had found, on which he ordered him to send for the generals that were in the neighbourhood to come and lodge there : he ordered also the captain of grenadiers of the irish regiment to send to his colonel to come to the chateau to pass the night and to send for the other company of grenadiers to be on guard, as they would be better there than at the bivouack.

Nothing could surpass his solicitude for the troops on this occasion. Generals Puthod, Vacherau and Pastol brought their provisions and accepted the marshal's kind invitation, as did colonel Lawless and some other chiefs · but except the wine, nothing was left in the chateau. As the head quarters of the prussian and russian armies had been there for two days, of course every thing in the way of provisions was consumed. However the generals and colonels etc. spent a pleasant night in conversation on the glorious victory just gained; but all, unfortunately, were forced to own, that the want of cavalry would pre-

vent the great result that otherwise might have ensued, and but for which the enemy's army would have been completely destroyed.

The orders for another general attack were given in the course of the night by the emperor for the ensuing day. Of course all left the chateau before day, to repair to their respective posts, and marshal Ney one of the first. He desired the captain commanding the two irish companies of grenadiers to rejoin his regiment which had bivouacked on the side of the road leading from Bautzen. — At about four o'clock in the morning of the 22d of may 1813 the emperor who had passed the night on the field of battle, a league off, arrived with all his staff officers, marshal Mortier, etc.

Marshal Ney who had general Lauriston's corps under his orders, made the vanguard of the centre of the grand army, and Napoleon himself marched at the head with it to the attack.

During this day's manœuvring and fighting, the irish regiment was continually employed, and in the evening routed the enemy out of several villages on the road to Goërlitz, and only halted when night came on, at about a league from the town. This battle is called « combat de Reichenbach »; in it the enemy had a vast number killed and wounded and many taken prisoners. But Napoleon lost his friend and favourite Duroc, grand marshal of the palace. He was killed by his side late in the evening, as

were two other generals of distinction, lieutenant general Bruyères and the general of engineers Kirgemer.

The stable in which commandant Tennant had his horses took fire in the night and they were extricated with much difficulty.

On the 23d of may the irish regiment left general Puthod and joined the 3d division of the 5th corps commanded by general Lagrange to which it belonged. Having been detached on the Elbe, this was the first time they had joined the division and they made part of general Suden's brigade.

The 23d was spent repairing the bridge over the Neisse, which had been damaged by the enemy, now in full retreat. After the three victories gained over them, they seemed resolved not to risk another battle, but from the want of old cavalry to pursue them, the infantry was continually employed attacking their rear guard.

On the 24th of may the army arrived at Bunzlaw and had to wait 'till a bridge was thrown on Tressells across the Bober, and then bivouacked on the other side.

On the 25th of may the four divisions of the 5th corps, making the vanguard, arrived at Haynau early in the evening. The first division commanded by general Maison passed through the town and bivouacked at about half a mile on the other side. The three other divisions took a position before they came to the town. The 2d division commanded by general Puthod to the right of the road

leading to the town and about half a mile; the 3d commanded by general Lagrange to the left of the road, and the same distance from the town; the 4th division commanded by general Rochambeau, at a certain distance behind the others. All the dispositions to pass the night being taken and several generals and colonels in the town, a sudden attack was made by about twenty thousand of the enemy's cavalry, which returned on general Maison's division, which suffered greatly from this unexpected charge, and would probably have been destroyed but for the 2d and 3d divisions commanded by generals Puthod and Lagrange which marched immediately to their assistance. The irish regiment fortunately had nearly all its men present, as it only arrived the moment before the attack was made. Half an hour later, the men might have been all dispersed looking for provisions. The regiment formed a close column on the great road and marched on the enemy and bivouacked on the field where general Maison's division had been attacked, or rather remained there all night under arms. The artillery of the 2d and 3d divisions soon stopt the enemy's progress. A cossack officer being killed by the side of colonel Lawless, he took the horse by the bridle and gave it to one of the officers (captain Byrne) to carry his baggage.

When the emperor Napoleon heard of the attack, and that the king of Prussia was with the army, he hastened to the advanced guard, and on the 26th at day light, after

a very wet night, arrived at the bivouack of the irish regiment, and ordered colonel Lawless to form the hollow square and designed the regiment to make the vanguard in this order with flying artillery on each flank. He sat on horseback at the head of the regiment for more than half an hour, viewing the plain, covered with the enemy's cavalry, and giving orders for the general attack.

General Lauriston who expected to find the emperor greatly displeased with him as well as with general Maison on account of the disasters of the day before, told colonel Lawless with admiration, how marshal Ney had, the moment he met the emperor, taken the whole blame on himself, by stating, that every disposition was made after his orders and punctually executed. Of course the emperor knew well how to appreciate this generous conduct : he replied, « Well marshal, we must give them « (the enemy) another lesson this day, » and immediately the whole line marched forward to the attack. The irish regiment in front, passing over hedges and ditches and as soon as they had crossed, forming again a hollow square, to be ready to receive the enemy, should they venture to return to renew the charge. The voltigeurs of the irish, as rifle men, were continually engaged driving the enemy's cavalry before them.

The emperor during the whole day, was as much exposed as any of his generals, and several times they prayed him to remain behind, seeing the cannon balls

passing over him like hail-stones. All were vying at the same time who should be foremost in the danger.

Marshal Ney and generals Lauriston, Puthod and Lagrange shewed the greatest activity with the advanced guards, giving orders every where that the enemy attempted to resist. It was a glorious day for the irish regiment to have the honour of making the vanguard of such an army and under the eyes of Napoleon.

The enemy retreated through the town of Lignitz in great disorder. Captain Allen at the head of his voltigeurs entered the first into the town pursuing them. He was hailed by the emperor, who asked him to what regiment he belonged, and then ordered him to place sentinels at his lodgings and to remain in town until he should be relieved by the imperial guards who where following. The army bivouacked before Lignitz, and each division formed a hollow square and passed the night in this order of battle.

During the day an irish serjeant of the name of Costello being reprimanded by marshal Ney for not falling back immediately to the rallying place, when the trumpet sounded, replied « that a Cossack had fired twice at him « and that he wanted to kill the fellow before quitting « the field. » « And did you kill him? » asked the marshal. « I hope so, said Costello, for I saw him fall from his « horse. « « A la bonne heure! » said the marshal.

The enemy fearing to risk another battle, and retreating rapidly, the french army stopt in the same position

before Lignitz the 27th and the 28th of may 1813, to repose and to give time to the other corps which were following, to arrive On the 29th of may the army marched to Newmarkt and rested there on the 30th. The 5th corps bivouacking near a wind mill. It was here that general Lauriston told colonel Lawless how pleased the emperor was with the regiment. He asked him if the officers of the battalions in Holland and at the depot were equally good with those present, if so, that he thought they would be ordered to come and join the regiment in campaign.

On the 31st of may the army marched on Lissa. General Puthod's division attacked the rear guard of the enemy. The general of brigade Postell, was killed in this affair. Lieutenant Osmond of the irish regiment who was doing the functions of aide-de-camp with general Vacherau, alighted from his horse andwas the first to march through the river under the enemy's fire, to encourage the men by his example. For this action he was much spoken of in the army, and was proposed in consequence of it, for the cross of the legion of honour.

On the 1st of june 1813, the army marched upon Breslau on the Oder. A deputation from the town came out to meet the army at some distance. The 5th corps passed by the town and bivouacked on the banks of the river. The enemy, instead of crossing the river, retreated up the left bank, in the direction of Schweidnitz, which movement

made it be thought that they reckoned on the interference of Austria to obtain an armistice, which they eagerly sought.

In the night of the 1st of june the 5th corps made a move from Breslau and halted four leagues from it, when in the morning following, news of the armistice was announced, and colonel Lawless received orders to return to the camp before Breslau; in which place, the regiment remained several days, until every thing was finally arranged with the russian and prussian armies respecting the armistice which was signed on the 4th of june 1813.

During the stay at Breslau the post master of the army arrived, and for the first time from the opening of the campaign, the officers and soldiers received letters from their friends in France : but the baggage of the irish officers was still behind. Many of them being in great need made purchases at Breslau of linen for shirts, cloth for uniforms, etc.

The cantonments being assigned to the different corps of the grand army, which they were to occupy as long as the armistice might last, each repaired to his destination. The 5th corps commanded by general Lauriston, had the neighbourhood of Goldberg : the 3d division commanded by general Lagrange, to which the irish regiment belonged, left Breslau on the 6th of june, passed

by Jauer and arrived in a small village, Holberg, half a league from the town of Goldberg, where a camp for the division was traced; each regiment sending men to cut wood and bring it in, to make huts. In a few days all were well lodged, and the camp of the Irish was much admired. Captains Mac Carthy and Magrath left the regiment there, to be employed as aides-de-camp to general Casterole, cousin of general Lauriston. Captain O'Reilly took the command of Maccarthy's company of grenadiers.

As soon as the four divisions of the 5th corps were properly encamped, general Lauriston reviewed them, and as the baggage of the irish officers arrived the night before the review, they appeared to full advantage, in their uniform and accoutrements, which had not been used during the three months campaigning.

The six following officers of the irish regiment were named knights of the legion of honour by the emperor Napoleon on the 18th of june 1813 and received their brevets at the camp at Goldberg. — Commandant Tennant, commandant Ware, captain Byrne, captain Saint-Leger, captain Parrott and lieutenant Osmond.

Colonel Lawless went to head quarters at Dresden in the beginning of july, and obtained advancement for several officers and non-commissioned officers of his regiment. — After he returned to the camp, he received cloth to make pantaloons for the soldiers.

The interval of the armistice was employed in exerci-

sing and manœuvring the troops twice a day. The formation into hollow squares was particulary recommended to the regiments. From the want of cavalry, this order of battle became more urgent. The soldiers were also employed digging entrenchments and filling them up, to accustom them to this kind of work, and every day something being done to embellish the camp, it soon became quite a nice little town. From being so near Goldberg, it was well supplied by the inhabitants with provisions etc. The evenings were spent gaily, particularly on sunday, when there was dancing and various amusements carried on with the people of the town and country and villages around.

During the month of july, a quantity of ball cartridges were distributed to each regiment that the soldiers might practise firing at the target.

At the end of july, general Lagrange's division being divided amongst the other divisions of the 5th corps, the irish regiment returned to general Puthod's division and joined it at his camp about two leagues from Goldberg. They were glad to meet again those brave men with whom they had begun the campaign, and with whom they expected soon to share the dangers and honours of new combats, as the armistice was to cease on the 16th of august.

Napoleon's fête which fell on the 15th of august, was celebrated by anticipation on the 10th of august 1813, in order that they might have no chance of being surprized by the enemy in the midst of their festivities. As no ex-

pence was spared, and as the preparations began several days before, it proved very splendid. — General Puthod reviewed his division that morning, and made it perform various evolutions : manœuvring in hollow squares, by échelons, firing blank cartridges, etc.

Ten thousand soldiers and four hundred officers dined at the same table and each man having his glass filled, drank to the health of the emperor, etc., the general giving the signal. — In the evening the camp was illuminated, and many curious allegorical figures of victory etc., with the emperor's effigy, were exhibited in transparent paintings. — Between the dinner and the illuminations, there were races and other amusements.

The armistice or cessation of hostilities was hailed with joy by the army; though they might be recommenced, it was consoling to be sure of having the prospect of real repose for a month, or perhaps two. I know that for myself, and all those who had made five campaigns in Spain without ever having heard the word armistice mentioned, it sounded like magic in our ears. I can never forget the night when commandant Ware and I were sleeping at our bivouack, in a corn field, four leagues from Breslau, when an aide-de-camp came to tell him that an armistice was concluded, and that the regiment was ordered to return to its camp at Breslau. In the morning when I was awake, I began to say, how sorry I was that my dream about the armistice was not true. Such was my state of

exhaustion from want of sleep, that I did not know what to believe on the matter, though I was listening to the aide-de-camp's conversation with commandant Ware. Next day returning to Breslau, we found many of our soldiers still asleep on the road-side: this instance with many others which I have experienced, proved to me, that night marches should be avoided as much as possible.

Although the rejoicings at our camp and every thing in that way was cheering enough, and that the army had received during the two month's armistice, reinforcements from France, still it was not encouraging to recommence hostilities with two additional powers against us; both Austria and Sweden had joined Russia and Prussia in the coalition with England against France. I well recollect the conversation which took place at general Puthod's table on the 14th of august 1813, previous to the hostilities, on that subject. He said as no two men ever hated each other as did marshal Davoust and marshal Bernadotte the prince of Sweden, « the war will be desperate « if they are pitched against each other. »

CHAPTER VII

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Napoleon's splendid fête and rejoicings continued nearly all the night of the 10th of august. The five intervening days were busily employed as every one knew that hostilities were to begin on the 16th of august, and that Austria had joined Russia and Prussia against France. Marshal Macdonald who commanded the 11th corps had also the 5th corps commanded by Lauriston under his orders. According to the new dispositions his army was to be opposed to Blucher and Langeron. The sick men were sent with the heavy baggage back on Torgau. On the 16th of august general Puthod marched his division to the camp at Goldberg and remained there on the 17th. — On the 18th before day, he left the camp and fell back on Lowenberg with his division, which was followed by the enemy's light cavalry, though not in great force. There was skirmishing the whole of the way. The division arrived in the evening on the Bober near Lowenberg; the brigade to which the irish regiment belonged, commanded by general Vacherau, bivouacked on the banks of the river, close by the town. General Puthod and the other brigade with the artillery of his division passed on the other side. On the 19th of august at daylight, general Lauriston came to the bivouack and marched the brigade to an eminence about half a league from the town; he ordered the three regiments 134th, 143d, and the irish to be placed by échelons and to form the hollow square with the irish regiment in front. These dispositions were scarcely effected when he perceived the enemy's

cavalry in great force, which rather surprised him, as he did not know that Blucher (contrary to the treaty of the armistice), had marched his army on the 14th of august to Breslau and Jauer, neutral towns which were not to be occupied until hostilities had recommenced. General Lauriston immediately sent for Rochambeau's division but before it had time to arrive, the enemy's cavalry charged in the most furious manner the three hollow squares. General Vacherau and his aide-de-camp came into the hollow square formed by the irish regiment, which resisted the different charges made on it by the cavalry, who finding that they could not break it, brought a battery of artillery to bear on it, with grape shot and cannon balls, which no doubt made great havock, carrying off whole ranks and files every discharge; but the openings were instantly closed and the cavalry in spite of the aid of the artillery were never able to break the hollow square, when general Lauriston sent his aide-de-camp to tell colonel Lawless to endeavour to effect his retreat on a small wood and farm house half a mile in the rear. The regiment executed this movement with the greatest coolness and bravery, observing the same order. The hollow square halting and firing every two minutes, until they reached the wood, which served to keep off the cavalry.

General Rochambeau's division arrived on the field of battle with artillery and cavalry, and beat the enemy back two leagues. — The irish regiment suffered much in this day's fighting.

Three hundred men were killed and wounded. Four officers were killed, viz : commandant Tennant, captain Evans and lieutenants Osmond and Mac Cauley. — Eight officers were wounded, of whom commandant Ware received three wounds and had his horse wounded under him. The others were captains Parrott and Ecart, lieutenants O'Brien, Elliott, Brown, Wall and Petters. — Colonel Lawless had his horse wounded under him in the hollow square. General Vacherau had his horse killed in the same hollow square, and would have been taken or killed, had not lieutenant Saint-Leger taken him in his arms and flung him over a wall into the farm yard, and had just time to follow him, when the cavalry arrived and sabred lieutenant Elliott.

Commandant Tennant was cut completely in two; the cannon ball striking a belt in which he carried his money served as a knife to separate the body. The soldiers dug his grave with their bayonets, and when burying him, found several pieces of gold that fell out of his entrails and a part of his gold watch Serjeant Costello who was remarked on the 26th of may by marshal Ney in the attack before Lignitz, lost his arm in this affair. The officers who escaped being wounded in this action, had their uniforms bespattered with the blood and brains of the men killed beside them, by the grape-shot from the enemy's artillery : poor Tennant was giving orders to have the ranks closed and the gaps filled, which had been opened by the artillery, when he fell; his horse feeling

he had lost his rider, dashed through the ranks and caused a still greater opening in the hollow square.

The irish regiment returned and bivouacked that night, the 19th of august 1813, on the same place it had been, on the river side, on the night of the 18th.

On the morning of the 20th of august, a retrograde movement being ordered, general Puthod kept the irish regiment in a village with himself about half a league from Lowenberg : the rest of his division bivouacking in the fields.

On the 21st of august colonel Lawless was ordered to hold his regiment in readiness to be reviewed by Napoleon, who was expected to arrive in the course of the day. Not meeting the austrian army at Zittau on the side of Bohemia, the emperor made a rapid march to support marshal Macdonald's army, and about one o'clock he arrived at Lowenberg. He immediately ordered a general attack, and the irish regiment to pass through a mill, which stood in the centre of the river, the bridges having been destroyed the day before; the town was bombarded by the enemy's batteries. — Under this tremendous fire colonel Lawless passed at the head of his regiment, and saluted the emperor, who was on horseback in the street leading to the river where the regiment had to pass. The emperor was surrounded by his staff officers, the king of Naples (Murat), etc. Colonel Lawless seeing the grenadiers and the most part of his regiment had got through the mill, immediately rode through the river

and placed himself at the head of his regiment to attack the enemy; he had hardly advanced a few steps, when his leg was carried off by a cannon ball from the enemy's battery, which was placed on an eminence to defend the passage of the river. — Colonel Lawless was brought into town upon a door by six grenadiers of his regiment. Napoleon saw him again as he returned wounded, and sent his chief surgeon baron Larrey to perform the amputation, and afterwards sent one of his aides-de-camp to visit him, as did the king of Naples.

After colonel Lawless was rendered unable to command, commandant Ware had the command of the regiment, and captains Byrne and Saint-Leger the command of the battalions as senior captains. The regiment continued at the head of the division in every attack on the enemy, till night put an end to the battle; they then remained in a village four leagues from Lowenberg.

General Puthod was so well pleased with it that he desired commandant Ware as soon as he should have leisure to propose several officers for advancement and to give him the demand, and that he should back it in such strong terms that the emperor would grant them immediately. As to Ware himself, he promised him he should be the colonel to replace colonel Lawless; he saw Ware's wounds and wanted him to stay in some place quietly until they were healed. Commandant Ware thanked him and said, they would not prevent him going on horseback and that he wished to continue to command the regi-

ment. Of course the general could not help admiring such resolution.

The army that marched with the emperor took no part in the action : his own presence sufficed, with marshal Macdonald and Lauriston's two corps, about sixty thousand, to beat Blucher and Langeron, with a hundred thousand infantry, and more than twenty thousand cavalry. — General Maison was wounded this day.

The imperial guards and marshal Marmont's corps of army bivouacked on the Bober near Lowenberg and did not proceed further, but had to return on the 22d in all haste with the emperor by Bautzen to Dresden, and arrived there on the 26th in time for the battle of that town.

On the 22d of august the 5th corps commanded by general Lauriston pursued the enemy's army, which, commanded by Blucher, was concentrated at Goldberg and prepared to give battle.

On the 23d at day-light, their out posts were attacked and immediately after, a general battle ensued on their whole line. General Puthod's division, with the irish regiment in front, had orders to take the hill of Goldberg, on which the enemy's left wing was principally supported; this strong position was defended by the russian infantry in the most brave and determined manner; the hill was twice mounted by the French, and twice were they repulsed; the third time general Puthod sent all his reserve and the hill was taken after great slaughter,

which might have been avoided, had Rochambeau's division marched to turn the hill and left flank of the enemy; but that would have taken too much time, and the moral effect, which the taking of this hill so suddenly, produced on the whole line contributed considerably to the gaining of the battle : as the right wing and centre of the enemy's army seeing their left wing forced to retreat, soon followed the example : besides, the french line advanced with such rapidity after this hill was taken, that the enemy could not resist; however, on account of the superiority of their cavalry, they effected their retreat in good order, until night, as usual, put an end to it.

The irish regiment lost some of its bravest soldiers, and had several officers wounded in this action. — Captain Jackson in the heat of it was taken prisoner on the top of the hill and stript nearly naked; his pocket-book with his brevet and papers were found beside several dead bodies, which were naked and disfigured, with half their faces shot off. It was thought that Jackson was amongst them, and his comrades only knew the contrary a year after, when he returned from the russian prisons.

Commandant Ware had another horse killed under him at this battle. General Vacherau was killed in he beginning of the action, at the head of the irish regiment, attacking the hill. Colonel Scibie and colonel Aubert, both of general Puthod's division received their brevets of generals of brigade on the hill during the battle. Colonel Aubert was wounded when he got his brevet.

General Scibie received the new colonel who was to replace him, at the head of his regiment and was immediately after received himself at the head of his brigade by lieutenant-general Puthod.

After pursuing the enemy a league from the field of battle, the division bivouacked in the plain. General Puthod kept the irish regiment on guard with himself that night, and next day the 24th of august, he proposed commandant Ware for the rank of colonel, and captains Byrne, Saint-Leger, Allen and O'Reilly for that of chiefs of battalion : he asked also eleven decorations of the legion of honour for the regiment, and the cross of officer of the legion for captain Parrott, who had already the decoration of chevalier of the legion of honour. General Lauriston backed these demands in the strongest manner and assured the regiment that the emperor would grant them immediately.

The division remained at this bivouack the 24th where the melancholy ceremony of general Vacherau's funeral took place : a grave having been dug in the morning and the brigade he commanded under arms, general Puthod made a very affecting speech, recapitulating all he knew respecting the military career of his brave comrade, under whom he had served as an adjutant sub-officer. He was the father of six children.

Marshal Macdonald knowing that Blucher had taken a very strong position at Jauer, took the necessary dis-

positions to dislodge him and to risk another general battle. — On the 25th of august his army began the movement forward, and on the 26th attacked the enemy's line with great success, until the heavy rains that fell during the action completely prevented the muskets going off, which gave the enemy, from the superiority of their cavalry great advantage. General Puthod who had orders to march into the mountains with his division, to turn the enemy's left wing, met with the greatest obstacles in bringing up his artillery, in consequence of the country being every where inundated. On the 27th he heard of the disasters of marshal Macdonald's army before Jauer and at Katzbach. He immediately fell back on Hirschberg, where he found the Bober had over-flowed the country for half a mile on each side, and with difficulty found a place to pass the night. On the 28th he continued his retrograde march towards Lowenberg, in which town he expected to rejoin the 5th corps. He was followed by the enemy's cavalry and often attacked in front by them, but he forced them every where to fly before him, and lost very few in this day's skirmishing. Notwithstanding the bad roads and continual rains, the artillery was always up in time to attack, whenever the enemy attempted to stop the road; but both horses and men were quite exhausted for want of rest and food. When the general got a favourable position, he bivouacked for the night, at about two leagues from Lowenberg, and where he expected to get some news from marshal

Macdonald's army in the course of the night; but the only thing he heard was, explosions of ammunition chests blown up, which indicated the distress of Macdonald's troops.

Early in the morning of the 29th of august general Puthod marched his division to Lowenberg, having the Bober which was overflowed, on his left. — On his right was the enemy in great force.

Seeing all the bridges carried away, and no possibility of constructing others, he took the best position he could near the town, to wait till the torrents had ceased rolling down from the mountains, or rather till they had in some measure abated, and there with his division reduced to six thousand men, with 12 pieces of artillery, they defended themselves from eight o'clock in the morning till half past four in the afternoon against more than forty thousand russians and prussians. The irish regiment during this action was continually engaged, and captain Burke who defended a village on the left flank of the division during the whole day, in the most brilliant manner, and who received the highest praise from the general for his bravery, was killed at the close of the action, with almost all the men under his orders.

General Puthod shewed the greatest coolness and intrepidity in this critical and dangerous situation. The river in his rear increasing instead of diminishing, no prospect of assistance from the town of Lowenberg, where there were Westphalian troops that seemed occupied

constructing a bridge; the enemy's army forming a complete half-moon round his division, each of their flanks joining the river, and no retreat possible, the general in the centre of his division fought until the last cartridge was fired, and even then, when the fire of his division ceased, the enemy hesitated an instant before venturing to advance. All of a sudden at last, thirty thousand men ran forward on their pray, of whom none but those who knew how to swim could attempt to escape.

General Scibie, who was mounted on a superb charger, rode into the water, but the moment they got into the current, both were drowned.

Commandant Ware's horse plunging and bringing him into the river, he flung himself from the saddle, and saved his life by swimming : the horse was drowned in an instant, as were all the other horses that reached the current.

Great numbers of men were drowned, endeavouring to cross the torrent, however about 150 of the division escaped. Eight officers and thirty men of the irish regiment with commandant Ware and the ensign who saved the Eagle of the regiment, had the good fortune to get out of the bed of the river, but had to walk through a sheet of water which covered the other side for more than half a mile under the fire of the enemy, and many were wounded in this passage : had not the enemy been at this time in such disorder plundering the unfortunate prisoners, it would have been difficult for any one to have escaped.

The brave general Puthod and all his division except those who escaped by swimming across the river, were taken prisoners and sent into Russia.

Norvins says .

« D'un autre côté, la division Puthod, abandonnée seule « dans les montagnes, après notre revers de la Katzbach, « a succombé sous la supériorité du nombre, malgré « une résistance héroïque; et les flots du Bober ont ense- « veli tout ce qui n'a pu se sauver à la nage. »

Tome IV, page 103.

The river Bober at Lowenberg proved indeed a most unlucky place, for a part of the french army at least and the irish regiment had its share of the disasters on the 19th, 21st and 29th of august 1813; many were the sad and affecting scenes which occurred on those days. The person who writes these lines was present when the brave general Scibie asked his general of division Puthod, if he would not endeavour to escape; getting for answer that it was impossible; « well I shall try, and risk any « thing sooner than go to Siberia; » on which he dashed into the water, and in a few minutes was no more. He was a splendid officer and a great loss. Six days only before, he got his brevet of general of brigade, at the battle of Goldberg, as is mentioned in a former page.

Captain Saint-Leger feared that his brother lieutenant Saint-Leger, had been one of the officers who fell at the advanced post, and indeed his fears, and his sorrow, were shared by all young Saint-Leger's comrades, for he was a great favorite amongst them. Captain Saint-Leger however bore up against his painful anxiety with the stoic fortitude worthy of a hero; but he could not bear up with the scene that ensued : he, commandant Ware and captain Byrne after their escape across the river, came to the street in the suburb leading to Laubau and Gorlitz, to wait to rally the men of the irish regiment who might have crossed the river; when lieutenant Lynch was seen coming along the street from the town. Commandant Ware asked him if there were any more still in the town : « yes, » he replied « but I could not get Saint-Leger to « come with me 'till he got something to eat. » — « What! » said poor captain Saint-Leger « my brother is not dead? » and overwhelmed he flung himself down on the ground, and was only relieved by a flood of tears.

Commandant Ware ordered Lynch to return, but Saint-Leger and a few men were soon perceived getting away from the howitzer shells that were falling about them.

This disaster, added to that at Katzbach obtained for Blucher the title of prince.

Commandant Ware with the few of the irish regiment who had escaped by swimming, marched to Laubau the same night, and on the 30th arrived at Goerlitz, where they were detained two or three days, to give time for

the different divisions of marshal Macdonald's army, which had been so much harrassed for several days, to assemble.

The 3d of september the bridges were destroyed and the army retrograded. Commandant Ware with the Eagle and the few who escaped, arrived at Bautzen on the 4th of september. Napoleon was then in the town with the imperial guards; he was on his way, coming to the relief of his Silesian army. He heard there of the fate of general Puthod's division, of which the irish regiment made part. He was glad to see the irish had once more saved their Eagle.

Commandant Ware waited on prince Berthier, who ordered him, according to instructions from the emperor to return with his detachment to the depot at Bois-le-Duc, and to collect the sick and wounded of the regiment in the hospitals, who might be able to march. The imperial guards returning to Dresden, commandant Ware marched along with them.But the town being crowded with troops, he marched two leagues further with his small detachment and slept in a village, after he had reviewed the field of battle where on the 26th of august 1813 so many thousands were slain.

This was the battle of Dresden where Napoleon on the first day, the 26th, with sixty thousand men, and on the second day with eighty thousand, beat Schwartzenberg with two hundred thousand men, and where general Moreau was killed.

Next day commandant Ware proceeded to Leipzig where he intended passing the night with his detachment. Arriving on the place d'armes, he was informed that colonel Lawless with a number of the wounded men of the regiment, who had come from Torgau the day before, were on the point of setting out for Erfurth. Colonel Lawless being delighted to meet so many of the regiment alive, after all the misfortunes of Silesia, preferred stopping an hour or two longer in town until the men of commandant Ware's detachment had rested themselves. It was fortunate for him that he met commandant Ware, for the detachment he was to have marched with, was attacked on the road to Erfurth, about two leagues from Leipzig and were nearly all taken prisoners by the partisans commanded by general Tillman.

Commandant Ware with his detachment got out as soon as the men were refreshed, and had made about half a league from Leipzig, when he met several retreating back who had escaped: he was obliged to return and remained several days in the suburbs of Leipzig before he could venture to march; the roads being at this time nearly all intercepted by Cossacks and partisans. However having recruited some wounded men of the irish regiment, who were able to march and fight, commandant Ware proceeded by Mersebourg, Garbin and the Herz mountains, seldom knowing at night the road he should follow the next day; being obliged to wait to ascertain the direction not occupied by the enemy.

Colonel Lawless suffered much in those bad roads, his carriage being often upset, and his wound opened in consequence.

After many days marching and countermarching in these mountains, to avoid the enemy, commandant Ware and his little detachment arrived safe at Paderborn, in which town he stopped two days to rest his men, and from thence to Munster, where general Harty commanded.

This brave officer entertained his countrymen in the most friendly manner, and thinking the country quite sure to the Rhine, invited colonel Lawless, who was much exhausted by the journey, to stop with him a few days to recover. Colonel Lawless accepted and the detachment marched to Wasal, but the second day after, the Cossaks appeared before the town of Munster. Fortunately general Harty had troops sufficient to drive them away, and colonel Lawless escaped once more being made a prisoner. He overtook commandant Ware and his detachment at Cleves and proceeded with them by Graves, and arrived at the depot of the irish regiment at Bois-le-Duc in the beginning of october 1813, after a campaign of eight months, in which the regiment had been continually employed in the vanguard and in the most dangerous and conspicuous situations, and frequently under the eyes of Napoleon himself, who mentioned to his minister of war, Clark the duke of Feltre, when he returned

to Paris, how well the irish regiment had served, and the duke told colonel Lawless all this, and concluded, « This honour is all reflected upon me. » — « Tout ce « que vous avez fait de bon rejaillit sur moi. »

The officers of the depot and major Mahony who commanded it, entertained the small number of their comrades who arrived there after the disasters of this campaign with a dinner at Bois-le-Duc; but colonel Lawless was too ill to be present at it : he needed rest to prepare him to undertake another journey. A few days after, he set out to join his wife and children at Paris, and to have his wound properly treated there.

When the minister of war was apprized that commandant Ware and the officers who escaped with him at Lowenberg on the Bober, were arrived at the depot of their regiment at Bois-le-Duc, he immediately gave orders to have the first and second battalions of the irish regiment re-organized. Commandant Ware being then the senior chef de battalion, got the command of the first battalion, which was soon completed with the men who were ready drilled and clothed at the depot.

Captain Byrne by a decision of the inspector of Wasal, was named to command the grenadiers of the first battalion, and captain O'Reilly the grenadiers of the 2d battalion. The latter obtained permission to go to Paris, and did not rejoin the regiment any more, being named

the following march, chef de bataillon in a french regiment.

Captain Allen was named to command the company of grenadiers in the 3d battalion and went to join it at Wilhelmstadt.

On the 2d of november 1813 commandant Ware marched with the first battalion to Grave on the Meuse, to reinforce the garrison and to make head against the enemy then invading Holland under the orders of the prussian general Bulow.

Some days after, commandant Hayne and lieutenants Saint-Leger and Brown were sent to Nimeguen to be employed by marshal Macdonald who arrived there to command the troops on that part of the line. The month of november passed in slight skirmishing and at the end of the month an order arriving for the regiment to be united at Antwerp, the first battalion returned to Bois-le-Duc and from thence marched to Antwerp. The depot of the regiment being ordered to Lisle, on the 3d of december the 3d battalion commanded by commandant Dillon evacuated Wilhelmstadt and joined the regiment at Antwerp, at which town the emperor ordered the four war battalions of the irish regiment to be completed. Their conduct in the last campaign proved to Napoleon how he might count on these expatriated irish in the hour of danger.

The duke of Feltre named major Mahony colonel of the regiment in the room of Col. Lawless who was to be named general at the next promotion.

Lieutenants Ryan and Brelevet got the rank of captains, and several other promotions were obtained for non-commissioned officers and ensigns of the regiment. An order came at the same time to send away any Germans that might be in the regiment to Lisle, to be drafted into the company of pioneers. This order was no doubt given in consequence of the general disaffection of the various States of Germany to France in the last campaign. Captains Saint-Colomb and Keulan with several men belonging to the 2d foreign regiment Isenberg, who had escaped from Italy, were sent to Antwerp to be incorporated into the irish regiment. General Aubert chief of the staff to general Maison, who commanded the first corps of army, took captain Saint Leger to be employed on the staff as one of the officers the best suited for such a situation. Commandant Dillon left the regiment at Antwerp to be employed in the staff of general Maison and did not return to it.

The town of Breda being evacuated on the 12th december 1813, captain Byrne was sent with 500 men and six officers to the advanced posts at Braeschot, a small village on the great road to Breda from Antwerp, at which place he arrived on the 14th late at night.

A company of engineers which was there cutting wood and making fascines and gabions for the fortifications, had orders to return to Antwerp. The enemy had not as yet made their appearance, but captain Byrne hearing that they had several thousand cavalry at their advanced

posts, spent the night with his men barricading the village, and throwing great trees across the road where he had his out-posts. It was fortunate that he took these precautions and kept his men at bivouack all night round a great fire in the centre of the village, otherwise he could not have resisted, for at day-light the enemy's cavalry attacked in great force his advanced posts, which had orders to allow them to approach as near as possible before they fired : in the mean time he sent some men through a small wood to attack them in the rear, whilst he sallied out with the principal part of his detachment to attack them in front. He had succeeded in beating them back a league from the village, when general Ambert who commanded the 2d division of the first corps at Merxicum arrived to his assistance with a part of his division.

The general returned at night to his head quarters at Merxicum and every morning he sent a reinforcement to captain Byrne, who was continually engaged fighting the enemy's advanced posts, until he was relieved on the 26th of december by a battalion of the imperial young guards.

Captain Byrne with his detachment made the vanguard of the division to escort a convoy of provisions to Bergen-op-Zoom, then partly blockaded by the english. He returned to Antwerp on the 28th of december, when he received great praise from the generals for his detachment, of which sub-lieutenant Esmond and lieutenant Plunket made a part. Both these officers shewed great

bravery. On the 1st of january 1814 commandant Ware marched with the battalion to escort another large convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom with general Ambert, and had to skirmish with the enemy before the town until all got in safe. This was the last detachment, the communication being completely intercepted. The english forces united to general Bulow drawing nearer to Antwerp. At this time general Decamp was replaced by the duke of Plaisance who commanded as governor. General Fauconet commanded the place. General Maison was commander in chief of the 1 st corps. General Roguet and the young guards attacked the enemy's advanced posts and had great success for several days.

On the 13th of january 1814, the english with a superior force attacked « Merxicum. » General Ambert had to return under the cannon of the town. The irish regiment had many killed and wounded this day General Avey was killed in this action. The garrison remained under arms all night. Colonel Mahony was named this day to command an intrenched camp between the citadel and the town on the river side.

On the 14th of january 1814 at day-light, commandant Ware at the head of his battalion retook Merxicum from the English, who retired on the road to Breda. He bivouacked with his battalion that night and returned next day to Antwerp, where he heard, that the vacant place of « gros-major, » or lieutenant-colonel, in the irish re-

giment had been given by the duke of Feltre to a Mr Kenlan, the son of a spanish general. He felt that he was bound, not only by what he owed to himself, but to the whole corps of irish officers, to go to Paris to remonstrate with the minister of war on the injustice of not leaving the advancement in the regiment to those officers who had so well merited it in the last campaign and who had been so highly recommended to the emperor by generals Lauriston and Puthod. Unfortunately these two generals were then prisoners of war. — However Ware, who had permission from the governor to go to Paris, succeeded with the duke of Feltre (but not 'till the march following) in having Mr Kenlan sent to some other regiment and he himself named instead, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; which left a vacancy of chief of battalion in the irish regiment, to which place captain Allen was promoted by a decree of the emperor in march 1814.

After commandant Ware's departure for Paris, captain Byrne, as senior captain of the regiment commanded the battalion; he was chosen at the same time by the governor to do the functions of superior officer for the visits, rounds, and all the other services of the place, which should come to his turn in that rank during the siege. Colonel Mahony being obliged to sleep in the intrenched camp, commandant Hayne commanded the regiment in his absence.

General Maison, after leaving a garrison of about fourteen thousand men at Antwerp, retired with the

rest of his corps d'armée by Louvain and Brussels.

In the end of january Bernadotte the prince royal of Sweden, who commanded a large body of Swedish and prussians troops, marched upon Antwerp to complete the blockade of the town, with general Grahame who commanded the english forces.

Fortunately general Carnot arrived on the 30th of january, in time to complete the defence. A few hours after his arrival, all communication between it and France was cut off. He immediately took the command as governor from the duke of Plaisance. There was no time to be lost, as the English had already opened the trenches and were preparing to begin the bombardment. But Carnot's presence alone was equal to a re-inforcement of troops; it both encouraged the soldiery and imposed on the immense population, which could not with safety be intrusted at this critical moment : he soon proved by his genius and firmness that the town could resist for more than six months, and he accordingly desired that the inhabitants should make provisions for that length of time, or leave the town, whichever they liked best. A great many got the provisions necessary; others chose to leave the town and crossed the river. Several of the latter had sad reason to repent of the step they had taken, as they were plundered by the Cossacks encamped on the other side of the river, and they found no protection from those pretended liberators.

The day after general Carnot's arrival the English commenced bombarding the town. He saw they had attacked the weakest part of the fortifications, but he soon had a battery of 36 pounders and several mortars erected on the rampart.

On that part, by the aid of thousands of the inhabitants whom he put in requisition to make small sacks and fill them with clay and carry them to the rampart, the parapets of the battery were all constructed during the night.

On the 1st of february 1814 the English no doubt must have been surprised to find from this weak point, as they thought, a battery of 12 pieces of 36 pounders, and four great mortars playing on their works, which prevented them advancing : but they continued to bombard the town, and particularly the quarter where the french fleet was laid up in the basin ; however without damaging the ships of war, as the sailors kept the ice which surrounded the ships, continually broken and had the decks covered with several feet of dung and clay, to prevent the shells injuring them.

General Carnot seemed quite in his element having so important a place to defend, and he gained new vigour according as the danger increased.

Having brought only one aide-de-camp with him from Paris, he took four officers of the irish regiment to be employed on his staff during the siege : lieutenant Saint-Leger, who spoke french, german and english perfectly

well, was one of those in whom the governor placed most confidence. It was he who was intrusted to go to the advanced posts and to receive the enemy's flag of truce whenever they had any thing to communicate to the governor and to bring them into the town when required, blindfolded, according to the precautions taken in time of war on such occasions.

Lieutenant Saint-Leger evinced the greatest activity and bravery during the siege, for which the governor proposed him to the minister of war for advancement.

When the communication with France became completely intercepted, general Carnot wished to ascertain if he could raise money from the merchants, bankers and other rich inhabitants of Antwerp to pay the troops They refused to make any advancement, though he offered them as a guarantee for the payment all the copper of the arsenal, to the amount of several millions of francs. He was then obliged to get money made of the copper, which he called « siege money, monnaie obsidionale, » with which the soldiers were paid, and as this coin contained more weight than the extrinsic value, it passed readily through the town. But general Carnot intended to try other means to raise money, and not to waste the copper which was so necessary in the construction of the ships. He had an old dutch ship of the line filled with stones lying in the river, which he intended sending down near Lillo, to have her sunk in the narrow part of the river, the moment an English fleet should attempt to sail up.

This alarmed the commercial interest; and to add to that, he had three of the principal bankers arrested and put on board this ship, which was to serve as their prison.

But the wives of these gentlemen soon waited on the governor to know what was to be done to get their husbands liberated. He shewed them a list of a hundred of the richest inhabitants of the town, and asked them if they thought the gentlemen whose names were there inscribed could afford to lend him three thousand francs each, for that was all he wanted. They exclaimed they could and ten times as much, and offered to take the list and get it signed : on which he immediately gave orders for their husbands to be put at liberty.

After this transaction, general Carnot became a great favourite at Antwerp. He invited the authorities to assist him in organizing a city guard, or « garde urbaine, » which was immediately executed and composed of the most respectable inhabitants. They rendered the greatest service, as they furnished guards and patroles every night with the troops of the garrison, and by this means the best order was observed during the different sorties which were made against the enemy.

On the 6th of february, the governor took advantage of a sudden thaw to order a sortie to be made on the enemy's intrenchments, which they were forced to abandon in disorder, and they retired in the direction of Bergen-op-Zoom,

Prince Bernadotte wrote to general Carnot inviting him

to give up the town and join, what he termed, the good cause. The governor answered him, he thought it ill became a french prince, who owed all his greatness to the valour of the french army, to invite one of its generals, to whom reputation and honour were dearer and of more value than ought beside, to dishonour himself and become a traitor.

Carnot published this correspondence in the daily newspapers of Antwerp, and at the same time ordered a sortie to be made to attack the advanced posts of Bernadotte's army in order to prove to him how much he despised his offer.

Whilst general Carnot was the terror of the enemy without, he acted with the greatest humanity towards the inhabitants of the town; he preserved an entire outlet, or village, or suburb, which the commissioner of engineers thought for the defence of the place, necessary to have rased.

These poor people were so grateful, that they gave the name of « rue Carnot » to their principal street and had the name put up in gold letters.

The english general Grahame after he had been obliged to suspend his attack on Antwerp, was encouraged by the offer of some of the inhabitants of Bergen-op-Zoom to attempt to surprise the weak garrison of that town. Accordingly, on the night of the 8th of march 1814, from three to four thousand english troops were conducted by a dutch retired captain who lived there, through a sub-

eraneous passage, and got possession of almost all the batteries on the ramparts before midnight, meeting with hardly any resistance. But general Bighany soon assembled his little garrison of young conscripts and before twelve the next day, the 9th, and after great slaughter, the english were obliged to lay down their arms, and instead of opening the gates of the town as they had expected, to let in their general, had to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Two officers, one french, the other english, were dispatched to Antwerp to have the capitulation confirmed by the governor Carnot; general Bighany being under his orders, this formality was necessary. The english prisoners gave their parole that they would not serve against France during the war; so they were set at liberty, and sailed for America soon after.

The news of this victory had the best effect on the garrison of Antwerp, which was greatly reduced a few days after, as general Maison being obliged to manœuvre and open the communication with Antwerp on the french side, in order to bring general Roguet's division, composed of about six or seven thousand young guards, to reinforce his corps of army. The irish regiment saw this brave division quitting the town at so critical a moment with regret, as the service of the place became harder; but the governor inspired such confidence, that every one knew he would find means to supply the division that marched away with general Maison. He immediately ordered that all the military workmen belonging to the

arsenal, and all the french employés, of every description, should be armed and cloathed with the uniforms of the different magazines of the hospitals to the number of 6 or 7000 : and at the general review on the sunday following, the inhabitants (who thought that from the garrison being lately so much reduced, it could not resist much longer), were quite at a loss to know how so many fine men could be armed and disciplined in so short a time : they were made to know, that every frenchman is a soldier.

By this last measure, general Carnot proved to the people of Antwerp, as well as to the enemy without, that his resources for the defence of the town were far from being exhausted, and the more he learned of the reverses in France, the more he was decided to hold out to the last extremity; for Paris as an open town, might be taken and retaken without deciding the war one way or another, and he determined in no case to believe any thing coming from the enemy's quarter. However on the 1st of april, he assembled the council of defence, composed of the prefet, the admiral commanding the fleet, the generals, etc , and they agreed that the chiefs of the different regiments composing the garrison should be sent for, to ascertain from them, the spirit of the troops, or in other words, if they could be counted on to defend the town to the last. All these chiefs answered for their soldiers, saying, that nothing could exceed the bold determined spirit which animated them. In consequence of some corres-

pondence of colonel Mahony's being intercepted, he was put under forced arrest on leaving the council, and the command of the irish regiment given to commandant Hayne. General Carnot knew well that Mahony was a french emigrant that had served in England.

On the 10th of april 1814 a courier from Paris was allowed to pass the enemy's line and to enter Antwerp with the intelligence respecting the events which took place in the capital on the 31st of march and the subsequent abdication of Napoleon.

The governor fearing to be the dupe of any deception, and wishing to have accurate information on so important a subject, despatched an officer to Lisle to ascertain from general Maison the truth, and all the particulars relative to the change of government.

As soon as the officer returned, general Carnot signed an armistice with the english general Grahame. The hostilities ceased, but the service of the out-posts was more strictly executed than ever, and the governor took the greatest precautions to preserve to France this important fortress with its military stores, arsenals, dock-yards immense fleet, etc.

On the 18th of april another courier from the minister of war, general Dupont, arrived at Antwerp with positive orders to proclaim Louis XVIII.

The next day the 19th of april 1814 the governor and all the troops of the garrison took the white cockade and declared for Louis XVIII.

Colonel Mahony's arrest being raised, before this ceremony took place, he resumed the command of the irish regiment.

Commandant Allen received his brevet as chief of battalion (which had been detained at the depot of the regiment at Lisle) by lieutenant-colonel Ware, who had been waiting for the communication with Antwerp to be opened.

General Carnot permitted a few english officers to come into town, but they were obliged to be in coloured cloathes, to avoid any disputes with the garrison.

The final instruction to evacuate and surrender Antwerp to the English having arrived, the governor Carnot on the 2d of may passed the Scheldt with the first division, and the brave garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom evacuated that town : immediately after, the english army marched in and took possession of it.

Thus finished the memorable defence of Antwerp, which began in december 1813 and ended on the 4th of may 1814, where the governor general Carnot displayed the genius of a Vauban, the inventive resources and tenacity of a Hannibal, with the honesty and modesty of a Cincinnatus.

NOTE

On the melancholy occasion of the death of Mr Byrne in january 1862, Mrs Byrne received a letter from colonel d'Esmond, who had made his first campaign as a sous-lieutenant under Mr Byrne at the siege of Antwerp in 1814, in which there is the following passage.

« Madame,

« Veuillez agréer l'expression de ma reconnaissance « pour votre bienveillant souvenir, au moment de vos « souffrances et de la perte de monsieur votre mari, mon « brave et vaillant compatriote et frère d'armes. En 1814, « il dût la vie à la croix de la Legion d'honneur contre « laquelle vint s'amortir une balle et je n'oublierai ja- « mais le sangfroid, avec lequel, lorsque je ramassai et « lui présentai le projectile, le héros me donna des « ordres! »

CHAPTER VIII

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The irish regiment marched from Antwerp to Dunkirk on the 4th of may 1814 by Ghent and Bruges. Colonel Mahony left the command with commandant Hayne and went himself to Paris, to see the minister of war general Dupont.

The regiment stopped a few days at Dunkirk, to pay and settle with the polish soldiers that belonged to it,

and then had them sent to Saint-Denis, near Paris, where the emperor Alexander was assembling all the Poles that were in the French service, in order to send them back to their own country.

The corps of irish officers paid a visit at Dunkirk to their countryman general F. O'Meara, who had so bravely defended Dunkirk against the English under the duke of York in 1793.

The irish regiment marched from Dunkirk to Lisle to join the depot commanded by lieutenant colonel Ware, and arrived there on the 16th of may 1814.

General Gazan who had just come as inspector general, told the officers of the regiments born in France, that they could choose if they wished a french regiment in which they would be placed to concur in the new organization of the army.

A few who were not on good terms with colonel Mahony availed themselves of this offer; viz : captain Brevelet, lieutenants Marshal, Saulard, Tumoral, Lagrange, Kerthin, etc.. Colonel Mahony returned from Paris and rejoined the regiment at Lisle. He was then decorated with the Turkisk order of the crescent, and signed himself « chevalier de Mahony, » in the orders he gave to the regiment.

Captain Nugent, the son of an irish-man, but born in France, having drawn for money on a house at Paris that did not exist, had to leave the regiment after a decision of all the captains his comrades, who declared

him unworthy to serve with them after such a transaction.

In a fit of drunkenness, he committed an act which brought disgrace on his respectable family; and though he had squandered a handsome property left to him by his father, still his pay as a captain ought to have sufficed for him, as it did to his comrades. He was a fine well-looking man, more than six feet high, brave, and well-informed.

After a lapse of more than sixteen years, lieutenant-colonel Ware was agreeably surprised to receive at Lisle a visit from his friend and old comrade William Aylmer; they had been chiefs of the insurgents during the war of 1798, in the county of Kildare. Their plans not succeeding, they were obliged to separate.

Aylmer went to Austria and got a commission in the army of that country. Hugh Ware was detained in the prison of Kilmainham at Dublin, till the peace of Amiens 1802, in violation of the treaty he had signed, to expatriate himself for ever from the british dominions.

Aylmer had the rank of captain of cavalry in the austrian service, and he was on his way to London, by the orders of the emperor of Austria to conduct and present in his name, to the Prince Regent a Husard soldier and horse, completely equipped and caparisoned, to serve as models for the english cavalry.

Captain Aylmer's mission obtained for him the prince

regent's pardon, and leave to return to his native country Ireland, where he remained with his family and friends 'till he joined general Devereux at Dublin in recruiting and organizing a legion for the spanish south american independence. As soon as the first battalion was completed, he sailed with it, and rendered much service both morally and physically before he received the wound of which he died. Had he survived, he would have been rewarded by the president Bolivar and the government of that country for which he fought so valiantly. How melancholy it is to think of such brave men not having a country of their own to fight for!

On the 24th of june 1814 the irish regiment left Lisle and marched to Avesnes, where it arrived on the 28th of the same month and where it was expected the re-organization of it would soon take place; but it was still undecided whether the french government would keep irish regiments in its service : besides, the officers who had had the misfortune to be taken prisoners in the last campaign, were not all yet returned to the depot : several arrived during the month of july from the russian prisons, and others were on their way back.

On the 3^{d} of august the duke of Berry arrived at Avesnes : he was accompanied by marshal Mortier. They breakfasted at the sous-prefecture, and after breakfast the duke received colonel Mahony « chevalier de Saint-

Louis. » He set off immediately and did not review the troops of the garrison that were waiting under arms on the place. He gave permission to the colonel to allow the officers to wear the fleur de lys. On the 4th of august lieutenant-general Burke arrived at Avesnes as inspector general, to re-organize the regiment, but it appeared he had not as yet his final instructions to begin : so every thing remained in suspence. The general however, after inspecting the regiment encouraged the officers and assured them of his solicitude for their welfare.

On the 25th of august 1814 the fete of Saint-Louis, the king's birth-day, the corps of officers gave a dinner to the general and the authorities at Avesnes, and a ball and supper in the evening at the theatre, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion. Unfortunately at the opening of the ball, colonel Mahony insulted captain Lawless with the grossest language and then ordered him away under arrest. On lieutenant-colonel Ware however observing to the colonel, that on a day of rejoicing like that they were then celebrating, it would be better if it passed over without having any one punished, he consented to raise the captain's arrest, and to allow him to remain at the ball, for which lieutenant-colonel Ware thanked him; but in less than fifteen minutes after, on colonel Mahony meeting captain Lawless he again insulted him worse than before, and ordered him to quit the room immediately. Lieutenant-colonel Ware wishing to remonstrate, the moment he spoke, colonel Mahony

ordered him also under arrest. Upon which lieutenant-colonel Ware said to him : « I will go home and « guard my arrest, but I must tell you, before I go, that « your conduct this evening is unworthy of a gentle- « man ; and it is both cowardly and scoundrelly of you « to insult an officer like captain Lawless, whom you « know cannot bring you out. » — Colonel Mahony went to the box where general Burke was looking on at the dance, to inform him no doubt of what had taken place, and that he had put the lieutenant-colonel under arrest, etc. The ball became rather dull in consequence of this unpleasant affair, for almost all the irish officers went away when they heard of colonel Mahony's insolent conduct. The general could not approve of it, but he did not wish to say so public ly.

The next morning the 26th of august lieutenant-colonel Ware received a note, stating that his arrest was raised; he immediately waited on colonel Mahony to know with what arms he wished to fight, and said, that for his part, sword or pistol were equal. They fought with pistols and after exchanging shots, Mahony and his second seeming satisfied left the ground, though lieutenant-colonel Ware refused to make any apology for what he had said the night before. Commandant Allen and captain Parrott were the seconds to lieutenant-colonel Ware. Captain de Tressan and a french colonel, who had married miss Magrath, a cousin of Mahony's, acted as seconds to him.

The sunday after this duel when the corps of officers with colonel Mahony at their head, waited on general Burke, he railed in the most violent manner against lieutenant-colonel Ware for having had the audacity to speak as he did to his colonel the night of the ball, adding he deserved to be tried by a court martial. This speech surprised the officers, as they knew well that the general was acquainted with all the circumstances of the duel and of colonel Mahony's conduct on the occasion, and they thought all had been forgotten.

From that moment the irish officers could perceive a preference shewn to the prussian officers whose regiment had been disbanded in Holland in 1813 by order of Napoleon. After the restoration all these german officers were sent to be incorporated in the irish regiment, and two captains of them, of the name of Geith received their brevets as chiefs of battalion from the minister of war Dupont These with the great number of german captains ordered to be comprised in the new organization of the regiment, left little or no hopes to the brave irish officers of obtaining the advancement they had so well merited in the last campaigns of 1813 and 1814 (as well as for their former services), and for which they had been so strongly recommanded by generals Lauriston, Puthod and Carnot. Many had to serve in the same rank eight or ten years more before they could get promotion; lieutenants Saint-Leger, O'Brien, Swanton, etc., were of this number.

On the 10th of september 1814, the depots of the 1st and 2d foreign regiments, Latour-d'Auvergne and Isenberg, with a great number of officers arrived at Avesnes. — General Burke was charged to organize these two regiments also, but he had still to wait for instructions till the month of december, when the skeletons of the three regiments were ordered to Montreuil-sur-Mer, where they were definitively organized by general Burke, as 1st, 2d and 3d foreign regiments in the french service, leaving out the former appellation of 3e régiment étranger « irlandais. » It was said at the time, that lord Castlereagh required this omission of the word « irish, » and objected to the re-organization of the irish brigades, which he supposed the government of the Bourbons might wish to see re-established, as they were before the revolution of 1789.

The 1st and 2d regiments marched to the south and south-east of France, as soon as they were re-organized. — The 3d regiment, « ci-devant » « troisième régiment étranger irlandais, » in which the irish were comprised, remained at Montreuil-sur-Mer. It was organized into three battalions and a depot, in which all the irish officers not comprised in it were placed and allowed to follow the regiment until places became vacant in it for them. As these officers could not be sent to their homes, they were to have the same pay, and to do garrison duty with the other officers of the regiment.

The following are the names of the superior officers composing the 3d foreign regiment ci-devant irlandais.

Mahony, colonel.
Ware, lieutenant-colonel.
Braune, chef de bataillon.
Hayne, d°
Allen, d°
Geith, d°

The battalions were very weak, but as the regiment was allowed to recruit on the frontiers, it was expected they would soon be completed. Besides, the vast number of discharged soldiers were generally ready to re-enter the service. The non-commissioned officers were a very good class of men, and much attached to their officers, with whom they had served in the last campaigns; they could not see with satisfaction other officers put to command them.

Captain Parrott who commanded a company of grenadiers during the siege of Antwerp, and who had dist n-guished himself in so many campaigns, particularly in that of Silesia, where he was wounded and proposed for the cross of officer of the Legion of honour on the field of battle, saw his company of grenadiers given to captain Saint-Colomb, who came from the regiment of Isenberg, and who had never commanded a grenadier's company. But the latter pleased the colonel and general

Burke, who was charged with the organization of the regiment. This was one of the many instances of injustice which the irish officers had to submit to, after the restoration, and captain Saint-Colomb felt it himself, for he waited on the general accompanied by captain Parrott, to request him to name captain Parrott to the grenadier's company in his place, Parrott having the best right to it. The general was enraged to hear of such a proposition and would not undo what he had done.

Colonel Mahony having got the regiment organized (as he thought) to his liking, obtained permission to go to Paris in february 1815, where he intended to marry miss Power, the daughter of one of his comrades in the old irish brigade : but the marriage articles not being ready when Napoleon landed, Mahony, like every other officer on leave of absence at that time, was obliged to return to his regiment and the ceremony of the marriage was postponed.

Commandant Hayne who thought he was advantageously known to the inspector general Burke, for many years before, got his retreat without being consulted ; which was a crying injustice, as he would have been entitled to the maximum the year after. He was in perfect health and fit for service ; but he had the misfortune, as a member of the council of administration not to agree with colonel Mahony about the accounts of the regiment.

There could be no just reason for treating so worthy a

man as Hayne in so brutal a manner as to send him after 29 years honourable service and so many campaigns to live on a pension of fourteen hundred francs a year, and to deprive him obtaining the cross of the Legion of honour, which he prized above rank or any thing.

An irishman being thus treated, whilst the prussian officers whose regiment was disbanded by Napoleon in Holland in 1813, were kept in activity, shewed that the irish had little to expect from the government of the Bourbons, and made them fear subsequently, that lord Castlereagh's influence would become so great as to require that no irish should be kept in the french service.

Colonel Mahony returned to Montreuil-sur-Mer on the 15th of march 1815, and retook the command of his regiment, and in the first order of the day, that he gave, he signed himself « count O'Mahony. » This was the first intelligence which the officers had of his being a count.

As the newspapers from Paris arrived regularly every day at Montreuil-sur-Mer, Napoleon's rapid march on Paris was no secret. Napoleon arrived at Paris on the 20th of march 1815

The irish officers as men of honour knew what they owed to themselves, and that as foreigners they should not meddle in the change of government, but serve faithfully the one established, until they were absolved from their oath of allegiance.

Under this impression, they exerted themselves for se-

veral days, to keep the non-commissioned officers and soldiers in order, which at such a crisis was no easy matter, as all knew that the emperor was at Paris.

Colonel Tobin who commanded the town, and who knew the irish regiment at Antwerp, asked for commandant Allen and his battalion to be lodged in the citadel with him. Every precaution was taken to observe the best discipline and order.

On the 25th of march 1815 colonel Mahony assembled all the officers of the regiment at his lodgings, apparently to consult with them on the events which had taken place at Paris he mentioned that the king, Louis XVIII was on his way to Lisle, and he wished to ascertain what the officers thought on the subject. Lieutenant-colonel Ware replied « Colonel, give your orders and they will be exe-
« cuted. If the king wants an escort to the frontiers, he
« may rely on the regiment doing its duty. But we irish
« patriots will never go to the enemy's camp, to fight
« against France, our adopted country. »

Colonel Mahony rejoined « for his part, he was decided
« to follow his king, which he considered « le chemin
« de l'honneur. » — « Besides, » he added, « he could not
« think of ever again serving the emperor, after what
« had taken place at Antwerp, during the siege of 1814,
« when he was under the orders of general Carnot. He
« therefore was resolved to go off that same day. » — He then gave up the command of the regiment to lieutenant colonel Ware, sending him the military chest, etc.

After colonel Mahony's departure, lieutenant-colonel Ware and the corps of officers determined to wait for orders from the general commanding the military division at Lisle, before they should change the cockade; and in consequence, the troops were consigned to their quarters to prevent any collision with the inhabitants of the town, many of whom had already put up the three coloured cockade.

Early next morning the 26th of march, the sous-prefect and civil authorities received orders from the prefect of the department to declare for the emperor; but the military instructions for the garrison, transmitted by marshal Mortier, did not arrive 'till some hours later.

On receiving this order, by which all the military were absolved from their oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII, all the troops of the garrison under arms, with the national guards and civil authorities, repaired to the place d'armes, where the emperor Napoleon was proclaimed with the greatest expressions of satisfaction and joy.

The irish regiment on this occasion displayed the Eagle which they had so often defended from the enemy, and which had remained in the military chest of the regiment during the eleven months of the restoration, and which was now brought out.

The greatest harmony and good understanding existed between the inhabitants and the troops on this important ceremony. — Lieutenant-colonel Ware thought proper to tell such of the officers of the regiment who might have

any scruple in serving Napoleon, that they were at perfect liberty to retire. — Three only availed themselves of this permission, and went away; viz · captain de Bonan, captain Ferguson and lieutenant Gordon. All the other officers swore allegiance to the emperor Napoleon and signed an address expressing their devotion to him and his dynasty.

Colonel Mahony returned next morning the 27th of march, and told lieutenant-colonel Ware that he had come back to resume the command of his regiment, and ordered him to send the Eagle and military chest to his lodgings. To which lieutenant-colonel Ware replied. « He « would never serve under him, nor acknowledge him « for his colonel; consequently, he had no orders to receive « from him; that he was astonished to see him so mean « after his fine declaration on the 25th in presence of the « whole corps of officers; or that he could suppose that « men of honour could overlook his conduct. »

Colonel Mahony then applied to the governor of the town, colonel Tobin, who immediately sent for lieutenant-colonel Ware and ordered him to execute the orders of colonel Mahony, who, he said, had returned to take the command of his regiment, and to serve the emperor faithfully. To this lieutenant-colonel Ware answered « no power on earth should oblige him to serve under « the orders of a traitor. » He then deposited his sword with colonel Tobin and considered himself under arrest.

All the officers of the regiment, without one exception went individually to colonel Tobin's lodgings, and there deposited their swords, declaring, they would never take them back to serve under Mahony. — Captain Magrath, colonel Mahony's first cousin, deposited his sword like the other officers, and seemed to disapprove of Mahony's conduct as much as any of them.

The governor finding he could get no officer to execute his orders, went himself and brought a detachment of grenadiers from the barracks of the irish regiment and escorted the Eagle and military chest to colonel Mahony's lodgings, which was considered very unwise of him; it incensed the officers more and more to see their Eagle intrusted to a man they thought unworthy of commanding them. — The same evening, the 27th of march, general Pellet, who arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer, assembled all the officers of the irish regiment, he begged of them to take back their swords and to continue to serve under colonel Mahony, until the emperor should decide on the question; but to this they all replied, no power on earth would oblige them to serve one instant under his orders.

Finding it useless to persevere further with men so determined as the irish officers were, the general told Mahony what he had to expect; the latter therefore determined a second time to follow le « chemin de l'honneur, » but this last time it was to Paris he went, instead of following his king to Ghent; and it was feared, that through

general Burke's influence with marshal Davoust, then minister of war for Napoleon, that colonel Mahony might be sent back to the irish regiment; but fortunately for these brave men, general Carnot was also at that time one of Napoleon's ministers, and of course he told him of all Mahony's treasonable conduct at Antwerp, so there was nothing more to be dreaded on that subject.

Lieutenant colonel Ware and the other officers, though unarmed, used all their exertions to keep the troops consigned, and as soon as Mahony left the town, the general invited them to retake their swords and to continue to serve as before.

Thus this change of government finished quietly, and to the great satisfaction of the irish officers, who saw with much joy the influence of England, with that of lord Castlereagh cease in France. They now felt assured that their former campaigns and services would be recompensed by the emperor.

Colonel Tobin who appeared so anxious to have Mahony re-instated, in spite of the irish officers, was soon replaced himself in the command of the town.

On the 6th of april 1815, Colonel Peltier took the command as governor, which situation he had before the restoration, under the emperor. Residing at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and being there during the late events, he was able to appreciate the conduct of the irish regiment on that important occasion. He had also the advantage of being

known personally to the emperor of a long date, as one of the representatives of the people who accompanied general Buonaparte in Paris on the 13th vendemiaire (5th october 1795), when the latter dispersed the sections which were marching to attack the Convention and the government.

Colonel Peltier had under him, to command the place, commandant Gallibert; the latter wanted an arm; he had been a long time employed at Genoa, before it was evacuated by the french. The artillery was commanded by the chef de bataillon « Pillault, » who had been in the service of king Joachim (Murat) and returned to France in 1814. The greatest harmony and friendship existed between all these brave officers and the irish regiment.

Commandant Hayne who had been so unjustly treated in the month of march, being in Paris when the emperor arrived, claimed, and was re-instated in the irish regiment with his rank as before. He remained in Paris with permission, and did not return to the regiment till after the second restoration.

Captain Parrott who had been so unjustly treated by the inspector general Burke, got his company of grenadiers, which had been given to captain Saint-Colomb; the latter to do him justice, never wished to retain it, and he requested lieutenant colonel Ware to give the company to captain Parrott, who, he added, had the best right to it.

In the beginning of may 1815, lieutenant colonel Ware

received his brevet from the emperor, as colonel of the irish regiment, which caused great pleasure to all the irish; and even the german officers seemed to be as much pleased at his advancement as the irish officers themselves could be; in short, he was loved and esteemed by every one who served under his orders; and deservedly, for he was brave and ready to promote the interest of all.

By another decree, the emperor allowed the regiment to resume its former number and name of « premier regiment Irlandais, » which greatly gratified the irish officers, as they hoped by this last act, that Napoleon had once more turned his thoughts towards their oppressed country; and that the day might not be far distant, when they should be sent on an expedition to Ireland, where their military experience would powerfully contribute to throw off the english yoke under which their country had been suffering, and been degraded for centuries.

The minister of war marshal Davoust wrote by command of Napoleon to colonel Ware on this occasion, a letter which contained the most flattering expressions for the irish regiment. The emperor declared that he would hereafter employ it in every circumstance and with the same confidence as he would employ one of the imperial regiments of his guards. The greatest union and emulation subsisted in the regiment during the month of may, and soldiers were arriving daily to complete the four battalions which composed it on the war establishment.

Several officers who were on half pay were sent to be attached to the regiment and two spanish officers who were on half pay were allowed to join it, viz : captain Garido and lieutenant Ferarie; captain Murray had been retreated and lived at Dunkirk; he rejoined his old comrades with pleasure :

The commander of the artillery Pillault, invited all the officers of the irish regiment who were not employed in the instruction of the troops, to follow with him, the exercise of the artillery, which they accepted with much eagerness; and this brave commander saw with pleasure the rapid progress which they were making, passing four hours every day on the ramparts at the manœuvres of the artillery.

In the beginning of june the governor of Montreuil-sur-Mer received instructions from the minister of war, informing him, that it was ascertained that the english government, in the event of hostilities beginning on the frontiers, intended landing five or six thousand men on the coast, to make a diversion in the rear of the french army; that the emperor thought the irish regiment, with the national guards of the country would be quite sufficient to destroy and disperse the expedition as soon as it landed. — Napoleon judged well, for though the irish regiment had not yet had time to have all the battalions completed to the war establishment, the good spirit with which the officers and men were animated, and the good

under-standing which subsisted between them and the national guards, was a sure guarantee of success. The prospect of being actively employed in this way against the english, consoled the irish regiment for not making part of the french army in the low countries, where they had hoped they might have had another opportunity of proving their attachment to their adopted country, and their devotion and gratitude to Napoleon for the confidence he honoured them with. One of the emperor's aides-de-camp, lieutenant general Dejean, who arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer at this time, met there several of the Irish officers who served under his orders in Spain, at the advanced posts, when the english army was driven into Portugal in september 1811, at Fontelgenalgo, Alfitas, etc., and by meeting these officers, general Dejean was enabled to appreciate the good composition of the irish regiment, of which he made a most favourable report to Napoleon, when he returned to Paris.

Soon after his departure, two emigrant captains of the regiment, Magrath and Saint-Colomb, though they had sworn allegiance to the emperor, began to correspond with the enemy at Ghent. Captain Saint-Colomb deserted on the 10th of june 1815, and was followed two days after by captain Thompson. The latter was born in France and had served in the prussian regiment before he joined the irish regiment. — Though these officers were frenchmen, yet the indignation of the irish was not the less. — In consequence, eight captains of the regiment waited on

captain Magrath and reproached him with his infamous and dishonourable conduct. He could not deny that he corresponded with the Bourbon party at Ghent, nor that he had accompanied captain Saint-Colomb on the road the day he deserted. The eight captains told Magrath that they were resolved not to serve with traitors, and said he must resign. They also informed captain de La Roche, another french emigrant, that he was accused of corresponding with the enemy. Fortunately the irish officers were not answerable for the dishonourable conduct of men who broke that allegiance to which they had sworn voluntarily.

Napoleon having joined the army in Flanders, and news arriving of his having gained the battle of Fleurus on the 16th of june, in so splendid a manner, the highest hopes were excited in the hearts of the expatriated irish. Their feelings on this occasion cannot be described. They imagined they were once more on the point of making part of an expedition to liberate their unfortunate country from the cruel tyranny of the english government. But the loss of the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of june, with the other unhappy circumstances which followed Napoleon's abdication, put an end to their career, and to all further hopes of aid from France to relieve Ireland from her bondage.

The sous-prefect of Montreuil-sur-Mer received instruc-

tions from the provisional government of Paris to proclaim Napoleon II, consequently, all the civil authorities and the officers of the garrison were assembled at the municipality to swear allegiance to him. — The sensation this ceremony created was very great, and gave a temporary hope that the nation might rally once more to drive out the enemy. About the same time an order from the minister of war arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer for the irish regiment to march immediately to join the army in the neighbourhood of Paris; but colonel Peltier, who commanded the town and district, and who received the order, did not think proper to communicate it to the commander of the regiment colonel Ware, wishing no doubt, to keep the troops in the garrison to be ready to proclaim Louis XVIII, when he shoud have orders for that purpose from Paris, Accordingly on the 11th of july 1815 the order arrived, and Louis XVIII was proclaimed a second time on the 12th of july 1815. It was on the arrival of this last order, that lieutenant Thulier being on guard, and going up to the top of the rampart to speak to the courier before admitting him into the town, lost his balance, fell over and was killed on the spot.

The marquis de Bryas who had been at Ghent with the king, arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer and took the command from colonel Peltier as governor of the district. The same day several of the irish officers with colonel Ware at their head, expressed to him their hesitation at

continuing in the service under so many changes. This gentleman very properly observed to them, that they should not rashly sacrifice their claims upon France, their adopted country, where they had served with so much distinction; having always done their duty as men of honour, and having executed punctually the orders of their chiefs. They might regret the sudden changes, he said, but they were not answerable for them. — If any thing could lessen the pain of their position, seeing an english army in possession of Paris, and their own prospects so changed, it was the friendly reception the irish officers met with from the marquis de Bryas, whilst they remained at Montreuil.

Colonel Ware drew up an address on the 13th of july to be forwarded to the King through the minister of war. It was left at the quarter master's to be signed by all the officers of the regiment.

Commandant Braune, a prussian, and several of his countrymen, though they signed it, assembled immediately afterwards at his house and got lieutenant Wall, the son of an irishman, to draw up another address, in stronger terms, in which they styled themselves the « true and real royalists » of the regiment. This second address became of course, a kind of denunciation against those officers who did not sign it, and a sure recommendation in favour of all those who put their names to it, as they were soon after employed, and even several were

placed in the royal guards. — Those officers who had complied strictly with their colonel's orders were marked out for persecution. — Such was the encouragement given to insubordination at that melancholy period, that the very worst officers were sure of employment and advancement, provided they boasted of their devotion to the Bourbons and spoke against their comrades.

Several disputes took place between the irish officers and those prussian officers who had been put into the regiment after the restoration. Captains Jackson and Town had duels with two of those prussians and wounded them dangerously.— The marquis de Bryas fortunately listened to colonel Ware's advice and put an end to all this, by refusing to receive any further denunciations of these Germans against the Irish.

On the 15th of july the marquis de Bryas having heard that a battalion of national guards from Rouen, which had been stationed at Dunkirk and were returning to Rouen to be disbanded there, were still wearing the tri-coloured cockade, marching across the country, called on the irish regiment with two pieces of artillery to go and meet them. On arriving at Hesdin, the marquis met them coming in by small detachments, having taken out their cockades. About thirty or forty kept with their commander and made their way into Normandy. — The next day the marquis de Bryas returned with the irish regi-

ment from Hesdin, bringing his wife with him to Montreuil, she having been staying at their residence at Hesdin. They gave some agreeable entertainments at Montreuil, of which place he gave up the command in september 1815.

By this time the army of the Loire being completely disbanded, the irish regiment could not expect to be better treated than those brave and unfortunate men. — General Desnoyers was sent in quality of inspector general; he was assisted by Mr le Pautre sous-inspecteur aux revues and on the 28th of september 1815 at Montreuil-sur-Mer they finished their painful task of disbanding the irish regiment that had served in all the campaigns of Germany, Spain, Portugal, etc., from 1803 down to the present date 1815, for twelve years of continued campaigns, without interruption; often and deservedly, receiving the highest encomiums from the different generals in chief under whose orders they served during those memorable campaigns.

According to the inspector general's instructions, the officers were to choose and name the towns where they wished to retire to on half pay : consequently they were soon dispersed all over France. The serjeants, corporals and private soldiers of the regiment who wished to remain in the french service were marched off to be incorporated in the Legion of prince Hohenloe, then forming at Toulon. Captain Town took the command of this detachment and set out on the 29th september 1815. Colonel

Ware, captains Byrne and O'Vitzky, as members of the council of administration of the regiment, and lieutenant Wagner quarter master, and lieutenant Montague charged with the cloathing, received orders from the minister of war Clark, duke of Feltre, to remain at Montreuil in order to terminate, sign and give up the different accounts of the regiment, and also to have the military effects remaining in the magazine of the corps forwarded to the Hohenloe legion.

Particular instructions were given on this occasion to lieutenant Montague to have the « N, Eagles, » and all other signs bearing allusion to the emperor, effaced from the effects before they were sent off.

Two beautiful standards were sent to Spain by the emperor in 1810 for the second and 3d battalions of the irish regiment, but they were left at Valladolid, as those battalions were then in Portugal. These standards were brought to the depot of the regiment and were destroyed by lieutenant Montague at Montreuil. They were green with a large harp in the centre. On one side in gold letters « Napoleon Ier to the 2d irish battalion. » And on the other « The independence of Ireland. » — The 3d the same. The Eagle was carried by the first battalion, which of course had its colours like the others.

The officers of the council left at Montreuil received two thirds of their pay until the february following, and when all was finished, they retired on half pay like the

other officers, hoping at least to remain unmolested. But soon after the battle of Waterloo, the brave regiment was disbanded by Louis XVIII and the irish officers were made to feel that lord Castlereagh and english influence prevailed in the french councils.

Commandant Allen who had retired to Melun was ordered from that town to Rouen, and passing by Paris, was there arrested by order of the duke of Feltre, and informed he must quit the french territory without delay. Thus, without trial or judgment, one of those officers whose gallant actions had gained such renown for the irish regiment, both in Spain and Silesia, was to be banished from his adopted country by the orders of general Clark, the son of an irishman.

Lieutenant-general Arthur O'Connor waited on the duke of Feltre, and insisted that commandant Allen should be brought to trial, saying. « It was too bad to « see him worse treated here than he had been, when « tried and acquitted with him at Maidstone » The duke knowing well that no charge whatever could be brought against Mr Allen, before a court martial, had no idea of having him tried, but seeing that general O'Connor took up the matter so warmly, and fearing no doubt that he might have it published in the english and irish newspapers, after much hesitation, consented to have Allen set at liberty, and allowed him to retire to Tours on half pay where he remained a prisoner at large until 1830.

Captain Jackson was also banished by order of the duke of Feltre, without any trial or charge whatever being brought against him; and yet this brave officer had distinguished himself on every occasion where the regiment had been engaged, either in Spain or Germany. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Goldberg in Silesia on the 23d of august 1813, and had only returned from the russian prisons of Siberia a few days before the emperor's return from Elba.

Captain Jackson sailed from Havre in november 1815 for south America, where he had a further opportunity of shewing his military talents, fighting for the independence of that country.

Captain Town, a brave and most distinguished officer, full of information and learning, and military genius, was, like Jackson, banished by the order of the duke of Feltre, without trial or appeal to any military tribunal. — A sad recompense for all his gallant services!! — He being in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, sailed for Italy, where he found great difficulty in being allowed to remain.

Another victim, still more remarkable, of the duke of Feltre's vindictive feeling towards the irish regiment, was captain Lawless, who was ordered to quit France forthwith, although he was personally and advantageously known to him, having been for more than two years attached to his staff in Paris, in 1812 and 1813. Notwithstanding this, and all the influence and exertions

of his uncle general Lawless, he could not obtain the favour of a trial by a court martial which indeed would at once have put him at liberty, as no charge whatever could have been brought against him. He was obliged to leave France, and went to New-York.—General Lawless must have felt this most keenly, when he recollected the many flattering letters he had received from the duke of Feltre, respecting the brilliant services rendered by the irish regiment in Germany, at Flushing etc., saying « He « gloried in them as an Irishman! »

This system of persecution appeared the more extraordinary, from the colonel Ware being exempted, who should have been the first to incur blame, if any could be attached to the corps.

On this occasion it is only justice to colonel Ware to say, that he gave in to the minister of war, a very long and detailed report after the regiment was disbanded, specifying every occurrence that took place during the hundred days, and for which, he himself, as « chef de corps, » felt, he was alone responsible.

NOTE TO THE 8TH CHAPTER.

Having related the brutal treatment which commandant Allen, captains Lawless, Jackson and Town received from the duke of Feltre, I ought to mention my own

which was still worse, on account of the time allowed to intervene before it was perpetrated. They received the order to quit France in 1815, and I only received on the 2d of january 1817 the order to quit Tours in twenty four hours, and France in fifteen days. Whether this postponement was on account of my being one of the members of the council of administration charged with rendering finally the accounts of the regiment, or for other motives, I never could learn; yet it was well known at the war office that the ministerial decision was taken against me at the same time as that against Allen and the other officers. As to my sufferings, and the way I obtained justice, they would be too long to insert in a note. I must refer the reader to the biographical article in the 3d vol., on general Clark, duke of Feltre, minister of war, where all the particulars are given accurately.

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MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

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MEMOIRS

OF

MILES BYRNE

CHEF DE BATAILLON IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE

Officer of the Legion of honour, Knight of Saint-Louis, etc.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW

VOL. III

PARIS

GUSTAVE BOSSANGE ET C^IE^

25, QUAI VOLTAIRE

NEW-YORK

49, WALTER STREET

1863

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

—

Although the 3d volume begins with an account of his life at Paris in 1803, and of many of those he met there at that time Mr Byrne thought it better to give the campaigns of the Irish Legion in the service of France, in the second volume, as a sequence to his narrative of the irish insurrections of 1798 and 1803, making the two first volumes of his Memoirs quite a military story.

The third volume is more personal and contains a good deal of his own life when at Paris when on half pay, with biographical sketches of some remarkable Irishmen. — There is also a fragment of his campaigns in Greece, which it is deeply to be regretted he did not finish.

FANNY BYRNE

PRELIMINARY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

—

The first volume was a narrative of what I went through during the insurrection in Ireland in 1798 and that of 1803 etc. up to my arrival in Paris, august 1803.

The second volume is the history of the organization of the Irish Legion by the First Consul in 1803, and its campaigns and services from that period up to its being disbanded in 1815 by the government of the second Restoration, after the battle of Waterloo.

This 3[d] volume will tell how I passed my time at Paris, from august till december 1803 when I started for Morlaix, with some short biographical notices of several of the principal irish refugees and patriots whom I met in France at that period.

NOTES

OF AN IRISH EXILE

OF 1798

I mentioned in the first volume, that Mr Emmett had hired a room for me in the petite rue du Bac; it was a mere closet, but it was all I wanted : as it was near his house, I felt it a great consolation that I could be with him every day, and continue to furnish him with still further particulars about unhappy Ireland; hoping too, that from his influence with the french government, we should ere long obtain assistance for my beloved country. In consequence of this, I was happier than might have been expected under such circumstances — but alas! this happiness was of short duration : for Mr Emmett on learning the final and fatal news about his lamented brother « Robert, » left Paris with his family, and went to reside at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, that is, in a country house he took in that neighbourhood. — Then my mise-

rable closet became irksome to me and had no further attraction, Mr Emmett being out of Paris.

The same newspapers which brought the afflicting intelligence of the trial and execution of the ever-to-be- lamented Robert Emmett, contained a long list of « state » prisoners, waiting their turn to be tried and executed : amongst them were the names of my dear brother Edward Kennedy, and my valued friend Philip Long. These sad tidings were overwhelming indeed, as from a merciless judge, thirsting for blood, like Norbury, and a packed jury, no justice could be expected. I therefore considered my dear brother and Phil Long as already sacrificed. — The execution of Felix Roork, Denis Redmond, Macintosh, and his brother-in-law young Keernan, appeared in the newspapers also. Shortly after I heard of the trial and execution of the brave and virtuous patriot Thomas Russell. — This heroic martyr to his country's freedom, left his niece Mrs Hamilton at Paris when he set out for Ireland. I went to see this unhappy lady in her cruel distress; she feared every moment she should hear of the arrest and execution of her husband Mr W. Hamilton also, he having accompanied her uncle from Paris to Dublin, and from thence to the north of Ireland.

I was sitting one day in my lonely closet, reflecting on all these sorrowful tidings from Ireland, and of my own

melancholy prospects, when I received the kind visit of Valentine Derry, brother of the catholic Bishop of Down in Ireland, and the friend of the unfortunate Father Quigly. He stood by him at his trial at Maidstone, and in his last moments on the scaffold, and for this he had to fly his country and escape to France, where he obtained the situation of professor of english at the military college of La Flèche. It being vacation time, Mr Derry came to spend it amongst his friends and acquaintances at Paris : fortunately for me, as he soon put me in a way to live in the cheapest manner possible. That same day we went to dine together at a traiteur's in the rue de la Harpe; — the traiteur was a Mr Moreau and he and his wife kept a restaurant much frequented by the young students. — Our dinner consisted of two dishes « mouton au navet » six sous ; a « small beefsteak » seven sous; a quarter of a bottle of wine, two sous and a half; plenty of bread, two sous; water at discretion. The meat was tolerably good, and as M. Moreau was a capital cook, every thing was well prepared, and the dinner varied each day. I took a room on the second storey, with two windows looking out on the street, for twelve francs a month, the price I gave for the miserable closet I had left in the petite rue du Bac. Mr Derry having lodged with Mr et madame Moreau before he got his appointment at the college of La Flèche, they were well disposed to be obliging and to follow his instructions respecting the way I wished to live. Every morning at nine o'clock, two

sous worth of boiled milk was brought to my room, with a three sous loaf of bread. This loaf sufficed for breakfast and dinner; so my two meals cost about eleven pence per day, or twenty two sous; I dined between four and five o'clock, the student's hour. — I only paid my bill at the end of the week, when madame Moreau furnished me a small note, signed « pour acquit femme Moreau. » As I dined often with friends in town, this note seldom amounted to more than six francs. — Mr Derry told me the irish refugees, with few exceptions, were living in this frugal way, endeavouring to make their money last, as I was doing and thus conforming myself to follow the example of those brave irish patriots, who enjoyed opulence and happiness, before they had to fly their country to take refuge in France. It was not a difficult matter for me, — I having known the starvation suffered in the mountains of the county of Wicklow in 1798. — Besides, those of my friends from whom I might have expected a remittance, were now closely lodged in the Dublin jails, so I had no alternative left, but to live in the cheapest manner possible.

Mr Derry was also very useful to me in assisting me to learn french. He introduced me to a french gentleman of the name of Lesage, who had spent twenty years in England as professor of french, and he was now teaching english in Paris; he had so much to do, that I could only get two lessons from him in the week, and at night : his

brother was one of the professors at the college of La Flèche. Good Mr Derry had to return to this college, vacation being over : I felt sorry enough at his departure from Paris, he was such an obliging, kind-hearted man ; but we soon met again at Morlaix, in the irish legion, in which he had first the rank of lieutenant and afterwards he received the brevet of captain. Finding there was no great likelihood of an expedition to Ireland, he resigned his commission and went to America in 1806. He established an academy at New-York and I have heard he succeeded, which afforded me great pleasure to learn. Mr Derry was learned, and a good french scholar, and well fitted to be at the head of such an institution. He was amiable and kind, and made friends wherever he went.

It was now the first of october 1803, and I found I could go on for two or three months still, with the little money I had remaining, but this was all I thought that I could accomplish in the way of living cheap, except by too much privation. I hoped and trusted that in the interval some happy change might take place, I therefore kept up my spirits and went about seeing sights. That in which I took the greatest interest then, was, the rapid construction of the flat bottomed boats destined to be employed in invading England. The quay from the bridge at the place de la Concorde, down the river, for more than a mile long, was a complete dock yard and arsenal ;

and every day I could see some of these small vessels launched, and the keels of others put on the stocks to replace them. The quickness with which these vessels were constructed and got ready for sailing from Paris, was not surprising, as the First Consul himself frequently inspected the dock yards and works. I saw him one day on board of one of those flat bottomed vessels, getting her rowed up and down the river by some thirty or forty sailors. He was accompanied by his staff officers and aides-de-camp. The vessel was rigged with little masts and sails. I could not well distinguish his features, being too far off. A few days before, I saw him at the balcony of the Tuileries, but also imperfectly, as the crowd was too dense in the gardens, it being the fête of the Republican new year first of vendemiaire, or the 21st september. — However I was more fortunate some time after. One sunday morning, I met on the Pont-Royal, Mr Moriarty, a Cork gentleman, a friend of Mr Emmett, he told me the First Consul Buonaparte had just passed the review of the guards and returned to the palace, accompanied by the second and third consuls, Cambacérès and Le Brun, and that he would see these gentlemen down stairs to their carriages when going away. Mr Moriarty had the kindness to return to me to the palace and to speak to the officer commanding the guard at the bottom of the great stairs : after I had shewn my « carte de sureté, » he placed me in the best manner to have a good view, and I had only to wait about ten mi-

nutes when I saw the conquering hero descending the great stair, slowly and in deep conversation with the two other consuls, and as I had seen those gentlemen often before, particularly Cambacérès, my attention was entirely drawn to gaze alone on the young officer of whose military exploits I had been so accustomed to hear, and his presence brought to my recollection the happy days when we used to read at the chapel the newspapers giving an account of his brilliant campaigns from 1795 down to the peace of Campo Formio october 1797.—After the insurrection of '98, I could not attend these chapels. After seeing his two colleagues to their carriages, the First Consul returned quickly; he bade the officer make the men of the guard, who remained with presented arms, carry them, after which he ran up stairs like a young school boy. What struck me was, that though he was sallow and pale, he was stout and well proportioned, resembling much the portraits given of him at that time. I was pleased to have seen him so well, and went away satisfied and convinced that ere long some assistance would be obtained for Ireland, Mr Emmett having recently got encouraging promises on the subject.

When I arrived at Paris, I should immediately have waited on Mr Arthur O'Connor, had I not heard that he and Mr Thomas Addis Emmett were on the worst terms; circumstanced as I was with the latter, I could not think

of becoming acquainted with his enemy. No one however regretted more than I did to learn that two such men should not be on speaking terms with each other; they, whom my countrymen at home looked upon as their most strenuous agents with the french government, and as consulting with one another at every moment to see what was best to be done. I enquired of my friend Hugh Ware, who had spent a long time in prison with MM. O'Connor and Emmett, to know the cause of their dispute. He told me he could never ascertain it, but that he believed it was nothing political; that he himself had endeavoured to reconcile these gentlemen, but found it impossible. Their misunderstanding must indeed have been of a very serious nature, for Hugh Ware was a real peace maker, and no officer I ever knew prevented more duels than he did.

This unfortunate misunderstanding between two of the principal irish leaders, produced at this important moment, the worst effect, as it shewed clearly to the french government that already the irish refugees could not agree amongst themselves abroad; consequently it might be still worse when in their own country. The french government wished to arrange this matter through the medium of general Augerau, whom the irish expected would have the command of the french army destined to set them free. Even this great soldier failed to make MM. Emmett and O'Connor forget their differences, for the good of their common country; probably they thought

it of no consequence, but many of us exiles felt grieved at the bad result which this protracted misunderstanding would create : every day I could hear something on the subjet discussed at the London coffee house in the rue Jacob, then much frequented by the irish on account of the Argus newspaper being taken there; which paper was published in english by the famous Goldsmith. It was in that newspaper that I read all the sad tidings of my dear friends in Ireland.

The exiled irish whom I met in France, and who had escaped at different periods previous to the insurrection of 1798, were, Edward Lewens, Richard Mac Cormack, William Lawless, John Tennant, Pat Gallagher, Putenham Mac Cabe, Thomas Burgess, the two brothers Thomas and William Corbet, Valentine Derry, John Mac Henry, Read, Arthur Mac Mahon, etc.

Those who escaped after the insurrection and after general Humbert's capitulation to lord Cornwallis, were, William Barker, Jeremy Fitzhenry, captain Murphy, Paul Murray, Counsellor James Joseph Macdonald, his cousin G. Macdonald, Augustin O'Meally, John Gibbons, his son Ned Gibbons, P. Powel, Father Gannon, Augustin Gibbons, O'Kean, J. Mac-Guire, etc.

David Baillie Warden, Harrison, O'Mally and some others, escaped to America, and from thence came to France as american citizens.

The irish patriots I met with, who had to expatriate themselves in order to get out of prison, after many years confinement, were, Hampden Evans, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmett, John Sweetman, Mathew Dowling, Hugh Wilson, Thomas Markey, John Sweeny, Hugh Ware, Patt Mac Cann, etc.

I paid few visits, only to some of Mr Emmett's friends and fellow prisoners, such as, Matt Dowling, John Sweetman, John Sweeny, Hugh Ware, Hampden Evans: the latter having lost one of his daughters a short time before I arrived, lived retired, in a comfortable house on the boulevard des Invalides, opposite the rue Plumet (now rue « Oudinot »). Mrs Tone, and other ladies such as Mrs Gallagher, Mrs Hamilton, etc., wives of the exiles, were always well received by this excellent family, consisting of the father and mother, young Hampden and his three sisters Mary, Nancy and Sidney. The first was afterwards married to William Lawless, when he became colonel of the irish regiment; the second was married to Mr George Putland, and the third to her cousin Acton.

The refugees who with Mr Emmett and his family, frequented Mr Hampden Evan's house, were, generally, John Sweetman, Matt Dowling, Dick M'Cormick, Doctor Mac Neven and William Lawless.

Mr John Sweetman was not only a true irish patriot; he was learned and highly accomplished. He had a great taste for the fine arts, having visited Italy often, and he

was ever ready to accompany a friend to that interesting country. I always felt the greatest pleasure in this worthy gentleman's conversation : and he who entertained in the first style at Dublin, was now living sparingly indeed at Paris.

Matt Dowling bore up with his misfortunes like a philosopher of the olden times, retaining all his gaiety and amiable manners which used to endear him so much to the citizens of Dublin, who were in the habit of electing him king of the island of Daulky. — I spent one evening at his lodgings in company with Paul Murray and Arthur Mac Mahon and he made us nearly forget we were far away from our home; — he made us proud of being exiles in a good cause.

Richard Mac Cormick was much esteemed by his countrymen in Paris. He knew my poor step-brother Edward Kennedy, who was then one of the state prisoners in Kilmainham jail, waiting to be tried by that infamous court, with its packed jury, and presided over by the heartless ruffian Norbury.

Edward Lewens having been sent on a mission to the french government some time after Hoche's expedition to Ireland had failed, met Wolfe Tone in Paris, with whom, he told me, he always consulted on irish affairs; yet some of the exiles of that period thought that Lewens did not exert himself sufficiently with the Directory, to obtain for them the aid they so much needed. The french government continually at war, had her resources much

exhausted, and no money to spare. Instead of seeking to raise a loan in France, according to his instructions Lewens should have been the bearer of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to be offered to the Director Barras, to assist in defraying the expence of preparing an expedition of four or five thousand french troops to be sent in fast sailing frigates to Ireland in june 1798, when we were in great force in many parts of Leincester and near the capital, in place of general Humbert's eight hundred, which only landed in august, when all was over. — The rich catholic patriots, like Keogh of Mount Geram, could not see the necessity of proposing money to the french government, yet it would have been good policy, and probably a surer way to success to have made the offer in time, instead of speaking of loans in a country where money was so scarce, and so much wanted to carry on the war — Lewens having studied in France, knew the language, laws and customs of the country well; he possessed talents and ability to fill the situation of agent to the french government; though it was a period of vast difficulty — 1797, 98 and 99 — still something might have been obtained, had the irish leaders at home been better advised. Under these difficult circumstances, Mr Lewens found it no easy matter to please his countrymen either abroad or in Ireland; yet he had his wife's uncle Mr Thomas Branghall residing at Dublin, who enjoyed there the confidence of his fellow citizens, and it was expected that Mr Branghall would have procu

red from them more precise instructions for his nephew at Paris. — Be that as it may, I must say for myself, that when I experienced such unjust treatment from the minister of war, Clark, the duke of Feltre, none of my friends were more indignant than Edward Lewens. Being retired on half pay at Tours, I received on the 2d of january 1817, an order to quit the town in twenty four hours, and the kingdom of France in fifteen days. I came at once to Paris, to protest against such injustice and to seek redress, which could hardly be expected in that dreadful time of terror. — Lewens was one of those to whom I made known my plan of acting to get out of my difficulties.— I lodged at the hotel de Calais, opposite the diligence office, rue Montmartre, but as it was not safe for my friends to come and visit me there, as I was watched by the police, I appointed Mrs Barker's house in the rue du Vieux-Colombier as a place to meet them in. It is gratifying to me even now, to think, how that worthy woman and her son and daughter felt for my very disagreeable situation, indeed quite as if I had been one of their nearest relations : and I can never forget with what pleasure they used to see Lewens calling, because they thought that his visits would cheer me, and worthy Mrs Barker had always a cup of good tea for Lewens, which he liked much. After taking leave of Mrs Barker and her kind hearted son and daughter, we used to set out together to go home.

I of course thought it my duty to accompany Mr Le-

wens to his house, but he never would quit me, no matter how late, until he saw me a part of the way to my lodgings; and thus would he wish to pass the night, talking and walking, without ever thinking of going to rest. He delighted in controversy, on every subject, and often would appear in a great passion whilst disputing, yet he had a good temper, and was ever ready to listen to refutation and truth.

Lewens did not enjoy at that time (1817), the influence he had afterwards in the reign of Charles X when his great friend the Bishop of Hermopolis, abbé de Frayssinous, was minister of public instruction, and grand master of the university of France. His son Laurence Lewens, called in french de Lewens, and who had been professor at the college Stanislas and private secretary to the Bishop, is now chef de division of the « personnel, » the most important situation in the ministry of public instruction and Lewens himself was one of the inspectors of the university; a place generally obtained by great learning and long services. Though Lewens was a good scholar and a naturalized frenchman, his nomination caused great jealousy amongst the professors : but when they heard of the services he had rendered to the abbé de Frayssinous in the time of the Directory, their clamour ceased.

I must say, that on many occasions I found both Mr Lewens and his son Laurence, most obliging to friends

of mine. — Mr David Baillie Warden one of the true irish patriots of 1798, escaped to America, and there became a naturalized citizen ; he was appointed consul of the United-States at Paris, which situation he filled with distinction for several years.

His valuable statistical work on America, published in french and in english, created for him amongst literary men at that period, a highly honourable reputation. — Mr Warden desired the title of member of the French Institute as earnestly as others would that of count or duke; learning this from our mutual friend Arthur Barker, I went at once to Mr Lewens to ask him to get his son Laurence to use his influence to get votes for Mr Warden amongst the members of the Institute who had the right of naming their corresponding member. Mr Lewens wished me to go myself to his son, who, he said, would be too happy to have it in his power to serve any friend of mine; and indeed Mr Laurence Lewens soon gave a good proof of what his father had advanced, for by his kind exertions Mr Warden was named a few days after, member of the Institute by a great majority.

After the change of the ministry, and the nomination of the grand master of the university, a re-organization of the medical school was ordered by the new minister, abbé de Frayssinous. I called on my worthy friend doctor Mac Mahon to ask him if he was not thinking of putting forward his claims, to obtain something in these new

changes : he candidly replied, that he thought he was entitled to a professorship, or at least that of agrégé (fellow), but that it would be difficult to obtain any thing, as there were already so many inscribed for the situations vacant at Paris. I asked him if he would allow me to speak to Mr Lewens on the matter ; he having consented, I waited immediately on the latter, who seemed delighted to have it in his power to be useful to Mac Mahon. Lewens went at once and spoke to the minister and procured from him an interview for Mac Mahon on the following morning. He met with a most gracious reception, the minister saying to him. « Doctor Mac Mahon, you are enti- « tled to something better than a professorship after your « long services and campaigns on the Rhine under gene- « ral Moreau, etc. I will name you head librairian to the « medical school, which place you are, from your edu- « cation, your knowledge of languages, etc., so compe- « tent to fill. » Mac Mahon got a good salary and splendid lodgings in the medical school ; this situation he enjoyed quietly until his death in december 1835.

Knowing how agreeable it would be to Lewens, that our friends then residing at Tours should hear of his kind exertions to serve Mac Mahon their great friend, I wrote to them, and in a few days I shewed him letters on the subject I had had from colonels Ware, Allen, etc., which flattered and pleased him exceedingly ; it was the reward he desired most.

He always seemed to value much the consideration in which he was held by the patriots of 1798. — In his last moments, before quitting this world to go to a better, all his thoughts and sympathies were for poor Ireland; and two days previous to his death, I found him reading Wolfe Tone's memoirs, in his sick bed, and repeating to me, what a true irishman Tone was! — His illness was very short, being seized suddenly with hiccough and black vomiting. The Bishop of Hermopolis, M. de Frayssinous, his school-fellow and friend, was his spiritual adviser, and it was he who officiated and celebrated high mass at the funeral service at the church of the Assumption. The funeral was conducted by his two sons Laurence and Hippolite, the latter at that time was a student at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice and shorthy after was ordained a priest. — Mr Lewens having belonged to the university at the time of his death, the members of that body assisted at the ceremony and followed the hearse to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, where he was interred. I trust I need not add, that all the irish exiles then at Paris, were present on this melancholy occasion. The distinctive mark of inspector of studies, with that of the cross of knight of the Legion of honour, were placed on the coffin. No civil functionary could have more honour paid to him than this irish patriot, residing in a foreign land, away from his own home.

Mr Laurence Lewens continued, after his father's death, still to be very obliging to his friends, and often

used his influence in getting bourses at colleges for the sons of men whose circumstances prevented them being able to pay the full expences of the college education.

General Arthur O'Connor having a demand to make of the french government respecting the pay of the irish officers not employed, and thinking the new ministry, of which the abbé de Frayssinous was still a member, in january 1828, might be favourable, asked me to introduce him to Mr Laurence de Lewens. The latter being very busy at the ministry during the week, appointed the sunday morning after when general O'Connor and I waited on him at his own house in the rue Vaugirard. Both spoke english and french equally well, still Mr de Lewens wished the conversation to be in french, as he could the more readily explain to the minister the object of general O'Connor's demand, which was simply this; at the formation of the irish legion, Alexandre Berthier, minister of war, afterwards prince Berthier, gave a document in writing to general O'Connor, assuring him that the irish officers, whether actively employed or not, should always receive their full pay, as they would have no home to retire to, like the native officers, after the disbanding of their regiments. — M. Laurence de Lewens soon understood the question perfectly, and promised to explain the matter to the minister and procure from him an audience for general O'Connor; this took place two days after, when the minister, abbé de Frayssinous kindly

took upon himself to bring the business before the government and to use all his influence to have general O'Connor's demand taken into consideration. Adding, « general, I know well the sacrifices you have made in « your own country, endeavouring to have the catholics « there emancipated, and it will afford me great pleasure « now, if I can in any way, serve you or your countrymen. » Nothing could be more gracious than the reception general O'Connor met with from the minister and he seemed much struck with young Lewens' talents and great kindness. I had to go to Fontainebleau on this occasion, to engage colonel Markey, who resided there, to use his influence with his friends, whom he knew when he was aide-de-camp to the minister of war, the duke de Feltre; these gentlemen retaining under the Bourbons government the offices they had at the time of the empire; in short we had every reason to expect a favourable issue to our demand, from the kind interest the abbé de Frayssinous, the Bishop of Hermopolis, took in the matter; but unfortunately he resigned and quit the ministry before general O'Connor got any answer to his demand. — All these details will shew the interest Edward Lewens and his son took in irish affairs when they possessed great influence with the french government, under the reign of Charles the tenth.

After this long digression, I must resume my narrative of the way I spent the months of september, october and

november at Paris in 1803. — My daily occupation was learning french. — I thought I was not making much progress; however Dr Mac Neven encouraged me, and bade me persevere. He advised me never to go out to walk without my grammar or vocabulary, and to take care that before I returned, I should have learned some new words. I followed his advice and it was excellent. — No matter what direction I intended to walk in, before setting out, I wished always to call at the London coffee house, in the rue Jacob, where I was sure to learn some news about Ireland. One morning passing early there, I saw madame Lecomte behind her counter and only one man in the coffee house, and this gentleman had a pile of old newspapers on the table before him. Madame Lecomte told me that the « Argus » english newspaper had not arrived. At the same time addressing the gentleman who was busy reading, she said, « Mr Sweeny, this is the Mr Byrne « I was telling you of. » On which he came and shook hands with me, saying, « I have just arrived after a long « journey; Mr Gallagher whom I have just seen, gave « me your address. » We then left the coffee house together, bidding madame Lecomte good morning. He going a few doors further off to the hôtel d'Espagne, I accompanied him, when he began to tell me all about his fortunate escape from Ireland. Having gone to Cork, for the purpose of co-operating in the intended rising, organized by Robert Emmett, but hearing of its failure at Dublin, he had to conceal himself the best way he could, and wait

for some opportunity to get back to France. At length a fishing smack was procured at vast expence, and it landed him on the coast of France, when he immediately posted to Paris.

He had not shaved himself from the time he left Ireland and of course his beard was very long and being very black, he had quite a martial air. He was a very fine looking man, about thirty two years of age and he had the most beautiful teeth I ever saw in a man. — John Sweeny was the great friend of Thomas Addis Emmett. They were fellow prisoners at Dublin and at Fort George in Scotland. He was one of those irish patriots who had to exile themselves for « ever » from the land of their birth, in order to get out of confinement, at the peace of Amiens.

Mr Sweeny went afterwards to lodge in the rue de la Loi (now rue Richelieu) along with William Lawless. — We met frequently, and I felt great pleasure in talking with him on irish matters. — Our feelings and opinions perfectly coincided on them. — He was a captain afterwards in the irish legion, but his military career was short, for he resigned his commission after his unfortunate dispute and duel with captain Thomas Corbet, in 1804. — In that duel they were both wounded, but Corbet only survived his wound a few hours. Sweeny went to live at Morlaix. He married there a lady who was related to the family of general Moreau's wife.

With Hugh Ware I was at once on the most intimate

terms. — In our long walks we had always much to say about the fighting in 1798. — Our sympathies on that score, as indeed on almost every thing else, were alike, and a friendship commenced between us in Paris, which augmented in campaign, and on the battle field, and never ceased afterwards. Ware's first cousin Joseph Parrot, who accompanied him to France, and who had shared with him in all the dangers of the insurrection, was without exception one of the most brave and honourable officers that could be. Their means of living, like my own, being limited, we easily agreed on the way to spend our evenings. We generally met and walked in the galerie de bois in the Palais-Royal, where we met other exiles and heard all the news of the day. I frequently met William Lawless, but had scarcely ever any conversation with him; his manner appeared to me rather cold and distant. Of course I was the more surprised one day when he called on me at my lodgings in the rue de la Harpe and said to me, « Mr Byrne, you must not be displeased « if I speak to you on a very serious subject. I under- « stand you are not living as you should. I have therefore « called on you to say, that I can lend you money, be- « cause I know where to apply to get more when my « stock is finished, which probably you may not. » — I of course thanked him in the most grateful manner, and told him, I had still sufficient for another month. « Yes » he replied « but you must not starve yourself. » — We then took a long walk together and met doctor Mac Neven

in the evening by appointment. We dined together and went to the play to see Brunet at the Variétés. It was the first time I had been in a french theatre, and indeed I felt quite proud at being able to understand the french well enough to enjoy the performance of this wonderful comic actor in Jocrisse. When he stumbled in crossing the stage, carrying the buffet, and broke the plates, etc., I got into a great fit of laughter, which pleased both Lawless and Mac Neven, as they thought I was too melancholy, and they were glad to see me so much delighted with the play. I felt very grateful to these worthy patriots for their attention to me at that time.

It was doubly agreeable to me when Mr Emmett was in the country, away from Paris. — I then could see how wrong it is to judge of men too hastily and on a short acquaintance. William Lawless instead of being cold and distant, was the most agreeable, kind, companionable man possible; highly educated, well versed in almost every branch of science, speaking fluently and well, both french and english; in short, had his country obtained her freedom, he would have shone in her senate as a first rate orator, — I had no introduction to Mr Lawless, though I knew his nephew John Lawless, from whom I might have had one before I left Dublin, had I not been hurried away. I therefore felt his generous offer to lend me money in a foreign country the more warmly. — Our friendship ceased not but with death, and I must ever remember him with gratitude and affection for his conduct

on that occasion. — As to my advancement in the french army, it so happened that general Lawless did not do any thing to promote it when he was colonel of the irish regiment in 1813. — In 1808 I was a captain, and William Lawless was still a captain. He however regretted much that I did not get my brevet as superior officer at the same time John Allen and Terence O'Reilly got theirs, viz : in 1814, previous to Napoleon's abdication.

Colonel Lawless lost his leg on the 21st of august 1813, when commandant Ware took the command of the regiment as senior officer; after the battle of Goldberg, two days later, on the 23d of august, Ware was ordered by our general of division Puthod, to propose, or make a memoir of propositions to obtain promotion for those officers whom he said had distinguished themselves under his command during the campaign. Several officers and non-commissioned officers were carried on the proposition for the decoration of the Legion of honour. — We were four captains proposed for the rank of field officer chef de bataillon, equivalent to lieutenant-colonel : Saint-Leger, Allen, O'Reilly and I. — As « senior » I was first on the list and consequently I thought that my commission would be one of the first issued from the war office for the irish regiment, therefore I never once suspected that there would be what the french call a « passe-droit » wrong in the matter.

Captain Allen only obtained the rank which general

Junot, duke of Abrantes, proposed for him in 1810, after he had mounted the breach at the siege of Astorga, where by his bravery and brilliant conduct, the reputation of the irish in the french army received still greater renown. Poor Allen had the misfortune to be taken prisoner coming out of Portugal in 1811, by the Spaniards and he was kept in close confinement till the end o 1812; this prevented him getting his well merited promotion.

Captain Saint-Leger, one of the bravest and most honourable officers that ever made part of any army; — highly educated in the first colleges at Paris, being of too delicate a constitution to continue the miseries and fatigues of bivouacking as an infantry officer, he quit the regiment and was appointed one of the staff officers of general Maison, the commander and chief of the first corps of the grand army in 1813. — This corps having taken such an active and distinguished part in the campaign of 1814, Saint-Leger was on the point of obtaining his promotion, when the Restoration retarded it.

Captain O'Reilly was the junior by two years of us four; the second battalion to which he now belonged not being yet reorganized, he got leave of absence to go to Paris. — Colonel Lawless was already there and had joined his family. — O'Reilly availed himself of his in

fluence at Paris with the minister of war « Clark » duke of Feltre, and he succeeded in getting his brevet in time, before Napoleon's abdication in 1814.

Both colonel Lawless and O'Reilly got promotion for their brilliant conduct at the siege of Flushing in 1809, fighting against the english there. They had the good fortune to escape, and to save the eagle and the colours of the regiment. That memorable siege was not forgotten for the brave irish who participated in its dangers, and O'Reilly found the remembrance of it facilitated still more at the war office his promotion and the making out of his commission as chef de bataillon. My brevet was prepared and ready to be signed and would have been delivered at the same time, had I been in Paris : but after the disasters at Lowenberg upon the Bober, the 28th of august 1813, where general Puthod was taken prisoner and his division nearly destroyed, we few remaining of the irish regiment who escaped, saving the eagle and our colours, on reaching Bautzen, received an order from prince Berthier who was there with the emperor, to repair to our depot at Bois-le-Duc in Holland. The first battallion to which I belonged, was forthwith re-organized and sent to the advanced posts at Grave on the Meuse, and when Holland was evacuated by the french army in the winter of 1813 and 1814, all our regiment was assembled at Antwerp and made part of the garrison there, during that memorable siege, under the orders of the governor ge-

neral Carnot, 'till the month of april 1814. I had the command of a battalion and was doing the functions of superior, or field officer : so that my disappointement was the greater, when I learned that my brevet had not been signed before Napoleon's abdication, and that O'Reilly who had never taken any part in irish politics, had been named even before Allen, whose services in Spain, and indeed wherever he was employed in the different campaigns of the french army gained such renown as added much to the irish reputation.

It was now too late to seek redress, the Restoration and the hundred days of 1815 put a stop to our military career. So I must again resume my narrative at Paris in 1803.

After William Lawless's friendly offer and kind attention to me, I frequently called on him, and always found him good humoured and agreeable, and generally occupied answering letters. He sometimes would give me one to read, which perhaps he had just received, from lord Cloncary or some other valued patriot, and from the tenour of those letters and his answers to them, I could see that the warmest friendship subsisted between him and his correspondents.

In my visits to Mr Lawless, or to Sweeny who had an apartment in the same hôtel, I was sure to meet some of the irish exiles, who had had to fly from home. Patt Gal-

lagher was one of them. His name will never be forgotten in Dublin, as the brave and faithful body guard to the ever-to-be-lamented lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had been obliged to change frequently his hiding place, from house to house in the Liberty, in order to escape the police of the castle hacks. Gallagher was always one of the most determined of lord Edward's escort when changing his abode. — What a misfortune that half a dozen of such resolute men as Gallagher were not placed at once at Murphy's house in Thomas street! — They would have saved the darling of their heart and Ireland's glory, and would have escaped with him to the Wicklow mountains; then the insurrection would not have been deprived of the enterprizing experience of this valiant soldier, whose presence at our camp, in the commencement would have been equal to a great army, and would certainly have caused a general rising of the patriots throughout Ireland; and the citizens of Dublin would have been saved the eternal disgrace of having allowed this irish chieftain to be sacrificed, without making the least effort in his favour. But indeed the only excuse for them is, that they were taken by surprise and not prepared for the event: though I am sorry to say, that I met in Paris, after the restoration of the Bourbons, Dublin catholic citizens, passing themselves off as patriots, who were not ashamed to say that they thought the infamous Reynold's information a fortunate circumstance. These gentlemen to be sure made part of the merchants and lawyers corps

of yeomanry, and perhaps prided themselves that they escorted lord Edward to prison. Our conversation being a private one, I shall not mention their names ; but an irish catholic historian was not ashamed to give his own opinion in 1846 on Robert Emmett's unsuccessful attempt to free his country and get rid of the insolent protestant ascendency. Viz : « I neither attempt to justify his plans « in 1803, nor do I regret their failure; far from it; I « believe their accomplishment would have been a cala- « mity. » (See : « The united irishmen, their lives and times, » by RR. MADDEN, M. D. Vol. III, page 287.) Surely if lord Edward Fitzgerald and his brave-companions, the patriots of 1798, were justifiable in seeking aid from the french Directory to shake off the english yoke, Robert Emmett must have been doubly justified in 1803, surrounded as he was, by the tried patriots of the time, all of whom agreed with him, that the moment was propitious, when the irish catholic « serfs » had their chains closer rivetted than ever since the detested union with great Britain, and the loss even of the corrupt protestant parliament, which left them no hopes of redress. — Certainly Robert Emmett had every reasonable hope of obtaining assistance from the First Consul Buonaparte, who was at that time so much exasperated against England, on account of her recent bad faith and perfidious conduct in seizing and capturing french merchant vessels before any declaration of war after the peace of Amiens. The First Consul knew well that Ireland was the

weak and vulnerable part where England might be overthrown, and that the irish were ready to rise « en masse, » as soon as an army of ten thousand french troops were landed; the number which had been stipulated for between him and the irish chiefs. How then could any irish catholic acquainted with these circumstances, say, at any time since, that he was glad that Robert Emmett did not succeed? All catholic Ireland being at that period ready to rise, the moment a rallying point offered, with perhaps the exception of some time-serving lord, who would prefer to be a valet at the english court to being an independant senator in his native land; or those timid mercenary would-be-historians or book-makers, to enable them to be mean place beggars. They numbered however very few in Robert Emmett's time, because as catholics, they were not apt to fill situations at the castle of Dublin, or in the provinces.

As I have frequently spoken of all those matters already in my narrative, I must be excused now if I repeat them again, in writing of lord Edward's steady friend Patt Gallagher, who at the formation of the irish Legion in 1803 entered it at the same time I did, with the rank of lieutenant. He soon after was promoted to that of captain, but in 1805, seeing no prospect of an expedition to Ireland, and having an highly accomplished wife and two fine children to provide for, he resigned his commission of captain and retired to Bordeaux, where he set up

as a ship broker, and soon began an extensive business with the neutral maritime countries; but particularly with the Americans of the United States.

Another of the irish exiles of '98 whom I was sure to meet with when I called on Mr Lawless, was, John Tennant, brother to that high-minded patriot William Tennant of Belfast, the friend and fellow prisoner of Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmett. John Tennant in escaping from Ireland, was fortunate enough to have had a sum of money in hand, which he placed advantageously, in the french funds, and the interest of that money quite sufficed for all his expences at Paris. He might have resigned his rank of captain also, having the means of living independantly, but he preferred remaining in the french service, in order to perfect himself in the military profession, that he might be the better able one day to render service to his native country; and having made the memorable campaign of 1799 in Holland, attached to the staff of the french general in chief Brune, who so completely defeated the anglo russian army, commanded by that bigoted, drunken sot of « so help me God » notoriety, the duke of York, Tennant acquired a real liking and taste for the military profession; and his bosom friend Lawless who had made the campaign in Holland with him was equally desirous of seeing real military campaigning under that renowned warrior.

The military career of those two distinguished irish patriots began and ended at the same time. They were named captains the same day in 1803 at the organization of the irish Legion. In 1813 at Lowenberg in Silesia, where Lawless was colonel, commanding the irish regiment, Tennant was chef de bataillon (or lieutenant-colonel) commanding the first battalion of the regiment. On the 19th of august 1813 Tennant was killed in our hollow square, literally cut in two by a cannon ball; and on the 21st of august, the second day after, colonel Lawless at the passage of the Bober, at the town of Lowenberg, and in the presence of Napoleon, had his leg shot off by a cannon ball. It was my painful and melancholy duty to get the grenadiers to dig a grave for poor Tennant, after we had retaken our position and beaten the enemy off the field of battle, on the 19th of august 1813. Whilst the men were preparing the grave, colonel Lawless never ceased weeping, and indeed both the officers and men who were present, were much affected and shed tears of sorrow over poor Tennant's grave. —

On the 21st I had the affliction to see poor Lawless fall off his horse, and to get six grenadiers to carry him on a door, into the town of Lowenberg, where the baron Larrey performed the amputation of his leg. When the boot was cut away, and that he saw plainly the desperate wound, he exclaimed « ah! my poor wife and children! » It was at least soothing to him at the moment, to be told, by the emperor's aide-de-camp, when he came by order to see

him, that he would be general of brigade, and baron of the empire. Lawless was named general after some time, but he never got the title of baron — the Restoration of the Bourbons put a stop to Napoleon's promotions. —

Previous to going into campaign, John Tennant willed the little property he had to his daughter. Richard Mac Cormick being his executor, had the little girl educated with great care in a couvent at Paris, and when he was allowed to return from exile, he took his lamented friend Tennant's daughter with him to Dublin, where she married a gentleman of the name of Murray.

When I arrived at Paris in 1803, the two Corbets were employed as professors of english; the eldest brother Thomas, at the Prytanée, and William at the military college of Saint-Cyr. — The latter, tho' a very young man at that time, had already acquired a great reputation as a patriot and sufferer for his country's freedom. He was one of the students of Trinity college, Dublin, expelled in 1797, along with Robert Emmett, for being suspected of having « united-irish-men's principles, » but his worst crime was, for having been present at an aggregate meeting held in the roman catholic chapel in Francis street, for the purpose of getting petitions signed to obtain the emancipation of the irish catholics. Several speakers made a great display of eloquence at that meeting; but Edward Lewens surpassed them all. He became so exhausted at the end of his speech, that he

fainted away, and was carried off from the meeting. My step-brother Edward Kennedy was present at that meeting, and he often told me of the great sensation Lewens caused. The presence too of the students from Trinity college was hailed with rapturous applause.

The Corbets escaped to France, and like the other irish exiles, were embarked from time to time on expeditions to Ireland. — William Corbet was one of the four irish patriots given up to the english consul Crawford on the 24th november 1798, at Hamburg, by that vile city and senate, which in consequence of this cowardly act, became disgraced in the sight of every civilized country in the world. The four victims were, general Napper Tandy, Harvey Morris, Blackwell and William Corbet. They were imprisoned for many months at Hambourg, and then chained and embarked on board an english ship of the line for Ireland; then put into Kilmainham jail, Dublin, there to wait their trial and execution, which would soon have taken place, had not Buonaparte become all powerful as First Consul at the head of the french government about that time. The english ministry no doubt feared he might make reprisals, but be that as it may, Tandy and his fellow prisoners from Hamburg, were kept in prison, till the peace of Amiens, though Tandy's trial and acquital took place on the 19th of may 1800. William Corbet made a fortunate escape from Kilmainham prison, by means of a rope ladder, and got safely back to France.

At the formation of the irish legion at Morlaix in 1803, the two brothers Thomas and William Corbet, were named captains in it; but poor Thomas Corbet did not long enjoy his rank; he fell in the duel he fought with captain Sweeny at Lesneven in 1804.

Captain William Corbet was more fortunate, though he often met with difficulties. He finished his career honourably and bravely. At the coronation of the emperor in 1804, captains William Corbet and Tennant were sent to Paris to receive the standard with the eagle, and the irish colours for the legion. — In 1805 Corbet and other officers of the legion, were detached from Quimper, to escort young soldiers to the Tyrol and Venice. — In 1806 Corbet retired on half pay and resumed his former situation as professor of english at the military college of Saint-Cyr. After remaining there more than a year, he thought it would be unworthy of him to continue, whilst war was going on, and all his comrades seeing real military service in campaign. He therefore solicited to be again-put into active service. On account of his brother's infortunate duel, whilst in the irish legion, he had no desire to return to it; he was employed as captain in the 70th regiment of the line, formerly « Berwick's, » and he made the campaigns of Spain and Portugal with this regiment, where there were still some of the irish brigade officers, such as captain Brannan and others, whom I often met, brave and worthy men.

The 70th regiment suffered much during the retreat

from Portugal, and the battalion to which captain Corbet belonged, lost more than half of its officers and men. The colonel was killed at the head of the battalion, where Corbet shewed great calmness and bravery; he lost in the colonel his best friend, on whom he counted would have proposed him immediately for advancement.

On the 3d of may 1811, Marshal Massena had his army concentrated near the town of Ciudad Rodrigo, for the purpose of relieving the town of Almeida, occupied by general Brenier and a french garrison of fifteen hundred men and besieged by the english army. I here saw captain William Corbet for the first time after his quitting the irish Legion in 1806; tho' we made part of the same army, being of different divisions, we did not meet 'till this day, the evening before the battle of Fuentes Onoro, the 5th of may 1811. Corbet had very little to eat, fortunately I was better off and shared with him some of my bread and wine, sufficient at least for that night.

After the battle, marshal Masséna was replaced in the command of the army of Portugal by marshal Marmont. The latter enquiring in the different regiments for an intelligent officer who could speak and write english and french correctly, to be attached to his staff, captain Corbet was appointed, and he soon evinced that he was equal to the task. Being continually obliged to interrogate english prisoners and to draw up written reports, he shortly afforded great satisfaction to the general in

chief Marmont, and soon became one of his favourite staff officers, along with Fabvier, captain Denys Damrémont, Baraguay-d'Hiliers, etc., and I must say of Corbet, that I always found him ready to avail himself of his influence with the marshal, to render service to his comrades.

Captain Allen, who had so brilliantly distinguished himself at the siege of Astorga in 1810, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner coming out of Portugal in the month of march 1811, by the spanish chief of guerrillas Don Julian. Several months elapsed before we had any tidings of Allen at the regiment; we feared the worst, when one morning in the month of september 1811, being with the battalion at the head quarters of marshal Marmont, at Placencia in Estramadura in Spain, I received a letter from Allen, dated from a fort near Cadix, telling me of all he had suffered; the four sabre wounds he had been afflicted with, and the cruel treatment he had received from the spaniards on his way to prison; but of all thing beseeching me to exert myself in every way possible, to have him exchanged, before being handed over to the english government, as it was expected every moment that an order would be given to have all the prisoners then confined in the spanish forts, sent forthwith to english prisons. — I shewed Allen's letter to Corbet, who went instantly to marshal Marmont, to pray him to use his influence to save Allen from falling into the hands of his cruel enemies the English. — Marshal

Marmont wrote the same day to marshal Victor, who then commanded the french army before Cadix, to have captain Allen, if possible, one of the first prisoners to be exchanged against a spanish officer, no matter what the rank, explaining Allen's cruel situation, were he to be handed over to the english. Captain Corbet exerted himself judiciously and assisted me on this occasion like a good irish patriot. He could not forget his own sad situation at Hamburg, when the cowardly senate of a neutral State gave him up to the tender mercies of his enemies at Dublin. — I sent by the same post with the marshal's despatch, a thousand francs to general Somelin chief of the staff of the french army before Cadix, praying him to have it remitted to poor Allen in his prison; which was carefully done, without loss on the exchange.

Captain Corbet continued on marshal Marmont's staff 'till the battle of Salamanca on the 22d of july 1812 where the marshal was badly wounded, and had to leave the command of the army to general Clausel.

Commandant O'Neill of the 47th regiment (formerly Walsh's of the irish brigade), being wounded on the field of battle, and taken prisoner by the english, captain Corbet was named chef de bataillon to replace him in the 47th, and he being well known to general Clausel, felt some relief for being deprived of marshal Marmont's protection.

As soon as Marmont's wounds were a little healed, he

got the command of a corps at the grand army with Napoleon in Germany; he asked to have commandant Corbet of the 47th regiment employed in his staff, which request was at once granted, and Corbet left Spain with much pleasure, to go and join the grand army, and to be once more under the orders of marshal Marmont. He had the satisfaction at the same time to see his young brother Frederick Corbet appointed sous-lieutenant in the 147th regiment. He was 18 years of age and just come from college, to begin a long and honourable military career. I met this young man for the first time in Saxony, a few days before the battle of Lutzen. His school fellow lieutenant Saint-Leger introduced him to me.

It will suffice to show the active service colonel Corbet witnessed at that side of the Rhine in 1813, to say that he was at the battles of Lutzen the 2d may; Bautzen 20th may; Wurtzen the 21st, Dresden the 26th august; Leipzick the 18th october, and Hanau the 30th of october 1813, the last on the other side of the Rhine; then add, the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814 in France, the battles and combats down to the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, and it will be seen, that few officers saw more active service during that period than Corbet. In consequence, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and was fortunate enough to get his brevet in time before Napoleon abdicated.

After the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, colonel Corbet was named chief of the staff to the duke d'Aumont,

who commanded the military district at Caen, in the department of Calvados, Normandy. —

Napoleon landing from the isle of Elba on the 7th of march 1815, his rapid march on Paris without an obstacle, joined every where on his way, not only by the population en masse, but by the troops of every garrison town, where this news so fatal to the Bourbon dynasty had reached, the general duke d'Aumont at once decided to quit his command; he proposed to the chief of his staff, colonel Corbet, to accompany him to England, assuring him that the government of that country would be too happy to grant him a gracious pardon, etc. To all this Corbet replied, that he could never think of deserting France, his adopted country; that he thought the french had a right to govern themselves and to choose the form of government best suited to their wants, and as to himself, he would continue to serve faithfully and honourably as he had hitherto done, no matter what that form was.

Colonel Corbet had at this critical moment, the satisfaction of being useful to his general; he saw the duke d'Aumont safely embarked and sail for the english coast, without molestation or hinderance from the citizens of Caen.

After the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of june 1815, and Napoleon's second abdication, colonel Corbet was

placed on the list of half-pay officers and allowed to reside at Paris. He was not employed till 1828, when the french government sent an army to free the Greeks from their cruel turkish bondage. Corbet and I solicited the minister of war, to have the honour to be employed on this expedition. Our request was granted, and we set off on the 8th of august 1828 for Toulon, where we embarked for Greece, in the second division, commanded by general Schneider. We landed and joined general Maison at his camp before Navarino; here we separated. Colonel Corbet got the command of Navarino and the citadel, after Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptians had capitulated and evacuated the country. I was sent to Patras, and after the siege of the castle of Morée, I was named to command this fortress 'till 1829, when by order of marshal Maison, I delivered it up to the greek troops, and went from thence to Coron, where I had the pleasure some months later, to install a greek garrison in it, and from thence I went to Navarino, where colonel Corbet commanded, and there, after the revolution of 1830, I received my commission of chef de bataillon in the 56th regiment of the line, then at Grenoble in France, and commanded by colonel, afterwards marshal, Bugeaud. — I cannot forget the day this illustrious soldier received his brevet of general, in april 1831, how little he seemed to value it, on account of twenty other colonels being named at the same time, and an expression made use of in the chamber of deputies that general's commissions were

thrown as litter on this occasion, vexed him still more. He said to me, « I see on this list of promotions, a colonel « Corbet, who is on the staff in Greece; of course you « know him, what are his services? etc. » I told him that Corbet was named chef de bataillon at the battle of Salamanca in the 47th and that he served in the infantry. « Then « he replied » he will know how to command and « manœuvre troops, not like many staff officers, who get « advancement though they never manœuvred a com- « pany. » — He added, that chef de bataillon was the rank he himself had in 1812, in marshal Suchet's corps of army and he was satisfied that general Corbet merited his promotion from all I told him on the matter.

When William Corbet received his commission of maréchal-de-camp (major general) he was appointed to command at Argos, and he remained in Greece 'till the french army of occupation there evacuated that country and left the Greeks free in 1833; and when he arrived in France he got the command of the district of Caen, department of Calvados, and afterwards at Tulle. In this last town he remained till he attained the age of 62. Then, by the regulations of the army, he was placed in the cadre de reserve. In 1840 he came to reside in Paris, and seemed to enjoy his new position. Receiving his full pay, and only liable to be called on in case of war, he took handsome lodgings, and became a member of the circle or club on the Italian boulevards, spending his time

agreeably enough, 'till 1842, when his health began rapidly to decline. His brother thinking that change of air might do him good, took him to Saint-Denis, where he was himself employed, as aide-de-camp to general Gazan. But nothing could remedy the disease of the heart he had, and of which he died on the 12th of august 1842. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, where his affectionate brother has had a handsome monument erected to him. — General Corbet was officer of the Legion of honour, knight of Saint-Louis, and commander of the order of the Saviour in Greece. He valued those distinctions as highly honourable no doubt, but he would sometimes say : « how much the more valuable, would they have « been, had they been gained in the cause of my native « country! » And to his last moment he lamented that her independence was not obtained; and he seemed ever anxious for some thing to arise between the governments of France and England which might prove beneficial to his own country.

In 1840 we frequently consulted about the way we could be best employed to serve Ireland, in the event of a war between France and England, which was then on the point of being declared. I remember one day, after an audience he had had with the minister of war on the situation of Ireland, he told me, that the minister, general Schneider, was very desirous to have a conversation with me, respecting the reliance which could be placed on the

« then Leader » of the irish, when a french army should land in Ireland. — When he saw that there was to be no war with England, he would speak to me of going to the United States of America, being sure, he said, that from that country one day or other, Ireland would receive ultimate assistance etc. I think it only justice to Corbet's memory to mention all these circumstances.

In the year 1798 Drogheda, like many other towns in Ireland, at that period, saw her best citizens tortured and imprisoned; two of them however, Thomas Burgess and Toney Mac Can, had the good fortune to escape this cruel persecution and get safely to Hamburg; there by chance, they met Thomas Campbell, the poet : that generous, highminded scotchman, hearing their sad story, was struck with pity for their fate, and sympathizing in their patriotism and love of liberty, and touched by seeing men so young, forced to abandon for ever the land of their birth, because they had wished to see it happy and independent, and inspired by all his finest feelings, wrote the beautiful and melancholy verses « the Exile of Erin » which alone would entitle him to be ranked as a great poet. —

Burgess and Mac Can hastened to Paris to offer their services to the french Republick, then governed by a Directory. They met Theobald Wolfe Tone at Paris; he was preparing to go on another expedition to liberate his

country, and he trusted it would be more successful than the one under Hoche; but alas! he again was disappointed, and fell a victim to the great zeal and courage which he displayed on this last occasion. Ireland should ever be proud of him and do honour to his memory.

Thomas Burgess embarked in that expedition to Ireland; not being in the same ship with Wolfe Tone, he escaped back to France. He had a still more fortunate escape at Hamburg on the 24th of november 1798, for he sailed in the same expedition and vessel with general Napper Tandy, and came with him to Hamburg after it had failed. Not being in the hotel at the time Tandy, Morris, Blackwell and Corbet were arrested and imprisoned, Burgess escaped with the other irish exiles remaining there, to Altona in Denmark, where the public authorities were not base enough to listen to the english agents there.

When Burgess returned to Paris, having a taste for the fine arts, he betook himself to painting, and studied under the auspices of the celebrated painter « David; » after very assiduous application, he became a connoisseur, so much so, that despairing of success, he abandoned the pursuit. He got over from Ireland his younger brother John, whom he got placed in the military college of the Prytanée of Paris, where he studied, until he got his commission as a sub-lieutenant in the irish legion at its formation in 1803.

Thomas Burgess knew music, played on the harp, guitar and violin. He lived beyond measure frugally, in order, he said, to be able to assist his nieces, his brother John's daughters, in London. On his death in 1848, he left all he possessed, three or four thousand pounds to his nieces. — Arthur Barker and William Hampden Lawless were the executors. The latter had a good deal of trouble, but finally succeeded in having the business arranged to the satisfaction of the misses Burgess.

Poor Thomas Burgess had in reality a generous temper and was of an obliging disposition towards his friends, but without meaning any harm, he caused often serious differences between them, forgetting that a private conversation should not be repeated, except when authorized by the person with whom it has been held.

In 1803 I met one day at the London coffee house in the rue Jacob, William Putnam Mac Cabe, the well known active organizer of the united irish system, and the great confident of lord Edward Fitzgerald. He seemed desirous to know how I had made my escape from Dublin; when I told him I had an American passport, he asked me to lend it him for a few days and that he would return it to me safely. — I did give it him, but could not get it from him, until I sent my friend Hugh Ware to wait on him, to whom he gave it instantly, making some

silly excuse for having kept it so long, as, that he did not suppose I could ever want it, now that I had my commission as a french officer. — I could perceive that the mass of the irish exiles then in Paris, were astonished at the great facility with which Putnam Mac Cabe could so frequently pass over to England and Ireland, and return to France in the time of war. In one of his voyages, he brought over young John Burgess, to be placed in college at Paris; and in another part of my narrative, I have mentioned having met Putnam Mac Cabe at Antwerp in 1807. He then had two ladies with him, whom he brought from Dublin, Mrs Berthemy, sister to the celebrated Henry Flood, and her daughter. Our regiment being then in garrison there, we invited these ladies and Mac Cabe to dine with us at the hotel du Lion-d'Or, where we had our mess table. — Mac Cabe shewed us a beautiful rich case of pistols, he was bringing, he said, to offer as a present to his friend general Arthur O'Connor. This was the last time I ever saw Mac Cabe ; though we were both residing at Paris in 1820, and that I often heard of him from one of my comrades, captain Mac Guire, who was in the habit of visiting him : still it so happened, we never met. The truth is, I did not want to renew his acquaintance : I had heard so many contradictory versions about his different escapes in Ireland, that I had my doubts about the disinterestedness of his patriotism. On his death in january 1821, captain Mac Guire wrote to Mr Nesbet who was then at Bordeaux that

Putnam Mac Cabe had named him one of his executors. Some short time after, Mac Guire told me that Nesbet and Mac Cabe's daughter were married.

Much indeed has been said on the failure of Mac Cabe's cotton spinning speculations at the town of Rouen, by some of the persons who were engaged with him in the enterprise, MM. Glashan, J. Smith and others; but for my own part, I never could clearly understand whose fault it was that the manufactory did not succeed : one thing is certain, that that worthy irish patriot Philip Long lost a good deal of money in the concern.

Of Putnam Mac Cabe's money transactions and the mortgage he had on general Arthur O'Connor's estate in Ireland, I only learned by the lawsuit in the court of justice at Orleans, which took place after the restoration of the Bourbons in France, and which was published at the time in the newspapers of the day. That general O'Connor had to use his influence with the duke of Feltre, to keep Mac Cabe out of the difficulties resulting from his too frequent excursions to the other side of the Channel during the war between France and England, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Of the many fine fellows who had to escape from Ireland after general Humbert's capitulation there in august 1798 and whom I met at Paris, counsellor James Joseph

Mac Donald was one of the most distinguished. They were all no doubt equally brave and zealous in their country's cause, but he seemed to possess the talents, acquirements and energy necessary to become a great leader : he was handsome and well informed, and he spoke the french language fluently. — General Humbert at once appointed Mac Donald to be one of his generals, to command the irish forces flocking to join his standard when he landed on the irish coast, and to have them armed and organized forthwith in the best way possible, under the urgent exigency of the moment; and Humbert in his report to the Directory, said, that if he had had a sufficient force to have made a longer stand in the country, that Mac Donald would have been invaluable to him, that he was enterprising and quite equal to the difficult task he was entrusted with. — At the formation of the irish legion in 1803, counsellor Mac Donald was greatly disappointed and vexed to find that he was to be only a captain in the legion; he expected at least to be named a field officer, if not a general, the rank which he had held with Humbert in Ireland; he therefore refused to take his commission of captain, and did not join with us the french army at Brest, which was destined for Ireland. As none but men holding commissions or enrolled in the service of the irish legion were to be allowed to make part of the expedition, lest the discipline might suffer, it was prohibited to volunteers, not enrolled, to embark, and Mac Donald on learning these regulations and after

remaining a month or two at Paris, took his brevet of captain and came and joined the legion in the neighbourhood of Brest; but in consequence of an altercation he had with adjutant general Mac Sheehy, who was then commanding the legion, he resigned his commission and went to reside at Cadix in Spain, where several of his relations had been settled in commerce. His first cousin James Mac Donald, a fine spirited young man, who escaped with him, died a short time before I reached Paris, much regretted by all the refugees.

Captain John Murphy commanding a trading vessel, happened to be in the bay of Killalo when general Humbert effected his landing on the irish coast in 1798. The french general wished to send off a despatch to inform his government of the happy event, and Murphy being a true irish patriot, immediately volunteered to be the bearer of it, which delighted Humbert, for he feared that a french ship would have little chance of escaping the english cruisers. The brave Murphy undertook this perilous task to serve and redeem his beloved native land, well aware that he sailed with a rope about his neck; for had he been taken with french despatches he would have been hanged forthwith at the mast head. But no seafaring man then living knew better than Murphy the irish coast, the english Channel, and the french Harbours, and every corner and bay where a vessel could approach the french shore, he being much engaged in the smuggling

line; he therefore escaped and reached the french shore in the shortest time that ever a passage was performed. On landing Murphy instantly posted to Paris to present general Humbert's despatches to the french government, and the reception he met with was gracious, and flattering indeed to an irish heart. The Directory instantly presented him with pistols of honour. These and sabres were then offered to the brave men who distinguished themselves in the service of their country, as the decoration of the Legion of honour is now accorded for similar brilliant actions, and services rendered to the state. — Captain Murphy was then put at the disposition of the minister of the marine, who had him carried on the Navy « contrôle » or list of the officers of the french Navy, and at a later period, the First Consul named him « Grand Pilot » to the french fleet at Brest, with the rank of captain of a frigate, equivalent to lieutenant-colonel in the army. Murphy enjoyed the pay and emoluments of this rank 'till the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, when he was put « en retraite, » with a miserable pension of eight hundred francs a year,

With his means of living thus reduced, and having his wife and six children in Ireland, to whom he had to send regular support, poor Murphy had to apply to rich merchants at Nantes for employment. The merchants knowing his skill and experience as a navigator gave him the command of a fine ship, with which he made many successful voyages, to different parts of the world; particu-

larly to the coast of Patagonia, in South America, where the sea elephant fishery proved very profitable to his employers. In 1823 he was returning to Europe with a large cargo of fish, oil, etc., etc., when the crew of his vessel mutinied, and seized him, his second in command, and the mate of the vessel. All three were locked down, and chained, and treated in the most cruel manner. The sailors were tempted to this act having heard at sea that Spain and France were at war; they thought they could run the ship into a spanish sea-port town and there sell her and the cargo with safety; but after fifteen day's vain efforts to reach the spanish coast, they became so terrified at their perilous situation, that they brought the mate of the vessel on deck, and told him, if he steered them safely into a spanish sea-port, he should get the greatest part of the prize money, when the ship and cargo was sold, and that if he did not consent, they would kill him instantly, and then ask the second in command to comply with their request. The poor mate told them at once he was ready to follow their orders, and after sailing and tacking about for two days more, one fine night the mate told these ignorant ruffians, that they were then on the spanish coast, and that to escape the french cruizers he would steer the ship into the bay they saw before them, where they could pass the night without risk, by putting up spanish colours. Next morning at day light, their vessel was boarded by a french sloop of war in the Bay of Douarnenez, four leagues from Quimper, department of

Finisterre in France and not in Spain. — Captain Murphy was then unchained, and he resumed the command of the ship. The sailors were all arrested and sent off to Brest, where they were tried and condemned to imprisonment and the galleys, etc. I met Murphy at Paris, after this misadventure, and he was still looking stout and well, but not what he was when I first saw him in 1803. He was then quite a splendid man, more than six feet two inches in height, athletic and well proportioned and about fifty years of age. He was considered one of the best racket players that could be met with. He was simple and unassuming, and always generous and friendly to his countrymen. — Being in garrison at Nantes with my regiment the 56th of the line, in 1835, I saw poor Murphy there for the last time, quite broken down, and like his countryman Hamilton Rowan, who had been very tall, become low in stature before he died. — They were however, more than eighty years of age before this change took place. Murphy's family lived near Rush, and some members of it in the county of Meath.

It would seem that the refugees of every nation, in their misfortunes, away from their homes, are apt to have their disputes and disagreements on politics; it is not wonderful then that the irish exiles had theirs. Captain Murphy kept free of parties as much as he could, and he enjoyed, I may say without exception, the esteem of all his countrymen in France. Indeed he was looked up to as a kind of oracle through whom good tidings would be

announced. I cannot forget how we used to say, that it augured well for us, when Murphy was sent for by the minister of the marine, and that he passed the day at the hotel of the admiralty, place de la Concorde, with the french admirals in council, who were appointed to command the Brest fleet.

I also recollect, that in 1804, when our regiment was in garrison at Lesneven, five leagues from Brest, with what glee four or five of us would set out on horseback, to dine with the worthy captain Murphy at Brest, and return the same evening, after we had visited those beautiful ships of the line, 25 in number, with transport vessels, sufficient to embark the three divisions of Augereau's corps of army, just returned from the spanish frontier, and now destined for Ireland. In short, captain Murphy was a favourite with all the irish officers, and much considered by the french Navy.

Mr John Gibbons a wealthy gentleman of the county of Mayo, and upwards of seventy years of age, had to fly from his home, altho' he took no part in the general rising of the people to aid the french on their landing. His son Ned, being taken prisoner after general Humbert's capitulation, was condemned to be hung, and the rope was about his neck, when some humane person interfering, his sentence was commuted, and he was transported to Botany Bay for life. But the father after hiding in the mountains for some time, and learning that all his pro-

perty had been plundered and destroyed, escaped to Paris, and at the formation of the irish legion in 1803, being told it would be necessary to hold some rank in order to be allowed to embark in the expedition for Ireland, replied, that he was ready to accept that of corporal sooner than remain behind.

He got a commission of lieutenant, but poor man, he did not long enjoy his military life, for he died at Antwerp in 1807. He had however the great satisfaction of seeing his son Ned before he died, the latter having escaped from Botany Bay, and got his brevet as a sous-lieutenant in the legion. — This young man could never forget the shock he got at the foot of the gallows in Ireland.

He fought bravely at Flushing in 1809, in the irish battalion, commanded by colonel Lawless; the latter being badly wounded there, could not tell whether Ned Gibbons was killed or made prisoner by the english troops when they entered Flushing. Nor did the council of administration of the irish regiment in France, ever hear what had become of two very distinguished officers, lieutenants Gilmor and Eagar. They were with colonel Lawless when he was wounded, and if they escaped, they could have returned to France after the restoration, and have received their pay up to 1814, for five years, which was due to them, and which was paid to captain Mac Mahon and others who were taken at Flushing. They were then at liberty to quit, if it suited them.

Austin O'Mally was another of the brave Connaught exiles whom I met in 1803 at Paris, and from what I saw of him in the campaigns we made together afterwards, he must indeed have rendered great service to the french in 1798, at the battle of Castlebar, by marching at the head of his fellow countrymen who joined general Humbert; for he feared no danger, and fighting seemed to him a pastime, and without being bad tempered or quarrelsome captain O'Mally was very often engaged in duels, and always got out of them honourably. — In one he had at Carraix in 1804 with the adjutant major whom he wounded, this officer being a friend of general Mac Sheehy's, the latter through spite, sent O'Mally as a prisoner to the chateau of Brest for fifteen days; a most unjust punishment, for his antagonist was in fault. Captain Hugh Ware (afterwards colonel) was O'Mally's second and captain William O'Meara (afterwards general), was second to the adjutant major. Those brave and honourable seconds shewed fair play, but they could not prevent the duel.

The battalion to which captain O'Mally belonged, being in garrison at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1812, he was sent from thence with his company to one of the dutch Islands on that coast, where he married the daughter of a french officer who commanded the place. Whether the great difference of the spanish climate, from which country he had just arrived, and where he had spent nearly five years, from that of Holland, contributed to his misfortune, losing his sight completely, could not be well

ascertained; but probably, the sudden transition from heat to damp and cold might have accelerated poor O'Mally's blindness. — Like a true hero, he now shewed more courage than ever. He bore up with his cruel situation, with the fortitude becoming a soldier and an irish patriot, and only lamented that he could no more hope to be useful to his dear native land. He was still cheerful, and his conversation more agreeable than before he became blind.

Captain O'Mally had two sons, and he obtained for the eldest, when he was nine years of age, a bourse at the military college of La Flèche, and from thence he was sent to the military college of Saint-Cyr, to complete his studies; and poor captain O'Mally had the satisfaction of seeing him named officer in 1835, with the rank of sous-lieutenant in the 15th leger regiment then in Africa. — Young O'Mally soon distinguished himself there; he studied and learnt the arabic language quickly, and for that was employed in every expedition which took place in the district. Often in the most perilous situations, young O'Mally rendered the most important service to his division, by his bravery and knowledge of the arabic; consequently he got very rapid promotion from rank to rank, and having been promoted to that of lieutenant-colonel in a regiment just as it received orders for the East, when the russian war broke out, he had a wider field to shew his military skill, and before Sebastopol was taken, he was promoted to the rank of full colonel and got the command of the 73d regiment.

One of the bad effects in Ireland, and one of the many grievances produced by the protestant ascendency was, that which forced the young catholic clergy to go to France and other foreign countries to finish their studies to render them fit for the situation of priests in their native country. This was seen in 1798. — Could it be expected that young men educated in France, would not sympathize with all their heart and soul with a french army landing on the coast to drive their tyrants and task masters from the land? It would have been unnatural if they did not. — Father Gannan was one of those who studied in France, and immediately on the french landing in Ireland, he came and offered his services to general Humbert, who at once appointed him his « fournisseur général, » or furnisher of provisions. In this situation Father Gannan was not only useful to the French, but he rendered the greatest service to the inhabitants of the country, wherever the army passed; and as he spoke french fluently, he soon became a great favorite with the french officers; his appearance commanded respect, as he was tall and handsome with dignified, agreeable manners. — As general Humbert when he capitulated to lord Cornwallis, could obtain no terms for the irish who joined him, Father Gannan had to suffer great misery, hiding in the Cunnamara mountains, before he could escape. He at length got away in a vessel bound for Lisbon, from which town he wrote at once to the french ambassador at Madrid, Lucien Buonaparte, who invited him kindly

to come and spend some time in the spanish capital; after remaining there a short while, he proceeded to Paris, where he got the best reception. — When I first made his acquaintance at Paris in 1803, he was parish priest of a village near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and I recollect walking out to see him along with J. Fitzhenry, one morning, and we spent two very agreeable days there. We were invited to take tea at Mr Thomas Addis Emmett's; he lived in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Emmett told me how glad she always was to see Father Gannan coming to the house, for her husband's spirits were always cheered by his visits and conversation, as he was never desponding about Ireland.

After the first restoration of the Bourbons, Father Gannan got a better parish near Tours, and on account of the great number of irish catholics who took up their residence there, he found it agreeable enough; but after the hundred days and the second restoration, he, like others of his country was made to feel the effects of those sudden changes.

A law having passed appointing almoners to every regiment in the army, Father Gannan obtained his commission as almoner at Lille; in this situation, half clerical, half military, he finished honourably his long career; but he was ever regretting his « sweet home. »

I met also at Paris in 1803, another of those irishmen who had to come abroad and beg his way, in order to complete his education. He openly declared, that he owed

no kind of allegiance to an English unmerciful, bigotted monarch, who kept his country in bondage.

Captain O'Kean had taken orders in France, but when he saw all the european tyrants declare war against the liberties of that nation, he at once volunteered to serve his adopted country as a soldier. He soon distinguished himself on the field of battle and was raised to the rank of captain; which rank he held in general Humbert's little army, landing from the bay of Killalo on the irish coast on the 22d of august 1798. At the battle of Castlebar O'Kean was highly complimented for his undaunted bravery and exertions, by the french general in chief Humbert. He knowing well that part of Ireland, and speaking equally fluently, english, french and irish, rendered the greatest service on many occasions, where had it not been for his humane exertions, many would have suffered severely, and although all this was averred and attested by the protestant Bishop of Killalo, still poor O'Kean narrowly escaped being put to death after Humbert had capitulated, like Tone's brother and others.

A detailed account of this expedition, from its sailing from the French coast, with general Humbert's final surrender, the manner in which the french prisoners were treated on their way to prison, their exchange and return to France, etc., was written by captain O'Kean. He being ordered to rejoin his regiment, the 65th of the line, gave his manuscript to doctor Mac Neven, who promised to

have it published, along with other narratives he was then collecting from those other exiles who had fought in the insurrection of 1798, and I remember Hugh Ware very busy making out a clear copy of O'Kean's manuscript for doctor Mac Neven, which was rather difficult, as the notes were sometimes written in latin, sometimes in english and sometimes in irish. These difficulties were surmounted however, both being good latin scholars, and doctor Mac Neven knowing the irish language well.

Captain O'Kean served with distinction in many campaigns in Germany; particularly at the defence of Ratisbon in 1809, where his regiment alone, commanded by colonel Coutard, defended the place against thirty thousand austrian troops.

At the siege of Astorga in Spain, the irish regiment and O'Kean's, the 65th of the line, formed the same brigade commanded by general Thomier, and there O'Kean was delighted to see his countryman John Allen mount the breach in so gallant a manner; and as the irish regiment continued to be brigaded with the 65th during the campaigns in Portugal, in 1810 and 1811, we saw O'Kean almost daily, which was a mutual pleasure; for he was good humoured and generous to a degree. He never would let the irish officers pass his quarters, or bivouack without entertaining them to the best of his means. He was a true admirer of the hospitality of his ancestors.

When the order of the legion of honour was decreed by

the First Consul, captain O'Kean was amongst the first of his corps who were decorated with this cross: « The star of the brave. » After the second Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, poor O'Kean retired on a pension, quite cast down to think that there was no more chance for his beloved country for hope from France, then ruled by the influence of lord Castlereagh, the enemy of her greatness and happiness, as he was of the nationality of Poland, and indeed of the liberties of every other country on the face of the globe. How could any good be expected from one, who, when young, betrayed and sold his native land, and then finished by bringing a cloud of falsity and hypocrisy over the fame of the nation that allowed him to govern her so long?

Captain Macguire told me that when he was taken prisoner off the coast of Ireland, he had just time to dress himself in the uniform of a private soldier, which happened to fit him tolerably well, and as the prisoners were brought to Scotland, where they remained until they were exchanged, he had the good fortune to escape safely back to France, without being discovered to be an English subject. He told me also, that the french prisoners were very well treated in the scotch depots, which was a great contrast to the harsh treatment they had to endure in England at the same period. — Captain Macguire resided at Paris till he got his commission for the irish legion in 1803. After the Hundred Days in 1815, he retired on a

pension, which he did not enjoy long, as he died in his lodgings at the arsenal rue Saint-Antoine in the year 1822.

I met Jeremiah Fitzhenry at Paris in 1803. He had taken an active part in the county of Wexford insurrection in 1798, being with Bagnal Harvey at the battle of New Ross on the 5th of june. — After the execution of his wife's brother, John Colclough, he feared he could no longer remain with safety in Ireland. He accordingly came over to France with his wife and his two little girls. He went to reside at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where he met his friend and countryman, Mr William Barker, who had been living there with his family, after he had escaped from Enniscorthy and had lost his arm at the battle of Vinegar hill.

Fitzhenry's lady was brought to bed of another little girl at Saint-Germain, and he seeing that hostilities were on the point of breaking out between France and England in 1803, hastened to send his wife and their three children back to Ireland : remaining in France himself, to share with his countrymen there, the danger and the honour of making part of another expedition to Ireland, which was expected to sail shortly from Brest.

At the formation of the irish legion on the 7th december 1803, Jeremiah Fitzhenry got his commission in it of captain.

As I have taken notes of the services and campaigns of

the different battalions composing this legion, I must refer to the narrative I have written on the subject, for an account of Fitzhenry's military career, which began so brilliantly in Spain, but with sorrow I say it, terminated so badly there. It requires a short extract to shew why he changed.

In 1808 there was an order from the minister of war, for six hundred men of the irish legion then at Flushing to march to Spain; Fitzhenry being the senior captain had the command of them. At Pampeluna he joined the irish battalion of the legion that had been at Madrid from 1807, now greatly reduced by sickness and hard service on the retreat with king Joseph behind the Ebro. — Fitzhenry was ordered to reorganize this battalion with the reinforcements which he brought from Holland and which he did with surprizing activity and promptitude.

The governor of Pampeluna, lieutenant-general count de Buisson, witnessing all this, hastened to represent to the emperor and prince Berthier, both then in Spain, the fitness of Fitzhenry to command a regiment, etc. — He had certainly the experience and qualities to be a first rate field officer. No man rode better than he did : he was then well mounted. He had two very fine horses, and he soon shewed he could command better on horseback than on foot, and he looked even much better when mounted. He was a very handsome man, six feet high, and about thirty six years of age, when he received his brevet as

chef de bataillon, signed by prince Berthier the 16th december 1808.

Fitzhenry and his splendid battalion, more than eight hundred strong, all well disciplined and well equipped, got orders to march to make part of the army then forming at Burgos, to be sent against general sir John Moore and the English. The death of this general, and the embarking of his troops at Corunna put an end to this march. — Fitzhenry got orders to stop at Burgos with his battalion, where he had the honour a short time after to have it under arms to receive Napoleon, who was then on his way back to France. The emperor had no other guards but the irish troops during the hour and a half which he spent in the bishop's palace, and general Darmignac who commanded then at Burgos, gave a most favourable account to his majesty of the irish battalion, of Fitzhenry and the officers, speaking in the most flattering terms of their military instruction, etc. It is true many of them, such as Ware, Allen, Parrott, Saint-Leger and others, were quite capable of commanding in a superior rank to that which they held, and Fitzhenry having such officers to assist him, rendered no doubt his command more easy and agreeable. Without vanity, I pride myself on having been one of them; we were not only comrades, but we lived together like brothers; and this made hard service and privations often less felt than they otherwise would have been.

General Thiebaud who replaced general Darmignac at Burgos, as governor of the province of Old Castile, told us that he owed his first rank in the army to an irish man, general Morin, who chose him from amongst the volunteers to be a captain. Commandant Fitzhenry soon became on the best terms with general Thiebaud, and he and his battalion being continually employed in the most active manner in the different expeditions through the province, the general thereby had a better opportunity of appreciating the way it served, and it was well known that he made the most favourable reports to the minister of war on the subject. But the battalion had to leave him in the beginning of may. It was ordered to Leon to make part of the army commanded by general Kellerman and assembled there to march and attack the marquis de Romana in the Asturias. On the 18th of may 1809 commandant Fitzhenry's battalion marched at the head of general Charlot's brigade, from Leon, making the vanguard of the army to Oviedo, meeting great obstacles on the way, as every passage and defile was bravely defended by the spanish army. From Oviedo, Fitzhenry was ordered to Gijon on the coast, and from this town into the highest mountains of the Asturias, where his battalion suffered much from want of provisions, and cold and damp, though in june. A spanish division five times our number, was for several days on our flank, but did not venture to wait and meet us, though we were alone. However we at length perceived a french

brigade coming to join us, and then the spanish army vanished, and dispersed themselves as was their custom at such a crisis. The marquis of Romana escaped, and the expedition terminated. Fitzhenry got orders to return with his battalion to Burgos, where he was complimented by general Thiebaud, who told him, that « in « consequence of the brilliant manner your battalion « serves, the emperor has decreed the first irish regi- « ment of the legion, composed of four war battalions « and a depot. » The first with the eagle at Flushing, still commanded by Petersely ; the second by Fitzhenry, then at Burgos ; the third at Landau on the Rhine, Mahony chef de bataillon ; the fourth nearly organized at the depot receiving daily irish recruits by hundreds from the depots of the english prisoners.

Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who was just returned from Burgos where he was commandant of the place, was sent to Landau, to take the command of the irish regiment, a most injudicious appointment, as will be seen. General Thiebaud could not help saying how unfit O'Meara was, for many reasons. First he was then advanced in years, and knew nothing about commanding, having only served on the staff ; besides, he was prone to the glass. His brother William O'Meara being married to the sister of the duchess of Feltre was no doubt a great means of getting on colonel Daniel with the generals under whose orders he might be, as the Duke of Feltre was then war minister and all powerful. But the appoint-

ment of John Mahony to be chief of the third battalion displeased us still more; he had emigrated and taken service in England; made the campaign in Egypt against the french army there; at the peace of Amiens in 1802 he sold his commission of captain in the british service and with this money came to Paris, where he had great success at the gaming tables, for many years, never caring about military affairs, till 1809, when his luck changed and he lost all. He then applied to general Clark the duke of Feltre, minister of war, to obtain a commission in the army; unfortunately he got it for our regiment. It was too bad indeed, to see such irish patriots as William Lawless, Thomas Markey, John Tennant, Paul Murray, P. Brangan, etc., serving as captains in the battalion commanded by this adventurer.

As the end of june 1809 when we reached Burgos, we found that the spanish bands of guerrillas, as they were called, had become most formidable, so that Fitzhenry and his battalion were constantly employed marching against there irregular spanish troops; which furnished him new occasions to shew his fitness to command, and general Thiebaud availing himself of it, frequently gave important commands to Fitzhenry, both of horse and foot, and as senior officer, he commanded the french troops that accompanied us in our different expeditions satisfactorily.

Returning to Burgos at the end of August 1809, after one of these expeditions in the mountains, we heard of

the siege of Flushing, where the first battalion of the irish regiment brilliantly commanded by William Lawless was greatly distinguished and spoken of. But unfortunately the greater part of the officers and men were either killed or wounded, and from the reports, it was feared that commandant Lawless was killed in the last sortie made against the English before the town was taken. We could learn no details about our friends and comrades but we were grieved to think how many had fallen, and that those who escaped death on the field of battle, were prisoners of war with their cruel enemy.

General Solignac being named governor of old Castile, instead of general Thiebaud, Fitzhenry's battalion was in consequence more actively employed ; for the new governor had received positive instructions to finish the guerrilla war in his province , and for this he was receiving reinforcements daily. — In January 1810, the third irish battalion arrived from France at Burgos, commanded by J. Mahony chef de bataillon.

Commandant Fitzhenry as senior took the command of the two battalions united, until the arrival of colonel Daniel O'Meara who was expected from France.

Marshal Masséna's army composed of three corps was ordered to Spain. The 2d corps was commanded by general Regnier; the 6th corps by marschal Ney ; the 8th corps by general Junot duke of Abrantes. This splendid

corps had three divisions; the first commanded by lieutenant-general Clausel; the 2d by general Solignac, and the third by lieutenant general Lagrange. — The irish regiment commanded by Fitzhenry, was of the 2d division, and of general Thomier's brigade. The duke of Abrantes' head quarters were at Valladolid. General Solignac's division was assembled at Rio Seco.

The 1st of march 1810, the irish regiment left Burgos to join its division at Rio Seco, where colonel Daniel O'Meara arrived from France, and took the command of his regiment which had been commanded by commandant Fitzhenry in his absence.

The duke of Abrantes was ordered to march with his three divisions and make the siege of Astorga. The first, general Clausel's, was at the advance posts; the second, division, general Solignac's, opened the trenches on the first of april; and the irish regiment was day and night on service in those trenches till the town was taken on the 21st of april 1810. Fitzhenry and his battalion had the honours of this memorable siege, for, independent of captain Allen's brilliant conduct, which nothing could surpass, he mounting the breach under the tremendous fire of thousands of the enemy, and getting into the town and taking possession of a house under the rampart, which he defended all night, commandant Fitzhenry at the head of his battalion passed the night at the foot of the breach, ready to mount it at day light, and he had his captain adjutant major Perry wounded, and his

adjutant Granget had his right, arm shot off. Indeed the general in chief Junot, could easily appreciate the brilliant services he might expect from Fitzhenry's battalion, after what he himself had witnessed that day in the trenches before Astorga, and he was quite delighted when the captain of the grenadiers Hugh Ware, came to him and claimed his right to mount the breach the « first ». The duke mildly replied, « dont I command ? « the arrangement and service is ordered, but be quiet, « you must soon have your turn. » Ware walked away on getting this answer, when the duke exclaimed, « we « are not in the habit of receiving many reclamations of « that » kind, and what a daring fine looking officer he « is! » — General Solignac replied, « I know him well « and I have « apostiled » a demand to the minister for « his advancement ; but he must wait until there is a « place vacant in his own regiment, as he cannot pass « into the french regiments with promotion. » General Thomier also spoke to the duke of Abrantes of Fitzhenry and his battalion, in the handsomest manner.

In may 1810 when the duke of Abrantes was marching with his army from Astorga to Toro and Salamanca, he assumed to himself the responsibility of taking the command of the irish regiment from colonel Daniel O'Meara and giving this command to commandant Fitzhenry, who he saw was capable of conducting the regiment, and he ordered colonel O'Meara to be placed on general Solignac's staff until the minister of war employed him otherwise,

The chief of the third battalion, commandant Mahony, being on the worst terms with his officers, they were assembled and in presence of the generals Solignac and Thomier, who heard their complaints and commandant Mahony's justification of himself, it was decided that he should be placed on the general in chief's staff, and the command of his battalion confided to captain Allen, whose brevet was hourly expected, as it would no doubt be the first promotion granted for the siege of Astorga, where Allen in presence of all the generals displayed that heroic bravery for which he received the applause of the whole army. Commandant Fitzhenry being appointed to the command of the regiment by the duke of Abrantes, who enjoyed such great influence with the emperor Napoleon hoped that ere long his brevet of colonel would be granted. General Thomier assured Fitzhenry that the duke was resolved to obtain it, even in spite of any obstacle thrown in the way by the duke of Feltre, who was not pleased that his two protégés O'Meara and Mahony were put aside. Under these circumstances Fitzhenry was the more anxious to prove how capable he was of commanding the regiment, which was successively employed at marshal Massena's head quarters at Salamanca, and in june and july 1810 at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, where captain Ware, who commanded a battalion d'élite, received his brevet of chef de bataillon for the fourth battalion at Landau. — After the town of Ciudad Rodrigo was taken, commandant Fitzhenry and the two irish

battalions were united at « Ledesma, » the head quarters of the duke of Abrantes, and from thence marched to make part of the camp formed at Saint-Felix-le-Grand of the 8th corps; and from the camp of Saint-Felix-le-Grand, Fitzhenry and the irish regiment was ordered to the siege of Almeida and was employed in the trenches the night the town was blown up in august 1810, and then into Portugal and at the battle of Busaco in september; and the day after the battle, the irish regiment made the vanguard in pursuit of the english army, to Coimbra, and Torres Vedras and until this army was completely driven behind its line of defence before Lisbon; and then it remained at bivouack at the advanced posts before Torres Vedras with general Thomier's brigade, and this brave general never failed to report the distinguished way the irish regiment was serving in this painful campaign, where privations of every kind were so severely experienced. In january 1811 the regiment was ordered to Torres Novas, the head quarters of the general in chief marshal Massena, and strange to say, the poor soldiers were worse off here for provisions than at the advanced posts. Scarcely a distribution of Indian corn could be made; as to meat, that was out of the question.

In february 1811 the regiment were ordered to send a « cadre » (or frame) of a battalion, that is, the serjeants major, serjeants, corporals and drummers to their respective depots in France, and the private soldiers were

incorporated in the war battalions remaining in campaign.

Captain Parrott was named to conduct the « cadre » of the third battalion of the irish regiment to its depot at Landau, where it was to be completed forthwith.

The first of march 1811 the 8th corps attacked the english advanced posts and the duke of Abrantes was wounded on this occasion.

The 6th of march the divisions Clausel and Solignac, united at Torres Novas, and in the night commenced that memorable retreat, which lasted a month, for we only crossed the frontier into Spain on the 5th of april 1811, and during all this time, general Thomier never quit our battalion, sharing in our dangers and privations like a true soldier as he was, sleeping at our bivouack in preference to going any distance to seek a house. General Thomier had a real friendship for commandant Fitzhenry, and he frequently told marshal Ney, who commanded the rear guard of the french army during this retreat, how well the irish battalion commanded by Fitzhenry, was serving : indeed the marshal himself could soon judge, for he often gave us direct orders which he saw were promptly executed to his satisfaction. The battalion in spite of the misery from want of provisions, still mustered one of the strongest of the army; arriving in Spain the 5th of april 1811, when all our men who had been away « marauding, » or seeking something to eat, to

keep themselves alive, rejoined the battalion, we had nearly seven hundred men present under arms.

On the 6th of april in the night, commandant Fitzhenry got orders to make a reconnaissance before day, of the english advanced posts, with his battalion and a company of french cavalry. After he discovered the english line in the morning, he returned to the camp, when he received thanks from the general for the judicious way he commanded this expedition. — It was the last he ever performed.

On the 8th of april 1811 the regiments going to their cantonments in the province of Salamanca, Toro, etc., got rations of biscuit. Passing neer the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, Fitzhenry got rations for his battalion also, when we continued our march with the division on the road to Salamanca.

After marching two leagues, an orderly brought commandant Fitzhenry an order to return with his battalion to reinforce the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo. He desired captain O'Mally, the senior officer, to return with the battalion whilst he himself rode on to the head of the column to speak with the general, from whom he got permission to pass some days at Salamanca : it was the last time he was seen by his battalion, for after remaining ten days at Salamanca, he was ordered to return to his battalion at Ciudad Rodrigo.

On the 19th of april 1811, he set out escorted by seventy men of the regiment, leaving the hospitals convalescent; on the 22d of april 1811, commandant Fitzhenry and his little detachment marching from Ledesma to Ciudad Rodrigo, were attacked by the spanish chief don Julian, who was at the head of a thousand horse and foot. — Fitzhenry and his men were made prisoners of war.

The wife of one of the soldiers escaped in the night and brought this sad news to Ciudad Rodrigo, where the irish battalion was in garrison, and it is only justice to Fitzhenry's memory to say, that both officers and men were much grieved at his misfortune; they always esteemed him as a chief who knew well how to command his battalion, and the regiment, when the battalions were united.

Marshal Marmont having heard that Fitzhenry was seen at the duke of Wellington's head quarters, wearing his sword and at perfect liberty, preparing to return to Ireland, ordered a council of war, or court martial, to have him tried by « contumacy. » The summer passed however in making enquiries, and it was only on the 2d of december 1811, that the court martial assembled in a village four leagues from Placencia in Estremadura; it was presided by the colonel of the 17th regiment léger, the six others officers were from the 22d and 65th regiments of the line. Four members of the seven voted he

country, and he trusted it would be more successful than the one under Hoche; but alas! he again was disappointed, and fell a victim to the great zeal and courage which he displayed on this last occasion. Ireland should ever be proud of him and do honour to his memory.

Thomas Burgess embarked in that expedition to Ireland; not being in the same ship with Wolfe Tone, he escaped back to France. He had a still more fortunate escape at Hamburg on the 24th of november 1798, for he sailed in the same expedition and vessel with general Napper Tandy, and came with him to Hamburg after it had failed. Not being in the hotel at the time Tandy, Morris, Blackwell and Corbet were arrested and imprisoned, Burgess escaped with the other irish exiles remaining there, to Altona in Denmark, where the public authorities were not base enough to listen to the english agents there.

When Burgess returned to Paris, having a taste for the fine arts, he betook himself to painting, and studied under the auspices of the celebrated painter « David; » after very assiduous application, he became a connoisseur, so much so, that despairing of success, he abandoned the pursuit. He got over from Ireland his younger brother John, whom he got placed in the military college of the Prytanée of Paris, where he studied, until he got his commission as a sub-lieutenant in the irish legion at its formation in 1803.

Thomas Burgess knew music, played on the harp, guitar and violin. He lived beyond measure frugally, in order, he said, to be able to assist his nieces, his brother John's daughters, in London. On his death in 1848, he left all he possessed, three or four thousand pounds to his nieces. — Arthur Barker and William Hampden Lawless were the executors. The latter had a good deal of trouble, but finally succeeded in having the business arranged to the satisfaction of the misses Burgess.

Poor Thomas Burgess had in reality a generous temper and was of an obliging disposition towards his friends, but without meaning any harm, he caused often serious differences between them, forgetting that a private conversation should not be repeated, except when authorized by the person with whom it has been held.

In 1803 I met one day at the London coffee house in the rue Jacob, William Putnam Mac Cabe, the well known active organizer of the united irish system, and the great confident of lord Edward Fitzgerald. He seemed desirous to know how I had made my escape from Dublin; when I told him I had an American passport, he asked me to lend it him for a few days and that he would return it to me safely. — I did give it him, but could not get it from him, until I sent my friend Hugh Ware to wait on him, to whom he gave it instantly, making some

silly excuse for having kept it so long, as, that he did not suppose I could ever want it, now that I had my commission as a french officer. — I could perceive that the mass of the irish exiles then in Paris, were astonished at the great facility with which Putnam Mac Cabe could so frequently pass over to England and Ireland, and return to France in the time of war. In one of his voyages, he brought over young John Burgess, to be placed in college at Paris; and in another part of my narrative, I have mentioned having met Putnam Mac Cabe at Antwerp in 1807. He then had two ladies with him, whom he brought from Dublin, Mrs Berthemy, sister to the celebrated Henry Flood, and her daughter. Our regiment being then in garrison there, we invited these ladies and Mac Cabe to dine with us at the hotel du Lion-d'Or, where we had our mess table. — Mac Cabe shewed us a beautiful rich case of pistols, he was bringing, he said, to offer as a present to his friend general Arthur O'Connor. This was the last time I ever saw Mac Cabe ; though we were both residing at Paris in 1820, and that I often heard of him from one of my comrades, captain Mac Guire, who was in the habit of visiting him : still it so happened, we never met. The truth is, I did not want to renew his acquaintance : I had heard so many contradictory versions about his different escapes in Ireland, that I had my doubts about the disinterestedness of his patriotism. On his death in january 1821, captain Mac Guire wrote to Mr Nesbet who was then at Bordeaux that

Putnam Mac Cabe had named him one of his executors. Some short time after, Mac Guire told me that Nesbet and Mac Cabe's daughter were married.

Much indeed has been said on the failure of Mac Cabe's cotton spinning speculations at the town of Rouen, by some of the persons who were engaged with him in the enterprise, MM. Glashan, J. Smith and others; but for my own part, I never could clearly understand whose fault it was that the manufactory did not succeed : one thing is certain, that that worthy irish patriot Philip Long lost a good deal of money in the concern.

Of Putnam Mac Cabe's money transactions and the mortgage he had on general Arthur O'Connor's estate in Ireland, I only learned by the lawsuit in the court of justice at Orleans, which took place after the restoration of the Bourbons in France, and which was published at the time in the newspapers of the day. That general O'Connor had to use his influence with the duke of Feltre, to keep Mac Cabe out of the difficulties resulting from his too frequent excursions to the other side of the Channel during the war between France and England, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Of the many fine fellows who had to escape from Ireland after general Humbert's capitulation there in august 1798 and whom I met at Paris, counsellor James Joseph

Mac Donald was one of the most distinguished. They were all no doubt equally brave and zealous in their country's cause, but he seemed to possess the talents, acquirements and energy necessary to become a great leader : he was handsome and well informed, and he spoke the french language fluently. — General Humbert at once appointed Mac Donald to be one of his generals, to command the irish forces flocking to join his standard when he landed on the irish coast, and to have them armed and organized forthwith in the best way possible, under the urgent exigency of the moment; and Humbert in his report to the Directory, said, that if he had had a sufficient force to have made a longer stand in the country, that Mac Donald would have been invaluable to him, that he was enterprising and quite equal to the difficult task he was entrusted with. — At the formation of the irish legion in 1803, counsellor Mac Donald was greatly disappointed and vexed to find that he was to be only a captain in the legion; he expected at least to be named a field officer, if not a general, the rank which he had held with Humbert in Ireland; he therefore refused to take his commission of captain, and did not join with us the french army at Brest, which was destined for Ireland. As none but men holding commissions or enrolled in the service of the irish legion were to be allowed to make part of the expedition, lest the discipline might suffer, it was prohibited to volunteers, not enrolled, to embark, and Mac Donald on learning these regulations and after

remaining a month or two at Paris, took his brevet of captain and came and joined the legion in the neighbourhood of Brest; but in consequence of an altercation he had with adjutant general Mac Sheehy, who was then commanding the legion, he resigned his commission and went to reside at Cadix in Spain, where several of his relations had been settled in commerce. His first cousin James Mac Donald, a fine spirited young man, who escaped with him, died a short time before I reached Paris, much regretted by all the refugees.

Captain John Murphy commanding a trading vessel, happened to be in the bay of Killalo when general Humbert effected his landing on the irish coast in 1798. The french general wished to send off a despatch to inform his government of the happy event, and Murphy being a true irish patriot, immediately volunteered to be the bearer of it, which delighted Humbert, for he feared that a french ship would have little chance of escaping the english cruisers. The brave Murphy undertook this perilous task to serve and redeem his beloved native land, well aware that he sailed with a rope about his neck; for had he been taken with french despatches he would have been hanged forthwith at the mast head. But no seafaring man then living knew better than Murphy the irish coast, the english Channel, and the french Harbours, and every corner and bay where a vessel could approach the french shore, he being much engaged in the smuggling

line; he therefore escaped and reached the french shore in the shortest time that ever a passage was performed. On landing Murphy instantly posted to Paris to present general Humbert's despatches to the french government, and the reception he met with was gracious, and flattering indeed to an irish heart. The Directory instantly presented him with pistols of honour. These and sabres were then offered to the brave men who distinguished themselves in the service of their country, as the decoration of the Legion of honour is now accorded for similar brilliant actions, and services rendered to the state. — Captain Murphy was then put at the disposition of the minister of the marine, who had him carried on the Navy « contrôle » or list of the officers of the french Navy, and at a later period, the First Consul named him « Grand Pilot » to the french fleet at Brest, with the rank of captain of a frigate, equivalent to lieutenant-colonel in the army. Murphy enjoyed the pay and emoluments of this rank 'till the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, when he was put « en retraite, » with a miserable pension of eight hundred francs a year,

With his means of living thus reduced, and having his wife and six children in Ireland, to whom he had to send regular support, poor Murphy had to apply to rich merchants at Nantes for employment. The merchants knowing his skill and experience as a navigator gave him the command of a fine ship, with which he made many successful voyages, to different parts of the world; particu-

larly to the coast of Patagonia, in South America, where the sea elephant fishery proved very profitable to his employers. In 1823 he was returning to Europe with a large cargo of fish, oil, etc., etc., when the crew of his vessel mutinied, and seized him, his second in command, and the mate of the vessel. All three were locked down, and chained, and treated in the most cruel manner. The sailors were tempted to this act having heard at sea that Spain and France were at war; they thought they could run the ship into a spanish sea-port town and there sell her and the cargo with safety; but after fifteen day's vain efforts to reach the spanish coast, they became so terrified at their perilous situation, that they brought the mate of the vessel on deck, and told him, if he steered them safely into a spanish sea-port, he should get the greatest part of the prize money, when the ship and cargo was sold, and that if he did not consent, they would kill him instantly, and then ask the second in command to comply with their request. The poor mate told them at once he was ready to follow their orders, and after sailing and tacking about for two days more, one fine night the mate told these ignorant ruffians, that they were then on the spanish coast, and that to escape the french cruizers he would steer the ship into the bay they saw before them, where they could pass the night without risk, by putting up spanish colours. Next morning at day light, their vessel was boarded by a french sloop of war in the Bay of Douarnenez, four leagues from Quimper, department of

Finisterre in France and not in Spain. — Captain Murphy was then unchained, and he resumed the command of the ship. The sailors were all arrested and sent off to Brest, where they were tried and condemned to imprisonment and the galleys, etc. I met Murphy at Paris, after this misadventure, and he was still looking stout and well, but not what he was when I first saw him in 1803. He was then quite a splendid man, more than six feet two inches in height, athletic and well proportioned and about fifty years of age. He was considered one of the best racket players that could be met with. He was simple and unassuming, and always generous and friendly to his countrymen. — Being in garrison at Nantes with my regiment the 56th of the line, in 1835, I saw poor Murphy there for the last time, quite broken down, and like his countryman Hamilton Rowan, who had been very tall, become low in stature before he died. — They were however, more than eighty years of age before this change took place. Murphy's family lived near Rush, and some members of it in the county of Meath.

It would seem that the refugees of every nation, in their misfortunes, away from their homes, are apt to have their disputes and disagreements on politics; it is not wonderful then that the irish exiles had theirs. Captain Murphy kept free of parties as much as he could, and he enjoyed, I may say without exception, the esteem of all his countrymen in France. Indeed he was looked up to as a kind of oracle through whom good tidings would be

announced. I cannot forget how we used to say, that it augured well for us, when Murphy was sent for by the minister of the marine, and that he passed the day at the hotel of the admiralty, place de la Concorde, with the french admirals in council, who were appointed to command the Brest fleet.

I also recollect, that in 1804, when our regiment was in garrison at Lesneven, five leagues from Brest, with what glee four or five of us would set out on horseback, to dine with the worthy captain Murphy at Brest, and return the same evening, after we had visited those beautiful ships of the line, 25 in number, with transport vessels, sufficient to embark the three divisions of Augereau's corps of army, just returned from the spanish frontier, and now destined for Ireland. In short, captain Murphy was a favourite with all the irish officers, and much considered by the french Navy.

Mr John Gibbons a wealthy gentleman of the county of Mayo, and upwards of seventy years of age, had to fly from his home, altho' he took no part in the general rising of the people to aid the french on their landing. His son Ned, being taken prisoner after general Humbert's capitulation, was condemned to be hung, and the rope was about his neck, when some humane person interfering, his sentence was commuted, and he was transported to Botany Bay for life. But the father after hiding in the mountains for some time, and learning that all his pro-

perty had been plundered and destroyed, escaped to Paris, and at the formation of the irish legion in 1803, being told it would be necessary to hold some rank in order to be allowed to embark in the expedition for Ireland, replied, that he was ready to accept that of corporal sooner than remain behind.

He got a commission of lieutenant, but poor man, he did not long enjoy his military life, for he died at Antwerp in 1807. He had however the great satisfaction of seeing his son Ned before he died, the latter having escaped from Botany Bay, and got his brevet as a sous-lieutenant in the legion. — This young man could never forget the shock he got at the foot of the gallows in Ireland.

He fought bravely at Flushing in 1809, in the irish battalion, commanded by colonel Lawless; the latter being badly wounded there, could not tell whether Ned Gibbons was killed or made prisoner by the english troops when they entered Flushing. Nor did the council of administration of the irish regiment in France, ever hear what had become of two very distinguished officers, lieutenants Gilmor and Eagar. They were with colonel Lawless when he was wounded, and if they escaped, they could have returned to France after the restoration, and have received their pay up to 1814, for five years, which was due to them, and which was paid to captain Mac Mahon and others who were taken at Flushing. They were then at liberty to quit, if it suited them.

Austin O'Mally was another of the brave Connaught exiles whom I met in 1803 at Paris, and from what I saw of him in the campaigns we made together afterwards, he must indeed have rendered great service to the french in 1798, at the battle of Castlebar, by marching at the head of his fellow countrymen who joined general Humbert; for he feared no danger, and fighting seemed to him a pastime, and without being bad tempered or quarrelsome captain O'Mally was very often engaged in duels, and always got out of them honourably. — In one he had at Carraix in 1804 with the adjutant major whom he wounded, this officer being a friend of general Mac Sheehy's the latter through spite, sent O'Mally as a prisoner to the chateau of Brest for fifteen days; a most unjust punishment, for his antagonist was in fault. Captain Hugh Ware (afterwards colonel) was O'Mally's second and captain William O'Meara (afterwards general), was second to the adjutant major. Those brave and honourable seconds shewed fair play, but they could not prevent the duel.

The battalion to which captain O'Mally belonged, being in garrison at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1812, he was sent from thence with his company to one of the dutch Islands on that coast, where he married the daughter of a french officer who commanded the place. Whether the great difference of the spanish climate, from which country he had just arrived, and where he had spent nearly five years, from that of Holland, contributed to his misfortune, losing his sight completely, could not be well

ascertained; but probably, the sudden transition from heat to damp and cold might have accelerated poor O'Mally's blindness. — Like a true hero, he now shewed more courage than ever. He bore up with his cruel situation, with the fortitude becoming a soldier and an irish patriot, and only lamented that he could no more hope to be useful to his dear native land. He was still cheerful, and his conversation more agreeable than before he became blind.

Captain O'Mally had two sons, and he obtained for the eldest, when he was nine years of age, a bourse at the military college of La Flêche, and from thence he was sent to the military college of Saint-Cyr, to complete his studies; and poor captain O'Mally had the satisfaction of seeing him named officer in 1835, with the rank of sous-lieutenant in the 15th leger regiment then in Africa. — Young O'Mally soon distinguished himself there; he studied and learnt the arabic language quickly, and for that was employed in every expedition which took place in the district. Often in the most perilous situations, young O'Mally rendered the most important service to his division, by his bravery and knowledge of the arabic; consequently he got very rapid promotion from rank to rank, and having been promoted to that of lieutenant-colonel in a regiment just as it received orders for the East, when the russian war broke out, he had a wider field to shew his military skill, and before Sebastopol was taken, he was promoted to the rank of full colonel and got the command of the 73d regiment.

One of the bad effects in Ireland, and one of the many grievances produced by the protestant ascendency was, that which forced the young catholic clergy to go to France and other foreign countries to finish their studies to render them fit for the situation of priests in their native country. This was seen in 1798. — Could it be expected that young men educated in France, would not sympathize with all their heart and soul with a french army landing on the coast to drive their tyrants and task masters from the land? It would have been unnatural if they did not. — Father Gannan was one of those who studied in France, and immediately on the french landing in Ireland, he came and offered his services to general Humbert, who at once appointed him his « fournisseur général, » or furnisher of provisions. In this situation Father Gannan was not only useful to the French, but he rendered the greatest service to the inhabitants of the country, wherever the army passed; and as he spoke french fluently, he soon became a great favorite with the french officers; his appearance commanded respect, as he was tall and handsome with dignified, agreeable manners. — As general Humbert when he capitulated to lord Cornwallis, could obtain no terms for the irish who joined him, Father Gannan had to suffer great misery, hiding in the Cunnamara mountains, before he could escape. He at length got away in a vessel bound for Lisbon, from which town he wrote at once to the french ambassador at Madrid, Lucien Buonaparte, who invited him kindly

to come and spend some time in the spanish capital; after remaining there a short while, he proceeded to Paris, where he got the best reception. — When I first made his acquaintance at Paris in 1803, he was parish priest of a village near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and I recollect walking out to see him along with J. Fitzhenry, one morning, and we spent two very agreeable days there. We were invited to take tea at Mr Thomas Addis Emmett's; he lived in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Emmett told me how glad she always was to see Father Gannan coming to the house, for her husband's spirits were always cheered by his visits and conversation, as he was never desponding about Ireland.

After the first restoration of the Bourbons, Father Gannan got a better parish near Tours, and on account of the great number of irish catholics who took up their residence there, he found it agreeable enough; but after the hundred days and the second restoration, he, like others of his country was made to feel the effects of those sudden changes.

A law having passed appointing almoners to every regiment in the army, Father Gannan obtained his commission as almoner at Lille; in this situation, half clerical, half military, he finished honourably his long career; but he was ever regretting his « sweet home. »

I met also at Paris in 1803, another of those irishmen who had to come abroad and beg his way, in order to complete his education. He openly declared, that he owed

no kind of allegiance to an English unmerciful, bigotted monarch, who kept his country in bondage.

Captain O'Kean had taken orders in France, but when he saw all the european tyrants declare war against the liberties of that nation, he at once volunteered to serve his adopted country as a soldier. He soon distinguished himself on the field of battle and was raised to the rank of captain; which rank he held in general Humbert's little army, landing from the bay of Killalo on the irish coast on the 22d of august 1798. At the battle of Castlebar O'Kean was highly complimented for his undaunted bravery and exertions, by the french general in chief Humbert. He knowing well that part of Ireland, and speaking equally fluently, english, french and irish, rendered the greatest service on many occasions, where had it not been for his humane exertions, many would have suffered severely, and although all this was averred and attested by the protestant Bishop of Killalo, still poor O'Kean narrowly escaped being put to death after Humbert had capitulated, like Tone's brother and others.

A detailed account of this expedition, from its sailing from the French coast, with general Humbert's final surrender, the manner in which the french prisoners were treated on their way to prison, their exchange and return to France, etc., was written by captain O'Kean. He being ordered to rejoin his regiment, the 65th of the line, gave his manuscript to doctor Mac Neven, who promised to

Colonel Harvey de Montmorency Morris had no need of any appendage to his name, he was brave and honourable and much liked by his countrymen in France.

Having experienced much kind hospitality from my friends at Paris in march 1812, before starting for Bois-le-Duc in Holland, I had a few of them to dine with me, such as Harvey Morris, John Devereux, Thomas Markey, captain O'Meally and Luke Lawless. The latter was nephew to colonel Lawless and brother to « honest Jack Lawless, » as O'Connell used to call him, when in good humour. — Luke Lawless was then a lieutenant on the staff of the duke of Feltre, minister of war. He was handsome, and had a distinguished air, speaking and writing french quite like a french man, and well fitted to be a staff officer. The duke seemed greatly pleased with him, and soon after promoted him to the rank of captain. — At the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 the duke of Feltre not making part of the ministry then, captain Lawless was sent to the irish regiment, in which he was placed as one of the captains.

After the hundred days, in september 1815 the irish regiment was disbanded and all the officers who composed it, were put on half pay; a general measure which was applied also to the french army that had retired behind the Loire. The french officers were ordered to go to their respective homes and to reside there, with their

families, where they could be more easily watched by the police agents. The irish officers having no homes to go to in France, were told to choose towns in certain parts of France. — Captain Luke Lawless made choice of one, and a few days after he arrived there, he received an order from the minister of war, « the duke of Feltre, » to quit that town in twenty four hours, and France in fifteen days. His uncle general Lawless remonstrated with the minister, saying, that his nephew who had been two years on his excellency's staff, should be well known to him as a man of honour, and could not have merited such treatment, etc., etc. But all to no avail ; captain Lawless's crime was, that he did not go to Ghent when he knew that the duke of Feltre was there, and that he despised those mean fellows who deserted and joined the enemies of France at Waterloo, and were not ashamed to boast of their cowardly treason ; and not having the courage to meet Lawless in the field, when he told them the great contempt with which all honourable officers must regard their conduct, they wrote all kinds of falsehoods against him to the minister of war, as they did of several of his comrades. His case was one of the many instances of injustice and persecution occurring every day to the brave officers of the french army during that cruel period of Bourbon re ac ion.

Fortunately for captain Luke Lawless, he had been bred to the law, was a councillor in Ireland before he became a french officer, and he soon distinguished him-

self at the American Bar, where he was raised to the rank of judge at Saint-Louis.

I met at Mr Thomas Addis Emmett's house in 1803 a Cork gentleman, a Mr Beamish, and all the refugees from his county spoke of him in the highest terms, as a generous, good patriot.

I felt assured that the irish I saw at Paris then, were patriots, otherwise they would have been sent to Verdun as english subjects.

Some irish however, preferred the appellation of english subject to that of irish patriot, from interested motives. Amongst them, Mr John Masterson who had served in one of the irish brigades before the revolution; he had property in the West Indies by his wife. He obtained leave from the french government to reside with his family at Brussells instead of Verdun.

Mr Cramer, one of the best irishmen I ever knew, was detained at Verdun a prisoner, as a british subject: but when his enlightened and patriotic principles were made known to the french authorities at Verdun, he was allowed to travel through France as he pleased. He ultimately settled at Tours, where he married a french young lady, a mademoiselle Fereau.

Major Burke had been an officer in the irish brigade and emigrated and took service in England. Being in

France when the hostilities began in 1803, he was sent to Verdun, where he remained till the peace of 1814; he came after that to Paris, his promotion going on as if in active service, until he got the rank of major general in the english army.

These gentlemen all wished to see their native country prosperous, taking however different views of what might be thought necessary to make the people there happy, and the inferences which might be drawn from the contrast, of their opinions, are not a little curious Mr Masterson, a strict roman catholic, having spent some time at Rome and in Italy, was of opinion that if the irish catholics had the free exercise of their religion, as he had seen it practiced in Italy, they ought to be satisfied. – His brother Edward, who was then a captain in the irish legion, took a similar view of the question of Ireland at that period.

Mr Burke was a catholic and one of his sisters was nun at Brest : another was a partner with miss Ryan : the great ladies school in the rue du Harley, boulevard Saint-Antoine at Paris. Mr Burke's principles might be called those of a tory; however he thought that catholics ought to sit in the House of Lords, and obtain the highest rank in the british army. With these concessions, he thought the catholics should rest satisfied. Mr Burke was a highly honourable man, and as to his bravery, it was well known to the english prisoners at Verdun, that when never a duel was going to take place there. the second

would previously consult colonel Burke before going to the ground, to have his opinion how the matter might be settled. — When his sister died at miss Ryan's in 1821, he was ill of the gout, and he was very grateful to colonel Montmorency and me for attending her funeral and calling to let him know about the melancholy ceremony.

Mr Cramer was of a highly respectable protestant family in Ireland and possessed a good estate there. No one felt more indignant than he did at the unjust and cruel treatment the poor irish endured from their landlords and task masters. He despaired of ever seeing their situation bettered under the english yoke. As to expect redress from a parliament sitting at Dublin, he thought that a farce; witness the continual struggles and efforts of the greatest statesmen from 1782 to 1800, to maintain the little liberty gained, by the necessity of contenting the people in the event of a foreign invasion. That danger over, all hopes of emancipation vanished like smoke; therefore, Mr Cramer wished for a complete separation, and independence of british rule; and he entertained the most sanguine hopes that those blessings would be, one day or other, easily acquired, as he considered the getting rid of the english garrison in Ireland quite a secondary matter, because the Irish would have it in their power to rise « en masse » and disarm any foreign troops in the country. — As to the natives continuing to kill one another on account of religion, he trusted that mania would cease, if once a good government were established; and

it was for its consolidation in the first instance that he feared difficulties might occur, from the want of union between the chiefs and leaders of the people. « A propos » of his anxiety on this subject, he often spoke to me of the bad feeling and misunderstanding which existed between Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmett. Indeed, in every thing regarding Ireland, Mr Cramer's feelings were pure and disinterested and his views enlarged and enlightened. He thought it would become one of the happiest countries on the face of the globe, once independent, with a good government, and her plains well cultivated; considering her fine pasture lands, hills covered with verdure to their tops, so fit for sheep walks; and the many great rivers susceptible of being utilized in various ways. Her woollen manufactories, of which she had been so foully deprived, would be again restored; her linen and tabinets, both branches of trade superior in quality to what was to be found in other countries, etc. The waste lands once reclaimed, Ireland could furnish food and employment for more than twenty millions of people. — Nothing could retard the accomplishment of those blessings but strife amongst the chiefs, for power, in the commencement. To avoid that, Mr Cramer thought a dictator should be named : he was well aware however that it might not be an easy matter to find a person with the virtues and the abilities necessary for so important a situator, and to whom such a trust could be confided with safety to the people's welfare; for amongst the many dis-

tinguished irish patriots whom he knew, both at home and abroad, he seldom, or never met one of them that did not want some of the requisites for such an important part.

Mr Cramer being a resident at Tours, was well acquainted with the irish officers retired there after the Hundred days of 1815. — He was very intimate with general Lawless, and colonels Ware and Allen. Knowing they were friends and comrades of mine, he would often speak to me freely of their bravery and worth. — Lawless's talents, he would say, were of the highest order, and his general instruction equal to that of the first men and tried patriots which Ireland had produced. — Still John Allen was the man he thought, that had the head, the understanding and firmness proper to make him fit for exercising a temporary dictatorship : he knew Allen would reflect well before he gave his orders, but once given, they should be punctually executed.

Mr Cramer was well educated and well read; his political opinions and general Lawless's were alike, and they agreed also with regard to Allen's capacity and want of selfishness, and his fitness to fill a high situation without danger to the state.

They were both well acquainted with the celebrated greek scholar and french patriotic writer and martyr, Paul Louis Courrier, who lived near general Lawless's country house in the neighbourhood of Tours.

In 1825 Mr Cramer came to reside at Paris, rue Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain, with his wife and two daughters and a son, a little boy of four of five years of age and his only son. He had the sorrow to lose this poor child soon after their arrival in Paris, and being much cast down with this event, his wife tried to rouse and cheer him by having society at the house, often inviting his friends to dinner. At one of these parties, he said to me before dinner, « Byrne, you will meet one of my fellow prisoners of Verdun at dinner; he is highly honourable, but a tory; of course you will not agree with him on politics. » When I learned that it was colonel Burke he alluded to. I told him we were friends, and had been long acquainted; and that we had often spoke of him and the different doings at Verdun during the war, and that one day he said to me, « I believe that if Cramer had remain-« ed at Verdun, he would have converted me to his way « of thinking, at least about irish affairs. » Mr Cramer laughed and said colonel Burke understood a joke. As he was speaking, colonel Burke arrived, and Mrs Cramer telling him how we two had been speaking of him, — he said, « then you will tell me at dinner, all the good things « they said, » to which she readily consented, and a cheerful conversation was kept up.

Mr Cramer unhappily became very ill at Paris, being attacked with spitting of blood, which caused much uneasiness to his family and friends. — He however was

soon cured of this dangerous malady, by the good advice of a very able, young, irish physician, Daniel Halliday. — While Mr Cramer remained at Paris, under the skilful care and watchfulness of his friend doctor Halliday, he kept well; but going to travel, another attack of his complaint, at Florence, suddenly carried him off in 1827.

His widow feared she might have great difficulty about her children's property in Ireland, but her anxiety was soon relieved, by his brother's honourable and affectionate conduct. He immediately had her and the children put in possession of all Mr Cramer's property, according to his last will.

In the solitary walks I was accustomed to take in 1803, in the garden of the Luxembourg, I frequently met the last commander of Walsh's brigade « O'Neill; » he had the rank of general of brigade and was « en retraite; » he was a small man, rather handsome, with fine features, and nearly eighty years old Having been born and brought up in Ireland he spoke english. He had the reputation of being a just chief, though a severe disciplinarian, and a strict observer of military rules and honours. Though proud and haughty, as one of the descendants of the great O'Neill of the North, still he was much liked by his officers. Captain Barker, who served in Walsh's regiment, told me, they used to call their colonel « the monarch, » in their chat amongst themselves. His son was then (1803)

a captain in Walsh's regiment which took the number 47 in the french army. I met this young officer in 1804 at captain Barker's, when we were in garrison at Quimper; and there commenced my intimacy and friendship with colonel O'Neil, and which only ceased with his death at the end of july 1844. He was one of my best friends and comrades.

When colonel O'Neil was employed in the war office as chef de bureau, he was ever ready to oblige his father's countrymen; and it was to his influence alone that I owed the honour of being appointed on the expedition to Greece in 1828, on the staff of general Maison, who was commander in chief of the french army sent there to aid the unfortunate Greeks to shake off the cruel turkish yoke. I must say, that the heartfelt satisfaction I experienced on this occasion could only have been surpassed or equalled on being similarly employed in obtaining the freedom and independence of my own native land « Ireland. » — Though in the habit of meeting general O'Neill, I did not wait on him; it was very remiss of me indeed; also not having visited several other officers then in great favour with the minister of war Berthier; such as, the general of division Clark; the general of brigade Harty, adjutant general Dalton, etc., etc. It was the latter who accompanied me to the grand judge Regnier's Hotel in the place Vendôme the first day I arrived at Paris, when I met Thomas Addis Emmett and doctor Mac Neven. The second time I met Mr Dalton was

in Spain in 1808. Though he made the campaign of Egypt and was in great favour, he had to command a regiment before he could get promotion, according to Napoleon's new decree on the staff officers who got their advancement in the office of the war department without having commanded troops. — Colonel Dalton was at the head of the 59th regiment of the line coming from France to Spain, and I was a captain, commanding an escort conducting prisoners of war from Pampeluna to Bayonne.

Colonel Dalton was soon promoted to the rank of general of brigade, but he was only named lieutenant general in april 1821. He was born in France and did not speak english; he was exceedingly well mannered and about 25 years of age when I first saw him. He being on the minister's staff, could have been serviceable to me, had I waited on him. I did not like to intrude, or to pass for an intriguer; all I wanted was, to be certain, that I should be comprised in the first expedition sent to Ireland. I little imagined that I was doomed to witness the miseries of my unfortunate coun'ry augmenting daily, under the cruel english yoke.

After the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815 general count Dalton was named one of the inspectors general of the army, and member of the committee charged with the revision of the ordinance of the 1st of august 1791 on the exercise and manœuvres of the infantry. This revision

was only completed after the revolution of july 1830, and the new ordinance was published the 4th of march 1831 by the minister of war marshal Soult, which was found to be a great improvement on the old one, on account of its clearness, simplicity and precision in the manœuvres and the evolutions of an army in line, and it did great honour to general Dalton and his collegues of the committee.

When the reglement or ordinance on the manœuvres of the infantry came out in 1791, it was considered a vast progress on tactics also : and another irishman had the honour to be the editor of that work, which sufficed for the great armies of the republic and the empire. This was, general count O'Connell, and he received the thanks of the government for his editorship of the ordinance of 1791.

In 1832 lieutenant general count Dalton had the command of one of the divisions of the french army in Africa, that of « Algerie, » and in 1834 he was named a member of the committee or commission of the infantry and cavalry department at the war office; it may be seen by those different situations entrusted to general Dalton that he was in favour with Louis-Philip's government as well as with that of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He began his military career under the auspices of his worthy uncle colonel Shea, the faithful companion of general Hoche, on the unfortunate expedition to Ireland in de-

cember 1796. In the reign of Napoleon, colonel Shea was one of the senators and prefet of Strasbourg, department of the « Bas-Rhin. » At the Restoration he was named a peer of France by Louis XVIII. — When he had the misfortune to lose his only son, his nephew, general Dalton, not having children, and wishing to keep up the name of Shea, he adopted the son of the widow Dalton, wife to his other nephew, who had been a prefet under Napoleon. This young boy was called Dalton Shea, and his grand uncle bequeathed him with the title of count, the french peerage.

In 1830 young Dalton Shea, whilst waiting the age required to sit in the Chamber of peers at Paris, was making a tour in the east, and passing through Greece was taken ill. He had to quit his fellow travellers and remain at Navarino in Morée, to recover from his indisposition. He was convalescent and walking about, when the news of the revolution of july arrived. I can never forget that evening : we were a great number of officers taking refreshments in a large coffee house at Navarino, when a young man, about eighteen years of age came in, with an immense tri-coloured cockade in his hat. The captain adjutant of the place, Detroismonts, who was at the same table I was, seeing the three coloured cockade, said, « I must go for the guard and have that fellow arrested. » — « Why would you think of it? » I replied. « Are we not all anxiously waiting for the order to take it and which must come by the next mail? » — « I never will

wear it, » — « I never wore it » said Detroismont. Captain Revel of the « génie, » at the same moment in a pleasant tone said : « Mr Dalton Shea, I see that you anticipate on the pleasure we shall have to morrow. » Tot his Dalton Shea replied, pointing to the tricoloured cockade in his hat, « Gentlemen, this is the cockade that every true frenchman in France is wearing to day : you military men are not your own masters, you must wait orders. » On which there seemed general approbation through the coffee house. I could then see he was a great favourite with captain Revel, doctor de Foncelle and other officers of the garrison at Navarino. It was the only time I ever saw Mr Dalton Shea ; he sailed immediately to rejoin his travelling companions, at Smyrna or Constantiple before I could make his acquaintance. When he became of age, and sat in the Chamber of peers in the reign of Louis-Philip, he acted an honourable and independent part, and he did not avail himself, as he might have done, of the great influence his great uncle Shea always enjoyed with the Orleans family. — I mention these circumstances as Mr Dalton Shea was the nephew of lieutenant-general count Dalton, the first french officer I met when I arrived at Paris in 1803.

Adjutant general Mac Sheehy was sent from Ireland to be educated under the care of his uncle doctor Mac Sheehy; he, as well as a vast number of the irish students, offered his services to the french government, the

moment war began with England in 1793.— Mac Sheehy being young and active soon got the brevet of captain, and in 1798 he was employed in this rank on general Berthier's staff, in general Buonaparte's army to Egypt: he spoke both french and English well and wrote a fine legible hand, a good recommendation for a staff officer.

At the formation of the irish legion in 1803 the minister of war, general Berthier, appointed adjutant general Mac Sheehy, to organize it at Morlaix, where the irish officers, non commissioned officers, soldiers, etc., were assembling for the purpose. He began judiciously, to repair as much as he could, the great mistakes made at the war office and by the minister, in naming to inferior ranks, as lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, men who had the greatest claims on Ireland as patriots, such as William Barker, Hugh Ware, Dowdal and Allen, Val Derry, O'Mally, etc., whilst others were appointed captains, who scarcely had any claim to recommend them.

Mac Sheehy sent a list of the officers whom he thought were entitled to a higher rank, to the minister of war, and very soon after he received their commissions of captains, which he was ordered to deliver to those brave patriots Barker, Ware, etc.; lieutenant Thomas Markey not being comprised on the list of captains, wrote to general Augereau on the subject, with whom he was acquainted and he got his brevet of captain immediately. The omission of his name in the first list might be chance,

and Mac Sheehy wished it to be thought so, as he could have no interest, he said, in preventing Markey's advancement : in short, up to this period he had shewn the greatest desire to obtain for the well deserving irish patriots the rank they should hold in the legion destined to be completed in Ireland. The best french instructors were sent, by the orders of the First Consul, to the legion, to teach the officers the artillery exercise as well as the infantry manœuvres.

Every thing seemed going on well and the minister of war perfectly satisfied with the degree of instruction and progress reported to him of the legion, when, whether from envy and jealousy at seeing Arthur O'Connor raised to the rank of general of division, then the highest in the french army, without having passed through any of the inferior ranks, — or for other motives, we could not learn, but all at once adjutant general Mac Sheehy became any thing but an impartial chief.

He knew the captains Corbet were on the most intimate terms with general O'Connor, and that alone seemed to suffice for him to become their enemy, though before leaving Paris they were his bosom friends, and at Morlaix he named on arriving captain Thomas Corbet captain of the first class of the legion, and his brother William captain d'habillement, or of the cloathing, a very lucrative situation; especially in a regiment where every thing was to be furnished new, as in the irish legion.

The unfortunate duel between captain Sweeny and captain Thomas Corbet had the very worst effect for the officers, being considered a political one on the score of swearing allegiance to Napoleon, and Mac Sheehy was said to have been the cause of it, by telling Sweeny something that Corbet mentioned of him, in presence of the Mayor and french authorities at Carhaix in may 1804. — In short adjutant general Mac Sheehy shewed he was quite unfit to organize an irish regiment, and the command was taken from him at Lesneven, august 1804. He soon got employed on the staff of the grand army and was on the point of obtaining promotion, when he was killed at the battle of Eylau the 7th of february 1807.

General Harty was born in Ireland, he came to France when very young, and got a commission in the irish brigade. — In 1792 Berwick's regiment was in garrison in the fortress of Landau near the Rhine, lieutenant-colonel O'Mahony had the command of it, as senior officer. He one day marched the regiment from the town in the direction of the Rhine, and after marching about a league, halted the regiment. Captain Harty who commanded the grenadiers company, seeing the quarter master, and every thing belonging to the depot, following the regiment, perceived at once that it was not for manœuvring or exercise, asked the colonel where he intended marching? Lieutenant-colonel O'Mahony answered briefly, to cross the Rhine and join our princes on the other side. To

this captain Harty replied, that might be very well for those who wished to do so, but for his own part, he would not desert the country he had adopted. He immediately harangued the regiment in an impressive, military tone, and returned with it to Landau, leaving lieutenant-colonel O'Mahony and a few officers who followed him to go away and cross the Rhine to the enemy's camp.

Captain Harty received the grateful thanks of the governor of the garrison, and of the inhabitants of Landau, when he returned there triumphantly at the head of Berwick's regiment, which he had just saved from the foul crime of deserting to the enemy with arms and baggage; and for his brave and honourable conduct on this occasion, as well as for his subsequent services, he early obtained the rank of general of brigade from the government, and the emperor Napoleon named him baron de Pierre Bourg.

Whilst the irish legion remained in the department of Finistère and the environs of Brest, in hope of being sent one day to Ireland, general Harty had generally a command where it was stationed.

In 1804 he had a part of the legion under his orders at Landerneau and he had the officers frequently to dine with him, and when the legion was afterwards in garrison at Quimper, he came by order of the minister to inspect it; and in 1807 at Antwerp our regiment made part of his brigade, and the same year he commanded our camp at West Caple in the Island of Walcheren, where

he, as well as almost all the men and officers of his brigade were affected with the severe fever of that Island; so much so, that the camp had to be raised and the sick sent to the hospitals of Middlebourg, Flushing, etc.

General Harty commanded the military district at Munster in Westphalia in 1813; it was in this town that I saw for the last time this truly brave, honest irishman. We were seven officers and about sixty men, of our regiment, on our way back to our depot in Holland, after the terrible disasters we escaped from in Silesia, and on the Bober, at Lowenberg where our division under general Puthod fought till it was nearly exterminated. General Harty had us all to dine with him, and he did every thing he could to console us in our misfortunes. He wished colonel Lawless, who had lost his leg at the Bober, to remain a day or two to recover from his fatigues, but the Cossacks appearing in force near the town in the morning, general Harty at the head of his brigade had to march and attack them, so poor Lawless had to be off, and thus could not avail himself of general Harty's kind offer of hospitality.

General Harty's manner was frank and agreeable; he had no desire to shew off as a great hero, because he thought he had only done his duty as any honourable man would have done, circumstanced as he was in Berwick's regiment at Landau in 1792. — General Clark was his relation and when he became duke of Feltre and war minister to Napoleon, he took great interest in ge-

neral Harty's family; he got his daughter miss Harty married to lieutenant-general de Brice, and after the Restoration, his son became a distinguished officer in the royal guards and later, a staff officer. This young man had the misfortune to kill in a duel the son of colonel Saint-Aulaire, on account of a pamphlet that the latter published against the duke of Feltre.

General Clark was born at Landrecy in France; his father was a major in one of the irish brigades. Young Clark got rapid promotion in the french army after the revolution, and he filled important situations in Italy, whilst Buonaparte was general in chief there, and the letter of the latter to him on the occasion of his nephew's death, young Elliott, at the battle of Arcole, was much spoken of when I came to Paris in 1803, by the irish patriots whom I met there. It was as follows:

« Your nephew has been killed on the field of battle of Arcole. That young man had familiarised himself with arms. Often did he march at the head of the columns; he would have been one day a distinguished officer. He has died with glory, facing the enemy, without a moment's suffering. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who is there amongst us who has not regretted a hundred times that he has not thus been withdrawn from calumny and envy, and from the various hateful passions which seem almost exclusively to direct the conduct of men? »

General Clark was not in favour with the government of the Directory during the absence of Buonaparte in Egypt, but after the 18 brumaire, his services were again appreciated as they merited, by the First Consul, and his fame afterwards as duke of Feltre and Napoleon's minister of war from 1809 to his abdication at Fontainebleau on the 8th of april 1814 is too well known to the historian, for me to pretend to offer my opinion on his career; yet I cannot help mentioning what regards myself and some of my comrades respecting his unjust and arbitrary decisions towards us, when he became minister of war to Louis XVIII after the Hundred Days in 1815. The irish regiment was disbanded at the same time that the french army was disbanded, and the officers sent to their homes on half pay. The irish officers having no homes in France had to choose towns, where they expected to enjoy their half pay and protection.

Commandant Allen was on his way to the place he had chosen, when the duke of Feltre had him arrested at Paris and ordered to quit the french territory forthwith. Thus without trial or the means of defence, was to be banished from his adopted country, an officer whose brilliant conduct at Astorga in 1810 was the admiration of the french army. Fortunately for Allen, general Arthur O'Connor, as soon as he heard of his arrest, waited on the minister of war, the duke of Feltre, and got him to revoke his cruel and most unjust order, and Allen was allowed to go and reside at Tours.

Three of the distinguished captains of the irish regiment, distinguished both for bravery and high education, were by order of Clark the duke of Feltre, obliged to quit France, without ever being able to know for what reason : these were, captains Jackson and Luke Lawless, both of whom went to America, and Town who went to Italy.

The irish regiment being disbanded in september 1815, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, I was ordered, as a member of the council of administration, to remain there with colonel Ware, the quarter master and another member, to settle and give up the accounts of the regiment. All being terminated in may 1816, colonel Ware and I retired to Tours, where we met commandant Allen, and Hayne; with these friends and comrades, I was spending my time as well as could be expected under such circumstances, and I hoped I had escaped the re-action and persecution then prevailing against the officers of the french army ; when, on the 2d of january 1817, the prefet of Tours sent for me to give me an order he had received, he said, the day before from the minister of police. Being new year's day, he did not like then to communicate disagreeable intelligence to me. The order was, that I should quit Tours in twenty four hours and France in fifteen days. On being handed this « Ukase, » I went instantly to general d'Autichamp, who commanded the military division at Tours. He seemed quite surprised and displeased that orders regarding military men were not

forwarded to him to be delivered, and he asked me where I intended to go to. I told him to Nantes, if he would have the goodness to order the arrears and money due to me to be paid. That I should sail for New-York by the first vessel going from Nantes; he replied, that having no instructions whatever from the minister of war on the matter, he could not interfere, but he thought that I should pass by Paris, and there claim the money due to me. « You have friends no doubt who can assist you at Paris. » I said I had many, but that they were not infavour, and consequently could not be of any use to me. I mentioned to him having a letter of introduction to the prince de Broglie, from his brother the prince and abbé de Broglie, which my friend in Dublin, Andrew O'Reilly had procured for me : « Then » said general d'Autichamp, « take your feuille de route for Calais, and the coach to Paris; you will thereby gain a few days, to make your reclaimation about your money matters, and have time to see my cousin the prince de Broglie, who is vice-president of the Chamber of deputies. » I followed his advice, took my place in the diligence for Paris and bid farewell to my dear friends at Tours. — All the way to Paris, I had to shew my feuille de route or passport, to the gendarmes, every time the coach stopped to change horses. I however arrived safely the second night at Paris, and lodged at the hotel de Calais, rue Montmartre and next day went to call on my friend Mr Aubriet, who was chef des huissiers at the Chamber of deputies. I told him I

wanted to see the prince de Broglie. « There he is » he answered, returning after him, he presented me to him. The prince was going, on hearing the bell ring. He asked me why I did not come sooner to Paris? That his brother had written to him to use his influence to get me employed, and he hoped to have me placed in the royal guards, etc. I said, « Prince it is on a disagreeable matter I have to speak to you at present, » and I shewed him the order I had got to quit Tours and France. He very naturally seemed quite surprised, and asked me what I could have done to merit such treatment. I answered that I was conscious of never having done but my duty as an officer and as a man of honour : and that all I required was, to be tried by a court martial. The prince then told me that he was to dine that day with the minister De Caze, and for me to call on him at seven o'clock next morning, rue Saint-Dominique, nº 19. — I did so and got him sitting up in bed busy writing. He made me sit down beside him, and he then told me that the minister De Caze knew nothing particular about my affair, that the duke of Feltre was frequently sending despatches through the officers of the police to the civil authorities in the departments and that it was in that way the order respecting me was forwarded to the prefet at Tours. He added, « The minister has promised me that you should have a permission to stop at Paris, to justify yourself; so you must see the duke of Feltre and know from him what are the charges brought against you, and come and let me

hear immediately the result of your interview with him. » Nothing could be kinder than the prince's reception; and the interest he took in the matter, gave me great hopes of success and I returned cheerful to my lodgings at night, thinking that I had begun well, when I was handed a letter from the chief of the police, ordering me to appear there at ten next morning. This chief said to me, « I have « ordered you here, to know if you are ready to quit « Paris and continue your route to Calais, and when you « are to set off etc. » I answered, I should return and let him know after I saw the prince de Broglie, who had had the goodness to tell me that he would get me a permission to stop some time in Paris. « Oh then » he replied « you will certainly obtain it, for he is on the most intimate terms with our minister. » — This chief de bureau's name was Lebas, and he told me he knew the irish regiment at Landau. Finding him so amiable in his manner I asked him if I could not learn something of the charges made against me. « Certainly, » he answered, « you must see all we have here. » On which he rang a bell and told a man to go and bring him the « dossier » of a Mr Byrne, which had been sent there by the minister of war, « Feltre. » According to this curious document, I was a « buonapartiste enragé, » that would never change, a fourbe, etc., etc. I remarked to him, « this appears a « contradiction; a « fourbe » is a man ever ready to « change when it is for his advantage to do so. » He politely replied « We know the value of such denunciations. »

— I thanked him for his attention, and I then went to call on the prince de Broglie, who told me, that I need not be uneasy, as to the police for some time, but that I should without delay see the minister of war, and endeavour to make him listen to my reclamation. I followed his advice and attended at the duke de Feltre's hotel, the day he gave his audience to the officers. When my name was called and the door opened, instead of letting me go in, the minister met me at the door, took my paper and threw it on the table and scarcely allowed me time to open my lips, when he told the huissier (or usher) to call another officer. I then could plainly see that I had no chance of obtaining justice from the duke of Feltre; so I resolved to go to Havre and from thence sail to New-York. I wrote to general Lawless who was living with his family at Moulins, to let him know my determination, and praying him to write to Mr Emmett by me; lest he might be told by the Bourbons « emissaries » at New-York, that the emigrant officers had to leave France for other things besides their politics. The following is the letter which general Lawless wrote to Thomas Addis Emmett on the occasion.

« My dear friend,

« Another act of summary justice gives me an opportunity of sending you this, as much with a view of expressing my sincere thanks for the services you have

rendered my nephew, as to introduce to you anew, an old acquaintance who thinks it necessary I should say something to you of him. For many years I have known Mr Byrne. I have always found him to justify the good opinion of your ever to be regretted brother; you will find his morals as pure as his bravery is unquestionable, and I have seen both put to severe trials. — Do not be alarmed, my dear friend, at the quick arrival of another recommandation, or imagine that I have set up a register office for emigrants to your country. I could not refuse a word in favour of the bearer, and do not mean to be troublesome in future.

« I refer you to Byrne for any information you may desire to know. He allows me but a moment to write this. — My wife joins me in kind wishes to Mrs Emmett and for your joint prosperity.

« Yours ever,

« W. Lawless.

« Moulins, département de l'Allier, 10th january 1817. »

The worthy prince de Broglie was not only very sorry, but much surprised at the bad reception I had received from my « countryman, » as he was pleased to call, general Clark the duke de Feltre, war minister to the king Louis XVIII, etc., etc. He thought that he was rather partial to the irish. I told him the contrary was the case;

that he was any thing but impartial to some of them. That whilst he was banishing distinguished irish officers who counted ten and twelve years service and campaigns in the french army, without trial or judgment, he was placing other irishmen in the gardes du corps (king's body guards) who had no claim on France, and giving commissions of sous-lieutenants to young irish lads under eighteen years of age; and in 1814 he would not give brevets to the students of the irish college until they had completely attained the eighteen years required.

The prince de Broglie asked me if the minister received my demand. I told him he took the paper and threw it on the table without reading it « His secretary » he replied « will read it to him; so you may expect an ans- « wer, but not probably for three weeks or a month on « account of the great mass of such documents he will « have to reply to; but keep your mind easy and have pa- « tience Should the minister of police be written to, about « your stopping in Paris, I shall let you know and tell « you what you will have to do in the event of the duke « of Feltre persisting in having you sent away. » — It was generally thought that a change of ministry would soon take place; M. de Caze becoming every day more in favour with the king, and indeed more popular than his colleague the duke of Feltre, and that the latter would only remain to finish the dirty work he had so well be-

gun. However no change taking place, and not having got any answer to my demand, from the war office or the minister, I resolved to see his excellency once more, and this time I was advised to write in english to him; that he did not like the idea of such documents being published in the American or liberal english newspapers. So on the 12th of april 1817, I presented to him the following letter, remarking that it was in english, as I knew his lordship understood that language well: he said I might speak if I wished in english.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MARSHAL DUKE OF FELTRE, MINISTER OF WAR.

« My lord,

« My reliance on the justice of your excellency is as strong as the consciousness of my own innocence; both conspire to convince me, that should any doubts still remain, your excellency will take no unfavourable decision without affording me the possibility of justification. — In such a supposition, a trial by court martial is all I require, and this, my lord, I feel assured you never will deny me. If I am proved guilty, let me be punished and dishonoured; if innocent, let me be re-instated in what is now called in question, my honour and my character; — to me, without these, life is not supportable; to maintain them unsullied has been my study during nineteen years

incessant campaigns, and I feel convinced your excellency cannot but applaud my determination to do so to the end.

« I shall not trouble your excellency with the description of my situation; you know that my devotion to the cause of France has cut me off from the resources I should find in my own country. Deign then to judge what my position must be, deprived as I now am, these four months, of my only support, the half of my former appointments.

« To this state have I been reduced on a sudden without any previous warning whatever for faults alledged to have taken place two years ago, but of which I had never heard until sentence of immediate banishment had been pronounced.

« I have the honour to be, etc.,

« M. Byrne.

« Paris, the 12th april 1817. »

I was glad to see that he read my letter attentively and put it on the chimney piece, in place of throwing it on the table with the other papers. I said, « My lord, I might « have added that I was named captain in 1808, now

« nine years, and never once was under an arrest; a proof « that I obeyed my chiefs and executed their orders, and « I was on the most friendly terms with them, throughout « our campaigns and even with colonel Mahony; though « probably he is the person who has denounced me to « your excellency, as « dangerous. » He replied « no » that it came from the authorities where I had been in garrison. I answered, the military authorities, the only ones I had to do with, the marquis de Brias, governor at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and lieutenant-general count d'Autichamp at Tours, were both ready to attest the honourable way I conducted myself whilst under their command. He said, he would see about « my affair; » and he then began to talk to me about the Byrne families in Ireland, and of many others, as he was well versed in the history of that unfortunate country. His reception and conversation being so very amiable, I trusted I should hear in a day or two that the unjust order for my banishment was revoked; but no, I was still left in suspence for more than a month, as it was only on the 29th of may 1817 that I received the following answer from the duke of Feltre, though it was dated the 7th of may. But being sent to the military governor of Paris, lieutenant-general count d'Espinois with whom I had nothing to do, instead of being forwarded to the minister of police, to apprize him that I was re-instated on the army list, and no more under his jurisdiction.

MINISTÈRE DE LA GUERRE.

BUREAU DE L'INFANTERIE.

Décision du 16 avril 1817.

« Le ministre sécrétaire d'Etat au département de la guerre prévient M. Byrne (Miles), capitaine à l'ancien 3e régiment étranger, qu'étant compris dans la catégorie des officiers étrangers susceptibles d'être maintenus au service du roi, il est admis au traitement accordé par les ordonnances de Sa Majesté aux officiers de son grade en non activité.

« Il accusera réception au ministre de la présente et fera connaître le lieu de sa résidence.

« Paris, le 7 mai 1817.

« Le maréchal duc de FELTRE.

« A M. Byrne, capitaine d'infanterie à l'ex-3e régiment étranger. »

Translation of the duke of Feltre's answer to Mr Byrne's letter of the 12th april 1817.

WAR OFFICE.

INFANTRY DEPARTMENT.

Decision of the 16th april 1817.

« The minister secretary of state for the war department

informs Mr Byrne (Miles), captain in the old 3d foreign regiment, that being comprised in the rank of foreign officers susceptible of being maintained in the service of the king, he is granted the pay ordered by his Majesty to officers of his rank in non activity.

« He will acknowledge the receipt of this present to the minister and give in also the place of his residence.

« Paris the 7th may 1817.

« The marshal duke of FELTRE.

« To Mr Byrne captain of infantry in the ex 3d foreign regiment. »

Colonel Markey who had been several years aide-de-camp to the duke of Feltre, told me, that he had for a principle, to be serviceable to all those whom he once acknowledged had been unjustly treated; and to make them forget it, he had them advanced in rank as soon as possible. He did not remain long enough in the war department for me to avail myself of this propensity of his to render service. He was replaced in the war department by marshal Saint Cyr. — The duke of Feltre when out of office retired to his country seat in the department of the Bas-Rhin, quite dissatisfied with a court he had but too well served. He did not long survive the Bourbons ingratitude. He left three sons, very big young men. — I was very intimate with the second « Arthur; » he was a lieutenant of cavalry and asked to be employed on the expe-

dition to Greece in 1828 on the staff of general Schneider, the friend of his family. I saw him frequently at Patras in the Morea, and I must say, I never met any young man who possessed more enlightened or liberal opinions than he did, on every subject. — He got a sickness, a gastric, in Greece, of which he died when he returned to Paris. The duke and the younger brother have both died since. So the title of duke of Feltre is extinct, as none of them were married.

Extract from a work entitled « Histoire des Troupes étrangères au service de France, » par Eugène Fieffé, commis principal aux archives du ministère de la guerre. Paris 1854.

« Clarke (Henri-Jacques-Guillaume).

« Comte d'Hunebourg, duc de Feltre, issu d'une famille distinguée, originaire d'Irlande, naquit à Landrecies le 17 octobre 1765. Cadet gentilhomme à l'école militaire de Paris le 17 septembre 1781, sous-lieutenant au régiment d'infanterie de Berwick (1782), cornette dans le régiment du colonel général des hussards, avec rang de capitaine, en 1784; il se démit de cet emploi le 1er décembre 1789 pour passer à Londres en qualité de gentilhomme d'ambassade. Rentré dans l'armée le 11 juillet 1790, il fut capitaine au 16e, puis 14e régiment de dragons, lieutenant-colonel du 2e régiment de cavalerie le 5 février 1792; se signala à l'armée du Rhin, à la prise de Spire, fut nommé

général de brigade provisoire le 19 mai 1793; suspendu de ses fonctions au mois d'octobre de la même année et bientôt réintégré, il fut confirmé dans son grade, employé près le comité de salut public au cabinet topographique et militaire le 1er mars 1795; nommé général de division le 7 décembre suivant, et enfin envoyé extraordinaire près la cour de Vienne, il participa en cette qualité au traité de Campo Formio, en 1797.

« Réformé la même année, il devint ensuite chef du dépôt de la guerre le 27 novembre 1799, commandant du département de la Meurthe au mois de septembre 1800, ambassadeur en Toscane, conseiller d'Etat et secrétaire intime de Napoléon pour les affaires de la guerre 1805.

« Après avoir combattu à Ulm, il fut gouverneur de Vienne, de la basse Autriche, etc., se distingua encore à Iéna, devint gouverneur d'Erfurth, de Berlin, de la Prusse, et ministre de la guerre le 9 août 1807. — Comte d'Hunebourg peu de temps après : les vigoureuses mesures qu'il prit pour défendre l'île de Walcheren lui valurent le titre de duc de Feltre en 1809.

« Il cessa ses fonctions de ministre de la guerre le 3 avril 1814, siégea à la chambre des pairs le 4 juin, fut appelé à la tête du ministère de la guerre le 12 mars 1815, suivit le roi à Gand, fut gouverneur de la 9e division militaire le 15 septembre, membre au conseil privé le 19, ministre de la guerre pour la troisième fois le 28 du même mois,

gouverneur de la 14e division le 10 janvier 1816; élevé à la dignité de maréchal de France le 3 juillet suivant, il résigna le portefeuille de la guerre au mois de septembre 1817, et mourut à Neuville (Bas-Rhin), le 28 octobre 1818.

« Il fut chevalier de la couronne de Fer, grand cordon des ordres de Saint-Hubert de Bavière, de la Fidélité de Bade et de Saint-Henri de Saxe, grand-aigle de la Légion d'honneur et commandeur de Saint-Louis. »

There were three brothers of the name of « Burke » in the irish brigades; they were born in France, I only knew the one who had been aide-de-camp to marshal Davoust, the prince of Eckmuhl, and who was named general of division by Napoleon the 17th of november 1813, for his bravery, having been wounded more than a dozen times. After the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 lieutenant-general count Burke was named inspector general and charged with the organization of the three foreign regiments to be kept in the french service : 1st Latour d'Auvergne, 2d Isenberg, 3d Irlandais. These regiments were first assembled at Avesne and definitively organized into three battalions each, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the month of february 1815. The first and second régiments were ordered to other towns, and the 3d régiment étranger irlandais remained in garrison at Montreuil-sur-Mer. Having a congé or permission in 1814 to go to Paris, I waited on general Burke before setting

off, and I had a long conversation with him about Ireland; he told me how he had embarked twice in 1798 for the expeditions to Ireland in company with William Hamilton (Thomas Russell's nephew by marriage) of whose patriotism he spoke in the handsomest manner, and of his earnestness for the independence of Ireland « but, » he added, « now all that is over; you have no « pretender for Ireland; of course nothing can be expec- « ted from France. » He could then only think of legitimacy and monarchy. — However on the 20th of march 1815 general count Burke waited on the emperor Napoleon and offered to his majesty all he possessed in the world, « his heart and his sword; » Napoleon named him governor of Givet, an important command.

After the hundred days and the second restoration of the Bourbons, general Burke was a long time ere he could get into favour, on account of the gallant and brave defense he made of the fortress of Givet against the allies after the battle of Waterloo; — yet in 1823 when a french army was ordered into Spain to put down liberty there, and to restore the former despotism with Ferdinand VII, the commander in chief the duke d'Angoulême thought fit to give the command of one of the corps of his army to lieutenant-general count Burke. The campaign finished, he was raised to the peerage, and continued to sit in the Chamber of peers till his death, even in the reign of Louis-Philip.

One of general Burke's brothers was killed in a duel at Guadeloupe in the West Indies, by Cavanagh an officer of the same regiment. The other brother emigrated and entered the english service where he became major general. Count Burke not being married, his titles are extinct. He was grand officer of the Legion of honour, etc.

I recollect a curious coincidence. In august 1814 whilst at Avesnes inspector general Burke was preparing his report to the minister of war on the merits and claims of the brave irish officers returning from the russian prisons of Siberia, as well as those officers who escaped from Flushing, and from the english pontons, Curran's very ill-timed, and most silly letters from Paris in august 1814 to his friend counsellor Denis Lubé were published in the Dublin newspapers. The following article is from one of them on the irish exiles.

« I had hopes that England might let them back. The « season and the power of mischief is long past : the « number is almost too small to do credit to the mercy « that casts a look upon them. But they are destined to « give their last recollection of the green fields they are « never to behold, on a foreign death-bed, and to lose « the sad delight of fancied visits to them in a distant « grave. »

It caused no little indignation amongst the irish officers who had read it, and several of them met at dinner at the trois frères in the Palais-Royal, to talk it over. — These were, general Lawless, who came in from Saint-Germains for the meeting, commandant O'Reilly, captain Luke Lawless, Edward Lewens and John Sweetman, etc. We were a mixture of civil and military at dinner.

General Lawless asked Arthur Barker, as the youngest (for he was still a student at the irish college) to read those famous letters. — When read, general Lawless turning to Lewens said, « You must have told Curran that « our number was not worth the commiseration of Cas- « tlereagh. » — « Me sir! » cried Lewins in a great passion; « how could you think me capable of any such « thing? » — General Lawless rejoined « Of the exiles « at Paris, Curran only saw you and Corbet. — It would « have been better had he vented his spleen and ill hu- « mour on something else: he might have let the brave « irish officers who have escaped the dangers of their « various campaigns, be again placed on active service. »

To be just to the Restoration of 1814 an irish regiment was re-organized in february 1815, in which were comprised the officers coming from the war prisons, though to please Castlereagh, it was called the 3e régiment étranger irlandais. —

Curran, or some othermembers of the former irish par-

liament, would only have done their duty to their countrymen who had hasarded every thing for Ireland, had he, or they asked for a general amnesty. Then the exiles might have availed themselves of it to return and resume their various professions, or enjoy their fortunes, in the land of their birth and the home of their affections. Those who had lost all, ought to have been left undisturbed, to serve their adopted country. Counsellor Lubé, who had at the time some of his relations in exile, would have done well had he dissuaded Curran from publishing his letters. Lewens could have made a handsome fortune in Dublin by his profession, had he been allowed to return.

General Kilmaine died before I came to Paris in 1803. I knew one of his aides-de-camp Mr Viltard, who married miss Jennings the general's sister. I had many agreeable conversations with them both, about Italy, Venise and Lombardy.

Charles Edward Paul Jennings was born at Dublin, 19th october 1751. — He entered the service of France 1774. He went through various ranks and was at last general of division may 1793.

He had served with distinction in America, under the orders of Rochambeau, and he again distinguished himself in the army of the Ardennes and in that of the north. But the multiplied proofs of talent, valour and patriotism

which he did not cease to give to the new government of France did not shelter him from the proscriptions of the day; he was deprived of his rank, arrested, and would have been tried and probably executed, when the revolution of the 9th thermidor (27 july 1794) in saving his life, replaced him in the army.

He defended the Convention against the factions in the days of prairial an III (may 1795). Employed in the army of Italy he added to his military reputation by many brilliant actions.

Sent for to Paris for the execution of a plan of a landing in Ireland, he was named provisionally chief of the army of England in the absence of general Desaix, but this expedition having been put off, he got a command in the interior, then that of the army of Helvetia — He gave up that position to Massena and came back to Paris where he died on the 15th of december 1799.

Mantua defended by the Austrian general Wurmser, surrendered to general Kilmaine, who blockaded it, 1st february 1797.

The Directory sent him the following letter of congratulation.

« Au général Kilmaine,

« La reddition de Mantoue rappelle, citoyen général,

au Directoire exécutif, que vous y avez heureusement contribué en commandant le blocus de cette place. Après avoir donné des preuves réitérées de valeur et de talent sur le champ de bataille, vous trouvez aujourd'hui, dans le commandement de la Lombardie, une occasion intéressante de déployer de nouveaux moyens également précieux, et le Directoire compte toujours sur votre sagesse et la pureté de vos principes républicains. »

(Notes de Fieffé, sur « l'Histoire des troupes étrangères au service de France, » par Eugène Fieffé, commis principal aux archives du ministère de la guerre, Paris, 1854.)

General Shelden was born in England; he had the rank of lieutenant in the irish brigade when the wars of the revolution began, in which he took an active part and soon distinguished himself and got the rank of general of brigade in the french army. His widow madame Shelden lived next door to us in the rue Montaigne at Paris. Mrs Byrne and I saw a good deal of her and found her agreeable and very communicative respecting the irish in the french army. She herself was french, and her sons were officers.

General Lynch told me he was a captain at the battle of Valmy in 1792 on the staff of the commander in chief general Kellermann; after this victory and the peace of

1795, Prussia remained neuter for eleven years, till 1806. — Lynch got rapid promotion to the rank of general of division 8th march 1793. His health being much impaired, he was employed in France and named inspector of troops at Tours, and in 1808 when we were on march to Spain, general Lynch reviewed and inspected our battalions. He was tall and handsome, and though consumptive he lived to be 86 years of age.

The history of those unfortunate irish generals O'Moran and Dillon is well known. They were both killed by their own troops in the beginning of the Revolution. Their sons served in the irish regiment with me. Young O'Moran studied at the irish college and joined us at Lesneven in 1804, as a sous-lieutenant : we were lodged in the same house there, but as he was only seven years old at the time of his father's death, he could not recollect any particulars about him. Lieutenant O'Moran made part of the irish battalion that marched from Flushing to Spain in 1807, and in 1808 he was sent back to France to be placed in an hospital, having become deranged, there he died.

His father general O'Moran was born in Ireland, and was considered an officer of great military acquirement; he was named lieutenant-general the 3d of october 1792. How often would the governor of old Castile, general Thiébault, tell us when we were under his orders at Bur-

gos, in 1809, that he owed his rapid advancement to that brave and ever-to-be-lamented general O'Moran; he would say. « He took me out of the ranks of the volunteers « where I was a private soldier and had me named cap- « tain forthwith. Having studied law, he saw I could « render service as a staff officer. »

In reality, general Thiébault was a highly educated, accomplished man

General Theobald Dillon was massacred by his soldiers near Lille in april 1792. He left two sons. In april 1810 I met one of them captain Dillon; he was one of the staff officers of the duke of Abrantes at the siege of Astorga, and in 1811 he was named « chef de bataillon » of the 2d battalion of the irish regiment at Plasencia in Estremadura, Spain.

Commandant Dillon could command his battalion very well, in the manœuvres, but unfortunately he could not command that respect so essential for a chief. — He quit the regiment at Antwerp in december 1813, to become again a staff officer, and at the revolution of july 1830 he was a lieutenant-colonel in one of the regiments of the royal guards of Charles X and as his regiment was disbanded, he was put on half pay. — His brother was a sous-intendant militaire, and was much considered as an administrator.

In 1792, general Theobald Dillon, formerly colonel of an irish infantry regiment, in the service of France, attempted a coup de main on Tournay; but he had received orders to avoid fighting. — This order had been given him by Dumouriez, who thought that the appearance alone of french troops would suffice to make the Austrians retreat, and decide the Belgians to declare themselves and take up arms. Dumouriez knew that the Belgians were most desirous to be united to France, but he forgot they were not yet in sufficient force to declare and realise their wishes. — Received by a hot fire, Dillon retreated. It was at this moment that the enemy unmasked its batteries. — Some bullets ploughed the files of french soldiers and complet d the confusion. In vain Dillon tried to rally those who were running away before they were pursued, tumultuous cries, insults were heard around the general who was struck by a pistol shot. The Austrians rushed upon this disorganized body which fled to Lille. Scarce were they intrenched in that place when they seized the prisoners they had brought along with them and massacred them, as if they wished to revenge by a crime their own cowardice. In their blind fury some of these miserable wretches sought the unfortunate Dillon; they found him in a grange lying upon straw, exhausted by the loss of blood ; they seized him and put him to death with their bayonets, stripped him and dragged him about the streets, cut him in pieces and burnt him on the great public square.

Names of officers born in Ireland who obtained the rank of general in France under the different governments between 1789 and 1814.

Oliver Harty, made general of brigade the 15th of may 1793. — By the national Convention.

Thomas Keating, general of division, 13th june 1795. — By the national Convention.

Charles-Edward-Paul-Jennings Kilmaine, general of division, 15th may 1793. — By the national Convention.

Isidore Lynch, general of division, 8th may 1793. — National Convention.

Napper Tandy, general of brigade, 21st april 1798. — By the Directory.

Arthur O'Connor, general of division, 24th february 1804. — Under the First Consul Buonaparte.

Patrick O'Keef, general of brigade, 15 may 1795. — National Convention.

James O'Moran, lieutenant-general 3d artillery, 1792. — By the Legislative Assembly.

John O'Neill, general of brigade, 15th may 1793. — By the national Convention.

Richard O'Shee, general of brigade, 4th july 1796. — By the Directory.

I have been asked if general Murphy had not served in the old irish brigades. I said no, but that he had served in a counting house, as a clerk, in Thomas street, Dublin, as marshal Mortier, the duke of Treviso, did at Dunkirk, before he became a soldier. Murphy was young and wrote well and with facility. He came to France in 1800 expecting to get a commission. The irish Legion, not being yet formed, he engaged in a french regiment, where he could perfect himself in the language, having already a considerable knowledge of the grammar.

The regiment into which Murphy enlisted made a part of the army encamped at Boulogne-sur-Mer, destined for the invasion of England. His colonel « Ledru des Essars » was much considered as one of the brave band who fought at Marengo. He seeing that Murphy wrote a fine hand took him to be his secretary. Previous to the army marching from the camp of Boulogne for the campaign of Austerlitz, orders were given to all the regiments, for the chiefs to propose fit subjects to fill the vacant places. Murphy on this occasion got his commission of sub lieutenant, and he continued still to write as before.

In this memorable campaign of 1805 Murphy's colonel being wounded and raised to the rank of general of brigade, he asked as a favour from the emperor Napoleon, to have Murphy for his aide-de-camp, which was granted, and at the same time that decoration then so difficult to be obtained. Lieutenant Murphy was named chevalier of the Legion of honour and aide-de-camp to general Ledru des Essars.

It will suffice to shew that Murphy served in those campaigns with distinction, that in 1813 he was colonel, baron of the empire and chief of the staff of one of the divisions of marshal Marmont's corps of army in Silésia; and at the battle of Leipsick october 1813 his general of division, as well as the general of brigade being either killed or badly wounded, colonel Murphy had to command his division at this terrible battle.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, prince Hohenlohe who was colonel of the Legion Hohenlohe, being raised to the rank of marshal de camp, or general, colonel Murphy was appointed to the command of the Legion Hohenlohe, and on the 22d of may 1825 he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, then called marshal de camp, and during the reign of Charles X, general Murphy was named one of the inspectors general of the army; and one year he had the honour of being sent to the West india Islands to inspect the french troops there.

He sailed from Brest in a frigate which he had at his disposition, going from Island to Island till he had finished his inspection, and then returned to France.

After the Revolution of 1830, general Murphy was named to command the important fortress of Lille, and at this period it was thought war was inevitable, which shewed that his courage and talents were well known to the minister of war.

In 1834 general Murphy had the command of the department of the Creuse, where he remained till he was placed in the section of the generals who after they attain 62 years of age, enjoy their full pay and are not liable to be actively employed except in time of war. — General Murphy went to reside at Nancy, and then to Altenstat (Bas-Rhin) where he finished a long and honourable military career, in 1843. — He was married to a german lady, by whom he had a son. Both his wife and his son died some time before he died, so his latter days were but melancholy.

He was a baron, commander of the Legion of honour and a knight of Saint-Louis.

I found Murphy very ready to render service to his countrymen. I recollect when Mrs Ryan wrote to me from Wexford in 1825 about getting her grandson Andrew Kennedy into the french army, I went to consult my good friend doctor Mac Mahon; he at once said « I will

write to colonel Murphy, he is now at Brest, commanding the Hohenloe Legion and we shall see what he will advise. » By return of post we had his answer, which was a masterpiece of sound judgement and good sense and good advice. It contained every thing that could be said to dissuade young Kennedy from thinking of becoming a private soldier in the time of profound peace, and when no prospect of obtaining the rank of officer was possible before passing through the inferior ones, which might last many years, and he added in his excellent letter : « Is our unfortunate country in that state, that a « well educated young man, as you say Kenuedy is, « cannot get some honourable employment preferable to « that of becoming a mercenary soldier in a foreign Le- « gion and in a foreign country? » But he again added, « If young Kennedy persists, I shall do all in my power « to be useful to him as long as I may remain at the head « of the regiment. » I enclosed this interesting letter to Mrs Ryan at Wexford, and young Kennedy, who was decided to try his fortune, set off at once and joined the Legion at Brest. — But Murphy being promoted to the rank of general shortly after, that is the 22d of may 1825 had not time to be of service to Andrew Kennedy, who had, as Murphy foretold, to drag on for years before he got the rank he so well merited. — Such were the times after the restoration.

Doctor Mac Mahon and Murphy were great friends,

and I believe their friendship originated, as mine did with Mac Mahon, from heartfelt gratitude. He was useful to both of us in the time of need. I never had a more constant, or a better friend than doctor Mac Mahon; in my dullest moments, seeing him for an instant cheered me up; and it was the same with general Murphy, who had his desponding fits also.

General Murphy spoke and wrote the french language perfectly, and german also; but he was beginning to forget his native tongue, that is, he was forgetting his english, which gave him no concern, as he never intended to reside in England. He was born the 29th september 1779 at Ballyadam, Ireland.

I met at Paris two worthy officers of the former irish brigades; commandant Begg and lieutenant-colonel Swanton. They were born in Ireland and did honour to their native land : they did not emigrate, on the breaking out of the Revolution, to go to England and take service as so many others did, to come and fight against France, their ad optedcountry. Begg belonged to Walsh's regiment, when general O'Neill was colonel of it; they were great friends, and Begg had the melancholy duty of having the poor general buried with all the honours due to his rank, his son being absent from Paris at the time with his regiment.

Lieutenant-colonel Swanton served in Berwick's regi-

ment with general Harty; and his wife's brother captain Chassery was the general's aide-de-camp in 1804 at the army destined for Ireland, then in the department of Finistère.

Captain Chassery (Swanton's brother-in-law), by his talents and bravery in the memorable campaigns where he was employed, soon got from rank to rank to that of general of brigade; this last honour he received at the battle of Waterloo, the day he was killed His death was a sad affliction to poor colonel Swanton, his wife, son and daughter. Young Swanton was a lieutenant in the irish regiment and he made the campaigns of Germany in 1813 with the regiment. He was taken prisoner after our disasters on the Bober, 29th of august, and sent to Russia, where he suffered much, till he was exchanged in 1814. After the hundred days, young Swanton studied to become a staff officer, and on the 9th of may 1827 he was named captain of the corps royal d'etat-major, and the year after to the command in the Hautes-Alpes for enrolling the conscripts, the 11th may 1828. — His sister, a fine young girl, had the greatest merit. By her talents and knowledge of languages, she wrote and published different little works, for one of which she had the Monthion prize awarded her by the french academy; these, with the translations from the works of Thomas Moore and Maria Edgeworth into french, enabled her to render the last days of her aged and respected parents comfortable. —

Miss Swanton married Mr Belloc an eminent painter and professor of drawing at one of the colleges at Paris. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr Casimir Perier bring miss Swanton to the altar at the church of Saint-Sulpice. He was the friend of her family.

I met colonel Barry at Paris, he served in the irish brigade with marshal Mac Donald, and in the same company, when the latter, a young lad, came to join the regiment with the rank of sous-lieutenant, or ensign. Barry being lieutenant and a good instructor, was ordered to teach the « maniement des armes, » or manuel exercise to Mac Donald, and thus began the friendship of those two young officers which subsisted till their death. — When Mac Donald became general, he took Barry on his staff, and he availed himself of the many battles he had fought to ob'ain recompense for those who distinguished themselves in the actions; and by this means Barry at length got the rank of colonel. He was ordered to the french West India Islands, where he had a command, and where he married a lady of the country by whom he got a fortune. After the restoration of the Bourbons, colonel Barry retired to Tours where he met colonels Ware, Allen, and Hayne, and they were all great friends.

I only knew marshal Macdonald in the campaign of 1813 in Silésia, when he had the command in chief of two corps of the Grand Army, his own and the 5th corps

general Lauriston's, which Napoleon thought prudent to place under his orders.

After the Restoration I had to wait on him when he was grand chancellor of the legion of honour, to get him to sign some papers for me, and I can never forget his kind reception. He began at once to speak to me of the distinguished manner our regiment served in that unfortunate campaign; of colonel Lawless, of Ware, of Tennant, and the great losses we sustained on the Bober; his manner and his simplicity with me, was more like a comrade than a general in chief.

Marshal Macdonald was one of the five members who composed the bureau gratuit, or commission, for regulating the affairs of the irish college after the restoration of the Bourbons. His colleagues were Hely d'Oyssel, then a counsellor of state; Lally Tollendal a peer of France, lieutenant-general count O'Mahony and doctor Mac Mahon; the latter being physician to the college, and having studied there when young, and having a perfect knowledge of the many changes wich took place in the establishment subsequent to the Revolution, marshal Macdonald and the other members of the commission were generally guided by the information they got from him respecting those who had a right to « bursaries » in this rich seminary, and the way the irish catholics had vested money at different periods in the french funds, and in land, for the support of their colleges in France.

Doctor Mac Mahon rendered so much service to the commission, and made their task so easy, that he became on the most friendly terms with its members, particularly so with marshal Macdonald and Lally Tollendal : the latter being appointed at that time one of the reporters by the chamber of peers on occasion of the great conspiracy in the army, 19th august 1820, to try 65 officers accused of conspiring against the Bourbon's family, seeing amongst the number of the officers he had to report on, the name of an irish man « O'Brien, » asked doctor Mac Mahon if he knew him, and if not, to enquire amongst his irish friends in order to find out something favourable about captain O'Brien, that he might put it in his report to be laid before the peers then sitting as a court of justice to try this vast military conspiracy, in which so many generals, colonels, chefs de bataillon, captains, lieutenants, etc., were engaged. The following are a few of the 65 names. General Merlin, colonels Fabvier, Pailhès, Deutzel, Baillon and Varlet. — Bérard chef de bataillon; — capitaine Varlet; — lieutenant Hutteau, etc., etc.

Doctor Mac Mahon answered Lally Tollendal that he knew already a great deal about captain O'Brien, from one of his friends in whom he could confide, and he was pleased to mention me as the person, that I had told him how honourably O'Brien served in the irish regiment from the time he joined it at Landau in 1809 as sub-lieu-

tenant and as lieutenant in the campaign of Silesia in 1813, where he had the misfortune to be wounded and taken prisoner, and to be sent to Siberia. When he was exchanged, after the peace and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, lieutenant O'Brien rejoined the irish regiment and after the Hundred Days in 1815, on its being disbanded at Montreuil-sur-Mer, he was put on half pay. He however got soon re-employed. — The duke of Feltre, then war minister, knew his father, lieutenant-colonel O'Brien, in the irish brigade, and seeing the son a fine young man, more than six feet two inches high, had him placed in his rank of lieutenant in one of the legions, and on the 24th of march 1819, the then minister of war marshal Saint-Cyr, granted to O'Brien his commission of captain.

Being with his regiment in garrison at Paris in 1820, at the time of the conspiracy, it sufficed for captain O'Brien to be seen in a coffee house frequented by captain Nantil, or any other of the conspirators to be suspected of being an accomplice. — But O'Brien had irish blood in his veins, and was incapable of doing any thing unworthy of a french officer and a man of honour.

Doctor Mac Mahon with the above information, and aided by marshal Macdonald, succeeded in getting Lally Tollendal to make a favourable report in the chamber of peers, of captain O'Brien, and in consequence, he was let out of prison and allowed to go and reside with his widowed

mother and a young brother at Baushand département du Nord, and his name was not mentioned in the trial. Lally Tollendal had to report on seven of the accused, out of the 65 arrested, and O'Brien was the only one who escaped being brought to the bar of the chamber of Peers. Thanks to the exertions of doctor Mac Mahon to whom he not only owed his liberation on this occasion, but his being again put into activity of service, after remaining several years on half pay.

O'Brien was appointed captain to the 11th regiment of the line on the 28th september 1824, and he was raised to the rank of chef de bataillon at the siege of Constantine, october 1837, in Africa, where he made several campaigns, and had his health much injured before he retired.

O Brien's gratitude to doctor Mac Mahon was most sincere and lasting; and Mac Mahon well merited it from him and many others; for he never ceased using his influence with his cousin colonel O'Neill who was chef du bureau d'infanterie at the war office, to get him to serve irishmen, or the sons of irishmen, officers in the french army. Captain O'Brien was also very grateful to marshal Macdonald and to Lally Tollendal.

Altho' born in France, Macdonald belongs to the glorious family of general officers of foreign origin. — Niel Macdonald his father, was a younger son of the scotch family of Macdonald of Clanronald. He accompanied

prince Charles Edward Stuart in his flight in 1746 and came into France.

His son Stephen-James-Joseph-Alexander Macdonald was born at Sedan in 1765. — After being in various regiments he was aide-de-camp to Dumouriez and gained on the field of battle of Jemmapes his epaulets of colonel of the 2d regiment of infantry. General of brigade the 26 august 1793, he distinguished himself in Holland and merited the rank of general of division, november 1794, and was again distinguished by his great bravery at the fatal battle of Trebbia in Italy. — He was distinguished forh is conduct in Italy again in the campaign of 1809, for which he was named a marshal of France, duke of Tarento, etc., grand eagle of the Legion of honour.

In 1810 he was commander in chief of the army of Catalonia. In 1812 of the 10th corps in Russia. In 1813 of the 11th and took an active part in the victory of Lutzen; was distinguished at Bautzen, was beaten at Katzbach, and was covered with glory at Wurschen, Leipzig, Hanau, as well as in the campaign in France.

Under the 2d restoration marshal Macdonald was named chancellor of the Legion of honour. He died at the chateau of Courcelles near Gien (Loiret) in september 1840.

Lieutenant O'Keeff, a splendid young officer whose father was raised to the rank of general of brigade 15th may 1795 in the french army during the wars, had to

remain several years on the small half pay of a lieutenant, and his mother, a widow living on a scanty pension, could not afford him much assistance. — Colonel O'Neill had him placed in activity, and on the 5th of april 1826 O'Keeff was named captain adjutant major in the 32d regiment of the line. I saw his mother at Paris, but I only met himself for the first time at Nantes in 1832; he sometimes came to dine at our mess, and the officers of the 56th seemed to like him very much He was acting then as captain reporter to one of the councils of war, or court martial, in which capacity he shewed ability and talent, having to plead against the first lawyers of Nantes. O'Keeff was advanced to the rank of superior officer, and he made campaigns in Africa as lieutenant-colonel, with the 56th regiment of the line, and he was promoted to the rank of full colonel in the 6th regiment of light troops. The President of the Republic raised him to the rank of general of brigade in 1852. Unfortunately O'Keeff did not enjoy those last honours long; his health was shattered by the climate of Africa, and his brilliant military career, like that of many of his comrades, terminated too soon, and before they had time to render the services the country required from their experience and devotion to the cause of freedom and nationality. — O'Keeff's father died at Briançon near Grenoble. I never saw him, but I heard much of his patriotic love of Ireland, his native country and of his hatred of the english yoke.

General O'Keeff was replaced in the command of his regiment the 7th light infantry, by an irishman, Charles Sutton de Clanard, cousin to marshal Bugeaud. — He was born at Wexford; his father the count de Clanard, was an officer in the old irish brigade, and at the revolution of 1789 emigrated and entered the service of England. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he sold his commission of captain in the english service and returned to France, accompanied by his wife an irish woman, and his children, consisting of four sons and two daughters; in 1814 the duke of Feltre obtained for him the pension of retreat as a lieutenant-colonel in the french army, and a bourse at the college of La Flèche, for his second son Charles, who afterwards finished his studies at the college of Saint-Cyr, and then received his commission of sous-lieutenant in 1827, and he advanced from rank to rank rapidly, having made several campaigns in Africa, till he was named colonel of the 6th light infantry regiment which took the number of 81, of the line. In 1857 colonel Sutton de Clanard was promoted to the rank of general of brigade by the emperor Napoleon III.

When I arrived at Paris in 1803, doctor Mac Mahon was the physician of the irish college, where he had studied under the auspices of his uncle doctor O'Reilly, one of the physicians to Louis XVI. Doctor O'Reilly being suspected and obliged to conceal himself after the king's execution, young Mac Mahon was also suspected, and

he narrowly escaped the terrorism of that dreadful period. He told me how he was stopped one night at the place Saint-Michael, by a hatter who knew him; Mac Mahon being in the habit of bringing his countrymen to that man's shop to purchase what they wanted in his line. This worthy hatter told Mac Mahon that orders were given to have him and others arrested; that a battalion of volunteers, of which he was one of the captains, would be reviewed next day in the court yard of the college Louis-le-Grand, by the representatives of the people, previous to its marching off to join the army of the Rhine; and he advised him to hide the best way he could till then and to be at the gate of the college with his musket when the battalion would be marching out. Mac Mahon fortunately had friends at the college where he spent the night, and only came out when his captain the hatter was passing who rudely pushed him into the ranks, with a severe reprimand, saying, he hoped he had taken a last farewell of his mistress. Thus Mac Mahon got safely out of Paris; at Saint-Denis his captain took care that he should be appointed on the detachment which marched before day, to escort the fourriers who were charged with preparing the lodgings for the battalion at the etapes. By these precautions Mac Mahon reached the army, then the only sure refuge against the local persecutions existing throughout France during that terrible crisis : he soon got an appointment in the military hospitals following the armies, where he had the advantage of improving

himself in his profession; and after he had made several campaigns under Moreau and other generals in chief, he was allowed to return to finish his studies at the medical school of Paris, where he was soon received doctor by the faculty there.

Mac Mahon in a short time acquired reputation as a french physician and got into great practice. I need not say that he had no lack of irish clients amongst the poor exiles of Erin during his long career at Paris. — In 1825 he was named by the minister of public instruction, head librarian to the medical school. This honour, with that of physician to the irish college, were the titles he prized most.

After a short illness doctor Mac Mahon died in the month of december 1835, greatly regretted by his numerous french and irish friends. He was born in Ireland, and ever did honour to the land of his birth : his friendship was sincere and lasting, and no difficulty could prevent him rendering service to a friend in distress. — In my notes I have mentioned somes instances of his readiness to be useful to his countrymen abroad.

I must now speak of another worthy irishman who not only studied at the irish college, but had the honour of saving that establishment in the time of Robespierre's terror from being pillaged by a mob. — Mac Canna seeing this gang approach stood at the gate with a pistol in each hand and primed and loaded; he declared to them that he would shoot the first man who attempted to break the

door, and then he harangued them in the following manner. « Know citizens, that this college was founded to « educate the sons of the victims of despotism and ty- « ranny; they suffered martyrdom for the sake of equa- « lity and the rights of man, and many of those who « studied here, are now in the french ranks of the « army fighting on the frontiers against the european « tyrants, to prevent them profaning the sacred land of « liberty in France. As to me, I am going to embark on « board a french warship where I expect soon to have « an occasion to fight our worst enemies the English. » — Mac Canna had the satisfaction to see that his eloquent harangue succeeded. The mob marched away, delighted with him and exclaiming he was a « brave bon diable. » He received, as he well merited, the thanks of the superior and inmates of the college for his courage and presence of mind in such a dangerous situation. — Mac Canna sailed twice from the french seaports on expeditions destined to aid the irish in obtaining their independence. These expeditions failing, he embarked on board a french privateer, where his services could tend to injure England, a country he cordially hated. He succeeded rapidly in this kind of warfare. — When our regiment was encamped at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1807, we met Mac Canna there, then a wealthy merchant, or « armateur, » and a partner in one of the first houses He had married a widow, and they were living in good style. — He shewed himself here to be a useful and sincere friend to

his countrymen. — Lieutenant Powell of the irish regiment having insulted at the review passed by general Saint-Cyr, a captain Delorme, a prussian, who was following the regiment expecting to get a company in it one day, and who wished to be seen defiling before the general; and who came to take lieutenant Powell's place, who was commanding the company in the absence of his own captain. « Shew your order » said Powell. « I have none » replied captain Delorme « but I am your superior. » Lieutenant Powell lost patience and pushed the captain very rudely out of his way and continued to march as if nothing had happened. The review finished, lieutenant Powell was arrested and sent to the town prison, and orders were given to have him tried forthwith by a court martial, of which general Dufour was the president, a great friend of Mac Canna's. The latter lost no time in explaining to the general president, who Powell was, and the part he had taken with general Humbert in Ireland, and who the prussian captain was, who had abandoned both his king and country when they were in distress. — He also got one of his friends, a major of a french regiment to defend lieutenant Powell at the court martial when it would sit.

Other complications ensued before the trial took place ; the lieutenants of the irish regiment assembled and decided to force the prussian captain to prove that he was worthy to wear the insign or epaulets of an officer. Lots being cast, it fell on Allen to give the first challenge and

he had no sooner delivered it, than he was arrested and sent to the town prison. I must mention the part I took on hearing of this occurrence, not as a boast, far from it. Lieutenant O'Reilly and I met the prussian captain Delorme, in the fields coming from the commander's house, where he had been making his report on Allen's being sent to prison. We stopped him, saying, he would receive no more challenges, but that he should instantly receive something else, if he did not comply with our request. He asked time to go into town to get a second, and he pledged his honour that he would not report us to the general. He soon returned with a captain of a swiss regiment then in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer. O'Reilly and he fought with small swords for about two minutes, when he asked to repose an instant, putting the point of his sword to the ground, which O'Reilly generously acceded to. Delorme seemed quite out of breath and could scarcely speak. He then said, if he was allowed time, he would endeavour to get into another regiment and if he did not succeed, he would give in his resignation.

It was feared that this duel and this last transaction might be injurious to the officers in prison, Allen and Powell, but our good friend Mac Canna's exertions and his wide acquaintance amongst the french officers prevented it, and he was of the greatest use to us. Allen being ill in prison, was sent to the hospital, where general Dufour and Mac Canna went to see him. I met them

in the garden walking with Allen, who was highly flattered and consoled by their visit : the general told us that the court martial was convoked for the saturday after at « Ambleteuse, » three leagues from our camp, to try Powell, and as he would be well defended, we need not have any apprehension on the matter. Indeed so far he was right, for the day of the trial was a day of victory for Ireland. Her claims on France were most eloquently put forward, and Powell being one of those who had to exile himself after general Humbert's surrender in Ireland to lord Cornwallis in august 1798, the able defender was furnished with a theme which he certainly turned to good account. « Gentlemen, judges, » said he, « you « have to decide between captain Delorme, a prussian « adventurer, who when he chooses, can return to his « home, and even go and see his king at Berlin — and « an irish man, lieutenant Powell, who had to expatriate « himself and abandon all that was dear to him in his « beloved country, when general Humbert capitulated « without being able to make any terms for the brave « irish who flocked to his standard; you will prove to all « those of them both at home and abroad, by your ver- « dict this day, that they have no injustice to fear in « France, and that the sacrifices Ireland has ever made « for the french nation shall not be forgotten. Your « decision will also shew to the general in chief, that if « the commander of the regiment had done his duty, he « would have put captain Delorme under arrest, for hav-

« ing presumed to take the command of a company from « its immediate chief without his order; this neglect « must be explained to the general in chief who will soon « see who the persons are who merited punishment. And « now gentleman, » said this eloquent defender, « let me « tell you before I conclude, that you have here in your « presence, in this court, brave irish men who have been « sold by their task masters the English, to captain De- « lorme's king; that wily prussian monarch availed him- « self of Ireland's cruel situation in 1798 to get men at « a cheap rate to work in his mines; he sent his agents to « New Geneva, a prison in Ireland, to pick from amongst « the unfortunate prisoners, who were under sentence of « transportation for having joined the french when ge- « neral Humbert landed on the irish coast, able bodied « men; those irish patriots worked like slaves for years, « in the prussian mines, when they were compelled to « become soldiers, to complete his prussian majesty's « army, who though in peace with the world thought « it right to have his army greatly augmented to be ready « to pounce on France the moment she met with any re- « verses, and to join her enemies. Fortunately our vic- « tories in 1805 of Ulm and Austerlitz, frustrated this « treacherous design against France, and the battle of « Iena in 1806 had the chains of hundreds of those brave « irish patriots broken, who had been eight years in bon- « dage in his prussian majesty's states. »

The following are the names of a few of those present

at this court martial, who were released after the battle of Iena. —Mallowney, wounded at Castlebar and sentenced to be transported; he was sent to New Geneva prison, and there sold to the king of Prussia; serjeant major then in the irish legion and afterwards captain in the irish regiment in Spain 1812. O'Brien, Dalton, Keagh, Doyle, and Cane I knew in the insurrecection of 1798. Young Gunning, the son of a county of Kildare gentleman, elegant and handsome, but very delicate. I asked him one day, how he could bear up with the hard work of the mines. « Oh! » he replied « Patt Foster did his own task and mine too; otherwise I could not have survived. » Foster indeed was equal to accomplish such deeds : he was the son of a farmer and accustomed to country work; he was six feet two inches in height and about 25 years of age; very handsome, simple as a child and brave as a lion.

The major in his defence of Powell, took care to mention two other officers his fellow sufferers who were present in the court, « Mr John Gibbons, a wealthy country « gentleman at Newport and his son Edward; for having « allowed their horses to be employed to transport gene- « ral Humbert's baggage, the son was transported to Bo- « tany Bay. From thence he escaped. He is here a sous « lieutenant in the irish regiment, and his father is a « lieutenant whilst the prussian Delorme is a captain. »

« Gentlemen, this is one of the many instances of what « the unfortunate irish have suffered for France through-

« out our wars with England, and I am sure your verdict « to day will satisfy them that before a french tribunal « they may expect impartial justice. I have done. »

The court martial after a few minutes deliberation unanimously acquitted lieutenant Powell.

Mr Mac Canna ordered a splendid breakfast at Ambleteuse to be ready when the trial should be finished, to which he invited his french and irish friends. I need not say that « Erin go bragh » was toasted in bumpers of sparkling champaign ; and when the major's health was given, he who had so eloquently defended Powell, he replied very modestly that he felt the greatest pleasure in pleading not only the cause of Powell, but of the irish exiles in general, who were well entitled to the sympathy of the french nation, and of every true french patriot. « But gentlemen » he said, « my task was not a difficult « one. My honourable friend Mac Canna handed me, as « you say in English, my brief; he gave me in his own « handwriting the statement of the case I had to plead, « and allow me to tell you, none but a first rate french « scholar could have drawn up such a document. I have « studied the law before I became a soldier, and I flatter « myself that I know my language tolerably well ; « Mr Mac Canna not only writes french purely and correctly, but he makes use of expressions not always « familiar to people, except those who are highly educated. » It was very true that at that time those who

studied at the irish college, became very good french scholars; but Mac Canna would rather not have received this compliment, lest it might diminish our admiration of his friend's most clever defence of Powell. However we spent a delightful day, thanks to Mr Mac Canna. We took leave of him in the evening and returned to our camp in high spirits, after this « half » victory, for Allen being still in prison, we could not consider it otherwise. He however was let out next day, when he sent a challenge by captain Dowdall to the prussian captain Delorme, who refused to fight Allen, but he signed a paper, saying, that if he could not get exchanged into another regiment before six months, he would give in his resignation. Thus ended this very disagreeable business, and the regiment was ordered to quit the camp and march to Antwerp immediately.

The day after we arrived there, Allen and I were taking breakfast in a coffee house, when the post man brought me a letter from our mutual friend captain Valentine Derry, who had resigned and left the regiment a short time before; being on the point of going to America, he went out to Saint-Germain-en-Laye to take leave of some friends he had there; a letter was handed him to read, written nearly three months before, by a major Plunket, one of the old irish brigade officers retired at Boulogne-sur-Mer. This letter contained silly remarks on our shabby appearance the day our regiment arrived at Bou-

logne after marching eight leagues in a very wet day in the month of march. — Derry gave me in his letter a full extract of major Plunket's ill-natured remarks.

After reading Derry's letter, Allen asked for pen, ink and paper, and whilst I was looking over the newspapers, wrote a letter of great length to major Plunket, who seemed to us a harmless, gentlemanly old man, always dressed with silk stockings and kneebuckles. Mr and Mrs Barker had him frequently at dinner, and it was at their house I often met him. Captain Barker had served with him in Walsh's regiment before the revolution, and considered him a good irishman. — After citing the passage of poor Plunket's letter to his old comrade at Saint-Germain, Allen asked him, if it was the green banner with the golden harp without the crown, on one side, and on the other in gold letters « Independence of Ireland, Buonaparte First Consul, République française » that displeased him so much? that as to our uniform, that was a matter of taste. We irish patriots preferred it, because it was green, the colour cherished in our native land, and our own adoption, preferable to the « Stuart livery » now so stigmatized and disgraced in the ranks of the english army. Was this the way you took to requite the brave captain Barker's hospitality? You are a sad specimen of the degenerated former irish brigades, etc., etc. Allen could not speak or write on such occasions but in the strongest terms. I wanted him not to send the letter, that it was not worth taking notice of old Plun-

ket's private correspondence, but he persevered, and by return of post he had a letter from Mr Mac Canna stating that major Plunket asked him to be his second to fight Allen, and that after reading the letter and hearing the whole story, he refused, but told him, that he was ready to accompany him to Saint Germain-en-Laye to call out the fellow who had made such an use of a gentleman's private correspondence; that it was a fortunate circumstance for him, that the irish regiment had marched away from Boulogne before the letter came to hand, otherwise he would have had the whole corps of officers to deal with, and would be forced to retract what he had written in march, and it was now the middle of june. Mr Mac Canna thus succeeded in satisfying poor Plunket, — and so the affair ended without a duel. Thanks again to Mac Canna, who was a great peace maker amongst his friends and acquaintances; he was much considered in consequence. He had however, sometimes to go to the ground on his own account. He was a first rate swordsman and had nothing to dread, though not very young and getting quite corpulent. — He told me how he took lessons in fencing every year, lest he should not be able to defend himself in the time of need. His nephew Mullen, or Mac Mullen who joined the regiment in 1806 kept up a correspondence with his uncle, so through him we continued to hear from time to time of our worthy countryman Mac Canna. But Allen and I going to Spain in 1808 and poor Mullen dying of the wounds he

received at the siege of Flushing in 1809, we were deprived of the pleasure of hearing further particulars of Mac Canna; we heard that he ended his days at Boulogne much regretted by his french and irish friends there.

I frequently met at Mr Emmett's a very worthy irishman, Mr Delany : he was a great friend of poor Thomas Russell and his nephew William Hamilton. He studied at the irish college, and was considered a young man of talent and an accomplished scholar. Delany's ambition was to accompany Thomas Addis Emmett to Ireland, and there to be employed under him in a civil capacity, in the event of his country obtaining her independence He had a very honourable situation as private secretary to Mr Defermont, a councillor of state, and they were living together on the most friendly terms. Young Delany came from the Kerry mountains where he had learned the first rudiments of grammar, and finished his studies in France. I cannot forget how he would lament in the presence of Mr and Mrs Emmett, the cruel privations suffered by the catholic population of Munster, particularly as regarded education. No school masters to teach the children of the unfortunate farmers, but no lack of little proctors,

land and law agents, to extort the last shilling from the people, for the support of the protestant ascendency and the dignity of the english lords, the scourge of poor Ireland.

Mr Emmett and doctor Mac Neven wished to publish an elaborate article on the advantages the french commerce was likely to obtain by adhering to certain rules, and as this article should appear in french as well as english the same day, and though these gentlemen wrote good french, they thought fit to get Mr Delany to translate it. When it was laid before the first consul, he seemed to take no heed of it, till he was visiting the coast in november 1803. Then he saw the purport of it, and he wrote to Paris to have Mr Emmett and doctor Mac Neven's article published in the Moniteur and the Argus newspaper, edited in english by Goldsmith.

Mr Lesage, the french gentleman from whom I was taking lessons, and who had passed fourteen years in London, and consequently was a good english as well as french scholar, called on me when he had read Mac Neven and Emmett's article, and said he had seldom read such beautiful french as those gentlemen had written, and asked me to get him a copy of the one in english, that he might compare them : he was indeed much delighted with the composition of both, but gave the preference to the french version.

Mr Delany obtained from the minister of war in 1809 a commission for his brother as sous lieutenant in the third battalion of the irish regiment then in garrison at Landau upon the Rhine. This battalion being ordered to join the second battalion in Spain, both were employed ad the siege of Astorga, in april 1810, in general Thomier's brigade and 2d division general Solignac's, 8th corps, commanded by general Junot, the duke of Abrantes.

Captain Allen of the second irish battalion, having mounted the breach at the head of his company of voltigeurs, and having succeeded in getting into the town and taking possession of a house where he defended himself against the enemy, waiting for reinforcements to come in the morning, about midnight a detachment was ordered to carry ammunition and provisions to Allen and his men who passed the breach. Young Delany was the officer who got the command, and he coolly and bravely executed his mission, to the satisfaction of the general, but he lost many of his men, and he got a ball through his own arm. He returned through the treuches, to the place where the surgeon of the irish regiment was busily employed dressing the soldiers' wounds. He was there looking on for some time, when surgeon Prevot said, « Mr Delany I beg your pardon, but my orders are, not to allow any one to remain here except the wounded. » — « Well, » replied Delany, « in that case I have a right to « remain, I have got a ball through my arm, and now

« that your hurry is over, will you be good enough to « examine it? » The surgeon quite surprised and distressed said, « my instructions are to dress the officer's « wounds first; why did you not tell me at once? » — « Oh! » answered Delany « the poor soldiers you were at- « tending, stood in more need than I did. » — Surgeon Prevot having reported in the morning to the general in chief all that regarded his own profession, did not omit to mention Delany's humane patience, waiting to have his wound examined nearly an hour till a dozen soldiers had their wounds dressed.

The duke of Abrantes on hearing this report, ordered Delany to be carried on the list for promotion, and he soon received his brevet of lieutenant, and in the campaign of Portugal was placed in the grenadiers company, which I commanded. — In 1812 when our battalion was ordered from Spain to join the Grand Army in Germany, I got permission at Bordeaux to take the coach to Paris. I promised lieutenant Delany to write to him poste restante at Orleans to let him know about his worthy brother from whom he had not heard for a long time. I was much grieved on arriving at Paris, to learn, that the latter had been dead three months. He left no fortune, and no debts. He spent his money in the most generous manner, and he was surrounded by his irish friends at his last moments; a great consolation for an exile! —

Lieutenant Delany was inconsolable when he read my letter at Orleans, for he had lost a brother who was like

a father to him. A small compensation awaited him. Altho' one of the junior lieutenants of the regiment, he was promoted to the rank of captain, at the same time as Mallowney, Jackson and Burke. When the irish regiment was disbanded after the hundred days in 1815, captain Delany retired on half pay, and died a few years afterwards at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

John Sweetman dead for the cause of freedom and justice can never be forgotten in Ireland.

John Tennant left his only child to the care of his friend Richard Mac Cormick; this worthy exile, when allowed to return to his native land, brought miss Tennant with him. He had her married to a gentleman at Dublin, a Mr Murray.

EDWARD MASTERSON. — Captain, the 7th december 1803. He quitted the english service and came to France to visit his brother, John Masterson, who had been an officer in one of the irish brigades in France before the Revolution, and who had acquired a fortune with a lady he married in the Island of Antigua. This gentleman being in France when the hostilities recommenced in 1803 preferred to be a prisoner of war, as an english subject, in order to preserve his property. He however kept up his acquaintance with his former comrades, who did not emigrate. — General Clark befriended his brother; but poor captain Edward Masterson did not live

long enough to avail himself of the « mighty » patronage of the duke of Feltre; he died near Bruges of the Flushing fever in 1809. — He was married in 1805, to the daughter of the marquis de Castrot at Quimper. He had no children.

JOHN AHERAN. — Captain, 7th december 1803. He came to France to finish his studies, and when war broke out with England, he was one of the irish patriots who offered their services to the french government. He twice embarked for Ireland, and after the failure of those expeditions, he had the good fortune to escape back to France. The irish legion being on march to Mayence, in 1806, poor captain Aheran died suddenly at Metz.

PATT MAC SHEEHY. — Captain at the formation of the legion, 7th december 1803. He studied in France. Returned to Ireland. Was employed as a tutor in rich catholic families. In 1798 he was professor of french at Mr Jone's academy in the town of Gorey, and one of the yeoman cavalry of that district during the insurrection. His cousin adjutant general Mac Sheehy obtained for him the commission of captain, when after a short trial, he was found unfit for the rank. He was reformed, and retired on a small pension.

TYRREL. — Captain, 7th december 1803. Never joined the legion from the bad state of his health. He was one

of the irish exiles much considered by all his acquaintance.

JOHN SWEENY. — Lieutenant at the formation of the irish legion, 7th december 1803. Captain, the 22d march 1804. His military career in the french service was not of long duration. After his duel with captain Thomas Corbet in august 1804, he resigned his commission and went to reside at Morlaix, where he married a lady of the family connexion of general Moreau.

John Sweeny belonged to the city of Cork, where he had taken an active share in the political affairs of 1798; he was the friend, and fellow prisoner of Thomas Addis Emmett in the jails of Ireland, and at fort George in Scotland. He was a very handsome, fine-looking man, possessed of the talents fitted to have made him a splendid officer. To see Ireland independent was his highest wish, and no danger, however great, could prevent him embarking in any scheme, or undertaking, to accomplish it. Though on the list of the banished prisoners who were never to return to their native land, yet the undaunted Sweeny did not hesitate to go there in 1803, when he expected to be able to join and assist poor Robertt Emmett. It was with the greatest difficulty he effected his escape back to France, after he had heard the news of the failure in Dublin the 22d july 1803.

HUGH WARE. — Lieutenant, 7th december 1803. Cap-

tain, 22d march 1804. Chef de bataillon, july 1810. Gros major, or lieutenant-colonel, march 1814. Colonel, april 1815, — decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of honour, 18th of june 1813. —

The irish regiment which he commanded, being disbanded in the month of september 1815, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, he remained there to give up the accounts of his regiment till may 1816, when he retired on half pay to the town of Tours, where he terminated his honourable career the 5th of march 1846. His death was accompanied with one regret, and one only, — that it was not in his home, and in harness. — Honour to the warrior's bones!

Colonel Ware was the most humane and generous of men; his hospitality and great generosity often left him with an empty purse. — The experience he acquired in the irish insurrection of 1798 was of great use to him in the french army, where he served with such distinction; it familiarized him to the dangers, and privations of every sort which a soldier is sure to find in active campaigns. The years in which Ware was so unjustly detained in the prisons of Dublin were not entirely lost ; he spent his time generally in studying military tactics; and being a great reader and endowed with a good memory, he left the english dungeons with a thorough knowledge of the french evolutions of the line, and often on the field of exercise he would decide on some disputed manœuvre, although he probably had not read that passage from the

day he left Kilmainham jail. — In person, Ware was handsome and well made, tall, being more than six feet high, powerfully strong and active. — As to horsemanship, no one could surpass him; and this is a valuable acquirement for a field officer. — Much as been related of him in the narrative of the campaigns of the irish in the service of France, but not all that might have been said, for he was the bravest of the brave.

AUSTEN O'MALLY. — Lieutenant of the irish legion, the 7th december 1803. — Captain, the 22d, march 1804. — O'Mally made all the campaigns with his regiment in Germany, Spain and Portugal down to 1812; being just returned from Spain that year, to Holland, he was detached with his company from the garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom, to one of the islands on the coast, where from the sudden transition of the climates his sight began to fail, and finally he became quite blind. His military career thus finished, he had to retire on a pension. He was married to the daughter of the governor of the Island. He had two sons. The eldest is the distinguished colonel of the 73d regiment whose brilliant services in a period of 17 years, in Crimea, at Sebastopol, in Italy in 1859, at the battles of Magenta, Solferino, etc., are well known in the french army, and still better by the enemies of France.

AUSTEN O'MALLEY was one of the young irish patriots

who came at the head of the country people to join the french general, Humbert, when the latter landed with his little army of eleven hundred men, at Killalo in the month of august 1798; the failure of that expedition not only ruined O'Malley's own prospects, but those of his father and family; their property was given over to be pillaged by the english soldiers. — O'Malley escaped to France with very limited means to support himself, still such was his courage, that he could bear up with privations, hoping he should ere long be ordered to embark in another, and a better expedition than Humbert's, to give freedom to his unfortunate country.

WILLIAM BARKER. — Lieutenant at the formation of the irish legion, the 7th december 1803. Captain, the 22d of march 1804. Mr Barker's honourable services previous to the french revolution, as an officer of the irish brigade, Walsh's regiment and those he had in Ireland in 1798, not fighting in the english ranks like the emigrants, but for the independence of his country, should have entitled him to the highest rank granted at the organization of the irish legion, but he was satisfied to have obtained the rank which enabled him to make part of the expedition destined to give freedom to his native land. — During the siege of Flushing in august 1809, the night before the capitulation was signed with the english, commandant Lawless had the precaution to procure a boat and have captain Barker with several other wounded officers,

sent across to the french coast; thus he escaped once more his cruel enemies. — Mr Barker's health began to decline during his campaigns, suffering from his wounds, and lastly the terrible Walcheren fever completely impaired it. Being with the regiment in 1811 at Bois-le-Duc in Holland, he there terminated his weary and honourable career, regretted much by his comrades and friends. — Never was there a more generous, or a better man than William Barker. —

A great deal might be said about the heroic fortitude of the irish women who had to accompany their proscribed husbands, and seek a refuge on the continent, and exile themselves for ever from the land of their birth. Mrs Barker, after the battle of Vinegar hill on the 21st june 1798, had to abandon her house and handsome establishment at Enniscorthy, and escape with her husband, who had his arm amputated the same day, carrying with her a little son, a year old. — What must have been her anxiety at that awful moment, knowing that torture and death awaited her husband as one of the chiefs who commanded at the battle! It is only the love and courage of a wife and a mother that can afford support under such trials. They fled from place to place for weeks, hiding to escape the blood hounds that were daily in search of poor Mrs Barker and her charges. She however baffled them all. — A vessel was procured, which brought her safe to Hamburg with her husband and child.

VALENTINE DERRY. — Lieutenant, the 7th december 1803. Captain, 22d march 1804. — Mr Derry seeing no prospect of an expedition for Ireland (the army that had been assembled at Brest under the command of marshal Augereau, ready to embark, being ordered away to the campaign of Austerlitz), he gave in his resignation and went to reside at New York in the United States, where he established an academy.

Mr Derry took an active part in the politics of his country in 1798. He was the brother of the catholic bishop of the county of Down ; he was highly educated and a good french scholar, and when he escaped to France, he was appointed one of the professors at the college of La Flèche. — Derry was the friend of Father Quigly, and when that unfortunate clergyman was tried and condemned at Maidstone in Kent, Derry had the courage to stay by him to his last moments on the scaffold ; then he fled and abandoned his friends and home for ever.

WILLIAM DOWDALL. — Sub-lieutenant in december 1803. Lieutenant, january 1804; captain, 22d march 1804. — Mortally wounded at the siege of Flushing in august 1809 he died of his wounds in the hospital at Ghent. Dowdall took an active part with Arthur O Connor in publishing the famous newspaper « the Press » in 1797 and 1798. — He was arrested and suffered a long imprisonment at Dublin, and at fort George in Scotland, till the peace of Amiens in 1802, when he was liberated and allowed to

return to Ireland. Implicated in the unlucky attempt of poor Robert Emmett in july 1803, he escaped to Cadiz where he received his commission to join the irish legion at Morlaix in Britany. — William Dowdall was well looking, well informed and active; he was doing the functions of captain adjutant major in his battalion in the sortie it made against the english army before Flushing, when he received his death wound.

PATT MACC ANN. — Lieutenant, 7th december 1803; captain the 22d of march 1804. Wounded at the siege of Flushing in august 1809, he died in the hospital at Ghent, after the amputation of his arm. His poor wife was with him at the time; she died the month after at Brussels, leaving a little girl ten years of age, unprovided for. — Mac Cann was in business at Dublin, when he was arrested and thrown into prison till the peace of Amiens 1802, when he was liberated on condition of expatriating himself for ever. He was residing at Bordeaux when he received his commission or orders to repair to Morlaix. He was well informed, and most gentlemanly in his manners, and much esteemed by all his brother officers.

PATT BRANGHAN. — Captain in april 1804. He made the campaigns and sieges with the irish regiment in Spain and Portugal till the autumn of 1811, when from the effects of a wound, his health began to decline; he died at Bejar, a small town in Estramadura, Spain.

Poor Branghan had to abandon his wife and children and escape to Bordeaux after the failure of the attempt in Dublin, july 1803. His courage could not be surpassed. He gloried in being in dangerous situations; he never despaired of seeing his country one day independent, and for the accomplishment of that great end, there was no peril to which he would not cheerfully expose himself. He was a good irish patriot, — always ready to sacrifice his all for the good of his native land.

THOMAS MARKEY. — Lieutenant at the formation of the irish Legion the 7th of december 1803. Captain in april 1804. — Captain aide-de-camp to the minister of war, the duke of Feltre, 1810. — Chef de bataillon, aide-de-camp, 1812. — Gros major, or lieutenant-colonel commanding the depot of a french regiment at Brest in 1814. Put on half pay, 1815; re-employed in 1823, and again on half pay after the spanish campaign till 1833, when he obtained the maximum, full pension of retreat. — Decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of honour, and with the cross of Saint-Louis. — Markey retired to Fontainebleau, where he ended his days peacefully on the 6th of april 1854 at the advanced age of 84 years.

Few irish patriots suffered more than Thomas Markey. At Drogheda in 1798 he was tried by a court martial and condemned to death; he was on the point of being executed, when a respite came, and his punishment was then commuted to transportation for life. He was bound

with chains, thrown on board the convict ship in Howth Harbour, where he suffered all kinds of indignities for several months; he was removed to Kilmainham jail, and became the fellow prisoner of Emmett, Arthur O'Connor, Mac Neven, Hugh Ware, etc. At the peace of Amiens in 1802 he was allowed to expatriate himself for ever. He went to reside at Bordeaux, where he met general Napper Tandy, with whom he would form many schemes for the independence of Ireland. — Tandy died in 1803 and bequeathed to Markey his sword of honour, which the latter prized as the greatest gift that could be bestowed on him. — Markey was handsome and graceful, middle sized; he was witty in conversation, with the manners of a highly well bred man in society. He was extremely hospitable, and did the honours of his table like a true Irishman.

PATT GALLAGHER. — Lieutenant the 7th december 1803. Captain, 22d march 1804. — The expedition to Ireland not taking place, he went to reside at Bordeaux with his wife and children. Patt Gallagher was one of the brave and faithful men who often, at the risk of their lives, guarded and escorted poor lord Edward Fitzgerald through the streets of Dublin in 1798. He escaped to Paris the same year, and there he met many of his former friends.

JAMES JOSEPH MAC DONALD. — Captain in 1803. He re-

signed and went to Cadiz in 1805. He was one of the irish gentlemen of influence who first joined general Humbert at Killalo in august 1798, and the commander in chief of the small french army appointed him « general » to command the irish insurgents. He could not have chosen a braver, or a more honourable man than Macdonald. He was a barrister, and a man of very distinguished manners.

GRÉGOIRE. — A french man. Captain and quartermaster of the irish Legion. He was taken prisoner by the english army at the capitulation of Flushing in august 1809, and returned to France after the peace of 1814.

PATRICK SAINT-LEGER. — Surgeon-major to the irish Legion at its formation the 7th december 1803. Knowing well his profession, he rendered great service for several years, 'till he fell a victim to the Walcheren fever in 1809. Young Saint-Leger made the best studies possible at Paris, under the guidance of his able father Dr Saint-Leger; he was of great use to the irish officers on account of his perfect knowledge of french, english and german — Besides this, he was the best of comrades.

JOHN GIBBONS. — Lieutenant, 7th december 1803. His health was impaired by his long and severe sufferings, hiding in the Mayo mountains after general Humbert's capitulation, and before he could escape to France. This,

with the loss of his property, he could not bear up against, and died at Antwerp 1807.

PAUL MURRAY. — Sub-lieutenant, 7th december 1803, lieutenant, 22d march 1804, captain in 1809. Murray made the campaigns and sieges with the irish regiment in Spain and Portugal with distinction in the years 1809, 10, and 11. He retired on a small pension in 1814. In the hundred days in 1815 he was re-employed and joined the irish regiment at Montreuil-sur-Mer. He remained with it till it was disbanded in september 1815. He then retired to Dunkirk, where he ended his long career in 1853. — Paul Murray took an active, spirited and honourable part in the insurrection in Ireland in 1798, for which he had to abandon his friends and country. — No officer was ever better liked by his comrades than Murray; he was truth and honour in every transaction through life.

MILES BYRNE. — Sous-lieutenant at the formation of the irish Legion, 7th december 1803. Lieutenant, 22d march 1804. Captain, 16 december 1808. Chef de bataillon, 4th september 1830. — « Titres et décorations. » — Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, le 18 juin 1813. Chevalie de l'ordre royal et militaire de Saint-Louis, le 23 mai 1825. Officier de la Legion d'honneur, 13 novembre 1832. — Naturalisé français le 20 août 1817, par lettres de déclaration de naturalité du même jour. 33 year's service.

17 campaigns, those in Ireland comprised. Extracts from the registers of the 56th regiment of the line, the last in which Miles Byrne had served; signed by the members of the council of administration of the 56th regiment of the line at Courbevoie, the 6th june 1835. All taken from the war office, which classes as campaigns, the « insurrection d'Irlande » 1798 et sa présence aux diverses armées françaises en Hollande, Espagne, Portugal, Allemagne, Morée, etc.

The following circumstances impeded the advancement of M. Byrne. — He being with his regiment in garrison at Antwerp, when that town was besieged in 1814, and the communication intercepted with the war office at Paris, he was prevented receiving his brevet of chef de bataillon. Captain O'Reilly who happened to be at Paris, got his commission; they were proposed the same day for that rank, on the field of battle at Goldberg in Silesia the 23d of august 1813. Then the changes and-re-organization of the army after the restoration of the Bourbons caused more delay, though the minister of war, marshal Soult, endeavoured to repair the injustice, by his letter of the 13th of february 1815 to M. Byrne, promising that the first place vacant in any of the four foreign regiments should be for him; but the hundred days, and the second restoration finally put an end to further hopes. In september 1815 the irish regiment was disbanded; the officers were placed on half pay, and whilst in that situation, could not obtain promotion. Notwithstanding

M. Byrne was a naturalized frenchman, and tho' he had friends in the war office, he could not get employed before 1828. Thus his military career was stopped for more than twelve years. After the revolution of 1830 he ascertained that it was to the english influence with Charles the tenth's government, to prevent certain irish officers from being employed, amongst whom he had the honour of being comprised, that he owed his failure in his long military career.

PATRICK POWEL. — Lieutenant, the 7th of december 1803. — Retired on reformed pay in 1808. Powell was one of the first to join general Humbert at Killalo in august 1798, and after long hiding in the mountains he escaped to France.

EDMUND SAINT-LEGER. — Sous-lieutenant, the 7th december 1803. Lieutenant, 22d march 1804. Captain, 16th december 1808. Chef de bataillon du corps royal d'état-major, 1826; decorated with the cross of chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, the 18th of june 1813. Chevalier de Saint-Louis, 1824. — Saint-Leger served with the greatest distinction in all the campaigns with the irish regiment in Spain and Germany till 1814, when he was appointed captain on the staff of general Maison, who had the command of the first corps of the french army then making head against the allies marching on Paris. — After the restoration of the Bourbons, general Maison

commanded the military division at Paris, and Saint-Leger continued to be one of his confidential staff officers, and he was on the point of obtaining the promotion he had so well merited, when Napoleon landing, drove king and ministers away. He however remained at his post, and did not think of « deserting to Ghent. » Had he remained in Paris after the loss of the battle of Waterloo, there was no kind of favour that would not have been offered to him; but no, the brave Saint-Leger had true irish blood in his veins, he could not wait to witness the triumphant entrance of Wellington and Blucher, he preferred marching with the army of the Loire and sharing in all its misfortunes and humiliations after the second restoration of the Bourbons, rather than lend himself to such time-serving baseness. His honourable conduct on that memorable occasion could not be pardoned by the ruling party. — Poor Saint-Leger died at Paris in 1831, but he did not enjoy any of the happy results of the revolution of july 1830.

TERENCE O'REILLY.—Lieutenant, january 1804. Captain, 1810. Chef de bataillon, march 1814. Decorated with the cross of chevalier de la Legion d'honneur in 1809, after the siege of Flushing, where he, with commandant Lawless, saved the eagle of the irish regiment, and escaped from the english to Antwerp. — O'Reilly commanded a company of voltigeurs of the irish regiment at the battles of Wurschen in Saxony and Goldberg in Si-

lesia ; and afterwards a grenadiers company, with bravery and distinction. In the hundred days, he was attached to the staff of general . . . . . , and after the battle of Waterloo, and the second restoration, he retired on half pay to the town of Evreux, where he finished his days quietly. — O'Reilly was a well informed officer and a good comrade.

AUSTEN GIBBONS. — Lieutenant at the formation of the Legion, the 7th december 1803. He retired on reform pay in 1806. — Gibbons left Ireland after general Humbert capitulated in 1798. He was bred to the sea, and had commanded merchant ships.

THOMAS REED. — Lieutenant, 7th december 1803. He retired on reform pay in 1806. — Reed took an active part in the politics of the north of Ireland, for which he had to abandon his home and escape to France in 1798. Fortunately for him, he brought with him a small sum of money, the interest of which sufficed for his frugal habits of living. — He was more than fifty years of age.

JOHN ALLEN. — Sous-lieutenant in december 1803. Lieutenant, 22d march 1804. Captain, the 16th december 1808. Chef de bataillon, march 1814. Decorated with the cross of chevalier de la Légion d'honneur after the siege of Astorga, april 1810. — He retired on half pay, after the

irish regiment was disbanded in september 1815, to the town of Tours, where he spent several years, and afterwards to Caen in Normandy, where he terminated his honourable career on the 10th of february 1855.

Allen's brilliant services are often mentioned in the narrative of the campaigns of the irish officers, though not so often as they might have been; for in every instance he shewed himself a man of the greatest energy of character, of the most undaunted bravery and of the highest principles of honour. His political career was equally honourable, for no irish patriot ever detested their english task masters more than he did, nor was ever more ready to sacrifice life, and all that is dear to man, to shake off their oppressive yoke. — Allen's imprisonment in the Tower of London, his trial at Maidstone along with Arthur O'Connor, 1798, and his escape from Dublin in 1803 after the unlucky attempt of the ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmett, cannot be forgotten if the history of Ireland, of that melancholy period, be ever published.

JOHN CUMMINS. — Sous-lieutenant in december 1803. Lieutenant, 22d march 1804. Retired on reformed pay in 1806. — Cummins had been one of the state prisoners in Dublin, who was allowed to expatriate himself in 1802. He went to reside at Cadix, from whence he came to join the irish legion at Morlaix in 1803.

J. MORISON. — Lieutenant at the formation of the legion in december 1803. — Died at Flushings in 1808. His health was broken down from his various sufferings and many wounds. — He came to France in 1796, and volunteered as a private soldier in a french regiment of the line, with which he made several campaigns in Italy, and was raised to the rank of sous-lieutenant; wounded at the battle of Marengo, he remained a long time in the hospital before he recovered. — He was a brave soldier, and simple as a child in his manners.

JOHN MAC HENRY.— Lieutenant, 7th december 1803. He died at the hospital of Landernau, 1805, of an operation in his knee. He was one of those brave northern patriots who had to abandon their homes in 1797.

Having mentioned some of the distinguished men who studied at the irish college, I shall relate all I knew about that excellent establishment. When I came to Paris it was struggling and beginning to recover from the effects of the Revolution.

The property purchased in France by the irish families at home, whether in the funds or in land, for the support of the seminaries abroad, to educate the unfortunate catholic children who were deprived of this blessing in their native land, was greatly diminished, as was all such founded properties at that period. — The Concordat made by the First Consul with Rome, had the best effect

on the station held by the irish college; for from being a mere boarding shool under the name of « Le cheval vert, » (or green horse), it ultimately resumed the title of a college. When I came to Paris in 1803, a Mr Mac Dermot conducted the school of the « cheval vert, » no doubt with great order. He had a handsome country house and park and a good deal of land at Montrouge. — I recollect being invited out there with some of my comrades in 1814 to breakfast with Thomas Burgess, who lodged in the mansion till Mac Dermot's executors had the whole concern sold to the society of Jesuits, who built there their college on a great scale.

The uniting the property and revenues of the different seminaries in France with that of the irish college at Paris, at first met with considerable difficulty, and it was only in 1806 that the venerable and worthy abbé Walsh, then the superior of the irish college, obtained from the emperor Napoleon the following decree, which finally settled the matter.

Napoleone Magno, Francorum Imperatore, rege Italiae, exiit decretum his conceptum verbis :

« La réunion en un seul et même établissement des « diverses institutions d'hommes fondées en France et « dans les pays réunis à son territoire, en faveur des ca- « tholiques Irlandais, Anglais et Ecossais,... est défini- « vement confirmée. »

Hoc marmor grati animi testem ovans posuit Mr Walsh, admtor genlis.

Kal. Marth MDCCCVI.

Then the revenues or rents of the seminaries of Bordeaux, Nantes, Douai, Louvain and the Scotch and English at Paris were received by the administration of the irish college, rue des Irlandais at Paris. — Abbé Walsh was the superior, and he was well seconded by the abbé Mac Nalty, the econome or steward and manager of the establishment. The Irishmen's sons who got bourses in the college at this period, were sure to receive an excellent education, as the masters and professors were men of erudition, and high learning; besides, the irish students had the advantage of following the high classes at the Lycée Napoléon, « Henri IV, » then in high repute, for its able professors, and its being adjacent to the irish college proved a great advantage to the sons of the exiles of Erin. I well recollect many of the fine fellows who were educated there : the Mac Mahons, Mac Cannas, Mac Sheehys, Delanys, Blackwells, Saint-Legers, Swantons, Walls, O'Briens, Barkers, Corbets, Glashens, O'Morins, O'Mara's, Smiths, etc.

The irish college continued to be much favoured by the government, and it's superior, abbé Walsh, was much liked and esteemed by the students and their parents. — When I passed through Paris in 1812, I visited young

Barker and others at the irish college; they told me they were well fed and well taken care of. — All was going on well, till the disasters brought upon France by the invasion of foreign armies in 1814. Then the college, after the restoration of the Bourbons, had to undergo many changes, like all such establishments. The irish catholic Bishops claiming the right to appoint the superior of the college, the professors, etc., in short, to resume the power they had previous to the revolution, all of which they readily obtained. A parish priest in the neighbourhood of Dublin, Father Long, was sent by the irish catholic Bishops to preside over the college as superior and administrator. But the landing of Napoleon from the isle of Elba in march 1815, and the retreat of the Bourbons from France, threw Father Long and the Bishops completely out of power.

An Irishman by birth, Mr Ferris, who had been in orders in France, and who had made the campaigns in the army of Condé with distinction, as captain quarter master, when allowed to return to Paris, had studied law and soon became well known to the emperor's government. He obtained the situation of superior of the irish college in the Hundred Days, till the loss of the battle of Waterloo brought back Father Long to resume his functions at the head of the irish college, with more influence than he enjoyed the first time; having through the primate of Ireland, doctor Curtis, obtained the patronage of the duke of Wellington. — Encouraged no doubt by this mighty

man, the irish catholic Bishops endeavoured to get all the property belonging to irish seminaries in France transferred to Ireland, to be annexed to Maynooth college. — Mr Ferris on learning this, had a very able protest drawn up, and had it signed by the irish officers in the french service and had it printed and published. He proved, that to have the property transferred, would be a violation of the testators intentions, when they vested money in the french funds and in land, to be employed for the education of catholic children coming from Ireland. After great exertions on the part of Ferris, with the french government, shewing the bad policy of any compromise, the Bishops were obliged to renounce their scheme of having the property transferred from France to Ireland, and to content themselves as before with the privilege of sending from their respective dioceses those who had a right to bourses on the college.

It appeared strange to see the Bishops attempting such a transfer, before they had any hopes of catholic emancipation. To be sure it was one way of shewing their devotion to their task masters, to deprive the irish rebel and exile of the means of having his son well educated in France, in the event of another war between the two countries.

It was to be regretted that doctor Murray took such an active part in endeavouring to effect this transfer of the irish property. He should have known that the french

government could never consent to such a measure. — He seemed greatly distressed that general Lawless should have signed Ferris' paper, and he got the general's sisters to write to him on the subject. — I recollect waiting on Dr Murray in 1818 at the irish college, to leave him letters and a parcel from Ireland, and of meeting there doctor Curtis, then catholic primate of all Ireland, whom I knew in Spain in 1811 at Salamanca, as superior of the irish college there. He was much changed; from being a tall, portly man, he was quite bent and broken. It was said of him, that he had rendered great service to the duke of Wellington in Spain, and that he had gained for himself a reputation not quite in accordance with the dignity of an « irish » catholic clergyman.

Mr Ferris was rich and cared little about the emoluments of superior of the irish college. His ambition was, to shew to Father Long and the irish Bishops, that he had more influence with the french government than they had; and indeed he soon gave them a proof of it, by getting himself once more appointed superior of the college and having Father Long sent back to resume his duties as a parish priest in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

This time 1819, Mr Ferris though superior, was under the control of a « bureau gratuit, » or commission, named by the minister of public instruction, composed as follows, Hely d'Oyssel, councillor of state president; marshal Mac Donald, grand chancellor of the Legion of

honour; Lally Tolendal, a peer of France; lieutenant general count O'Mahony and doctor Mac Mahon physician to the irish college. — This bureau gratuit or commission, assembled once a week at Ferris' appartment, rue des Postes, where he was splendidly lodged in that part which belonged to the english college. — Poor Francis Plowden had at the same time a small apartment on the third storey in the same house, and was receiving from the irish college, as professor of english twelve hundred francs a year, tho' he gave no lessons. This sum of money was the principal means he had to support himself, though he had many rich relatives in England at that time, and he was often in very distressed circumstances, till his daughter miss Plowden came to live with him and took both him and his son-in-law, the earl of Dundonnell and his child, to reside at Bellevue, where Mr Plowden and lord Dundonnell died in 1830 and 1831. —

When the scotch and english had their seminaries separated from the irish college, their revenues being so small, they got a few bourses in the french colleges equal to the amount of their revenues.

The members of the bureau gratuit relied much on doctor Mac Mahon's information; as he had studied at the irish college, they were generally guided by his advice, and took their decisions accordingly. Ferris not always agreeing with the commission, had one day an altercation with the president Hely d'Oyssel. The latter having

made use of insulting language to him, Mr Ferris asked me to be his second along with a french officer, a friend of his; I could not refuse, although I thought it quite impossible for him to hold a pistol an instant in his hand, on account of the palsy with which he was afflicted. I therefore endeavoured to dissuade him from sending a message to Mr Hely d'Oyssel, mentioning the advantage the latter would have. — « Never mind, » he replied, « I shall rest my pistol on my left arm, and let my antagonist do the same. » He then gave me the challenge to read, calling on Mr Hely d'Oyssel to meet him in the morning, and that he should be accompanied by two friends who would arrange all matters, and fix the rendez-vous with his seconds.

This letter was written in the most gentlemanlike style, as indeed every letter Mr Ferris dictated was.

The answer to this challenge was in terms more insulting than the verbal insult which had caused it. Mr Hely d'Oyssel added, that if he could discover the addresses of the « spadassins » seconds, he would have them forthwith sent sixty leagues from Paris. Mr Ferris immediately wrote to him, that they were, count Mac Namara, deputy governor of the pages of his majesty Louis XVIII, — and lieutenant general count O'Mahony. He apprised these gentlemen of the use he had made of their names, rank, titles, etc., and told his antagonist that he dared not speak to them on the matter, and added, that a coward

who is afraid to fight, is always the most vindictive and dangerous as an enemy.

M. Ferris resigned his situation of superior to the irish college, and went to live in the rue des Filles du Calvaire and kept his carriage. He purchased a handsome country house and land near Soissons, where he ended his days peaceably many years after, 1828.

The abbé Carney, who was born in Ireland and had studied at the irish college in Paris, was appointed superior of it in 1822, to replace Mr Ferris, and he being on the most friendly terms with Dr Mac Mahon, as indeed he was with every one who knew him, for he was disinterested, amiable and obliging to his friends, the college became again well organized, and the minister of public instruction being satisfied that under the administration of abbé Carney, aided by Dr Mac Mahon, every thing would go on well, he therefore thought the bureau gratuit might cease its functions.

Abbé Carney got a worthy irish man, who had been a fellow student with him and Dr Mac Mahon to be appointed econome, or steward to the college. Mr Billy Walsh, though a layman had his apartment in the college; becoming old, he preferred that situation to that of professor of english, and from his knowledge of the way colleges dealt with the furnishors of provisions, he rendered

great service to the irish seminary, where he ended his days in 1827.

The abbé Carney was allied to one of the first families of France, the Castelbajacs, and one of the members of that family, lieutenant-general the marquis de Castelbajac felt the deepest gratitude to him for the services he had rendered to some of the females of his family during the days of terror of the Revolution; and indeed abbé Carney would often relate the sort of service he had performed. When the esplanade or Champ-de-Mars of the military school was ordered to be made by the population of Paris, both men and women went there to work, to dig and wheel the earth. Abbé Carney assisted the ladies of his acquaintance to perform their task, and thereby obtained for them in the evening, a civic card, signed by one of the representatives of the people, which at that critical period was one of the causes of saving them from persecution. By shewing this card to the patrols and frequent domicile inspectors, they escaped being arrested as suspected persons.

Abbé Carney was temperate, and cared little about what he had to eat or drink himself, tho' generous and hospitable to his guests, whom he used to entertain whilst at table, with many amusing anecdotes, as well as with good cheer; he was always gay and good humoured, never speaking harshly of any one. He was low

in stature, well-made, with a very agreeable, benevolent countenance, tho' not handsome. — He had very little to live on before he became superior of the irish college, and still with that little, he was ever endeavouring to be useful to his friends and countrymen. I met him one day, with rather a large parcel under his arm; he told me it was one of his pantaloons he was taking to a poor exile of Erin. He hoped it would fit him, for he was to present him at ten o'clock to a french family, where he expected to have him placed as tutor or preceptor.

Another day, when he was at the head of the college, I asked him if he knew a Mr Quin, a gentleman who had emigrated, and was now residing at Paris. « To be sure I do, » he replied « we were school fellows, comrades, « and great friends; he comes often to see me. » I then mentioned a young gentleman, a friend of mine in London, who wished to have an introduction to Mr Quin's son, the editor of the « New Times. » « Oh! you shall have it without delay. » And he immediately wrote a long letter to Mr Quin his friend, the father of the editor, and told me to go at once and hand it to him. Seeing it contained three close written pages, I read it with attention, but exclaimed : « Abbé Carney, how could you think of « me being the bearer of such a letter, so full of flat- « tering things about myself? » He took the letter from « me, saying : « It contains nothing that is not well « known; however, as it shocks your modesty, altho'

« letters of this nature are generally left open, I shall « seal mine. » On which he put the irish « Erin go bragh » in a mass of green wax.

Such was the kindness of his nature, that he never seemed happy but when occupied in rendering service to his friends. The reverend Dean Ryan being on his way to Rome in 1823, stopped a few days at the irish college with abbé Carney, who introduced him to his names' sake and country woman miss Ryan. This lady kept the great boarding school in the rue du Harley, faubourg Saint-Antoine. She was elderly and feeble, tho' still retaining her former vivacity. She felt highly flattered and honoured by Dean Ryan's visit, and invited him in the most pressing manner to make her house his hotel, when he should be returning from Rome. She shewed him his apartment, the chapel, etc. He at once accepted this kind invitation and availed himself of it shortly after, when he had terminated his mission at Rome, and he spent three weeks or a month, agreeably enough, rue du Harley, before returning to Ireland.

The year after, 1824, miss Ryan died, and named Dean Ryan her executor, leaving to him her splendid house and concerns rue du Harley, and fifteen thousand francs per annum, with large sums in the funds, which Dean Ryan was intrusted with, to be appropriated to the use of certain convents in Ireland. He came to Paris at once and took possession of his new acquisition, and I recollect being at a great dinner party he gave in the autumn,

1824, as a house warning on the occasion. We were more than thirty at table : William Murphy of Mount Merion, Mr Sarjeant and his sons, general Lynch, colonel de Montmorency Morris, councillor Mac Cabe, and his brothers, etc., etc. We spent a jovial evening, returning « quietly, » as irish men, half seas over, to our homes at midnight.

Poor abbé Carney did not long enjoy his situation as superior of the irish seminary. After a few days illness he died in 1825, much regretted by all who knew him. His funeral service was celebrated in the chapel of the college, where were assembled a great concourse of his coutrymen, with numbers of the french nobility; the Castelbacjacs family attended and were anxious to have the religious ceremony executed with all the pomp of the roman catholic church. Ladies were allowed to be present, in the gallery of the chapel, and a special permission was obtained to have him buried in the vault of the chapel, and after making three rounds of the college court yard, in the most solemn manner, the procession returned to the chapel, when the coffin was descended into the vault; and there the remains of the worthy abbé Carney lie, enclosed in a double coffin, a lead one inside.

The reverend Dean Ryan was proposed by some of the irish Bishops, to succeed abbé Carney, as superior of the

irish college. The grand master of the university and minister of public instruction, on their recommandation, appointed him superior of the irish college in 1825; abbé Langan, prefet of studies; abbé Lynch, econome or steward; the reverend Mr O'Higgins one of the professors, only remained a short time; he went to Rome, and when he returned to Ireland, was named Bishop of Ardagh.

Dean Ryan had very pleasing manners; he was well looking, amiable and hospitable. Still with all these qualities, and the purest intentions for the good of the college, he was unable to make things go on there as he desired. He however persevered during the year 1826, when the minister of public instruction thought it adviseable to have an irish clergyman who had studied in France, at the head of the administration of the irish seminary. — Father Magrath a parish priest of the county of Waterford, who had received his education when young, at the irish college, was appointed superior of it in 1827. — The reverend P. Mac Sweeny who was advantageously known as a professor at both Carlow and Maynooth colleges, was named prefet of studies, in the place of abbé Langan. — Things soon resumed a better aspect, and the worthy Dr Mac Mahon was delighted to meet once more his old friend and school fellow Father Magrath; the latter confided the management of the establishment at once to his prefet of studies, whom he knew had the

capacity and talents fit for the undertaking. One day I dined at the college with Father Magrath, in company with his countryman Mr Rivers; by their conversation I could plainly see that he longed to be back again in his parish, and very shortly after, he did return to resume his functions of parish priest. He had the satisfaction to see his prefet of studies, the reverend Dr Mac Sweeny appointed in his place, superior and administrator of the irish college. — This learned and distinguished clergyman governed it for a period of twenty two years, during which time by his judicious administration, he augmented the revenues, and purchased at Arcueil a country house and domain for the college, where the students went on thursdays, and in vacation time resided there day and night.

The minister of public instruction being well pleased with the judicious changes made in the administration of the irish college, by the reverend Dr Mac Sweeny, had him named knight of the Legion of honour, the 25th of april 1847. (See the « Annuaire de la Légion d'honneur, » page 464. — Chevaliers de la Légion d'honneur.)

In the month of june 1847 I met Dr Mac Sweeny at the waters of Vichy. He was suffering much from a rheumatic complaint. He hurried back to Paris, to have the young students prepared for the general examination, previous to the vacation. I asked him if he had not good

professors at the college, in whom he could confide; he replied he had; that ever since abbe O'Longhlan was named prefet of studies, he was quite sure all would be well conducted during his absence. I was truly glad to hear him speak in such high terms of the worthy abbé O'Longhlan for whom I had a sincere friendship.

Dr Mac Sweeny had the charge of the administration of the irish college in the most precarious and unsafe times for such places; viz : during the revolution of july 1830, and afterwards at the revolution of february 1848, and then during the cruel insurrection of june the same year, when such numbers were killed and wounded in the streets adjacent to the college, and intrenchments, barricades, etc , thrown up all round the premises, particularly at the end of the rue des Irlandais, leading into the rue des Postes. Still the college was respected by all parties; the insurgents at one time during the action, wished to make use of the windows, to fire out on the troops. They were however dissuaded from this plan, by abbé O'Longhlan and the professors telling them, a seminary should be neuter and sacred, etc.

Dr Mac Sweeny got over the crisis of the two revolutions and kept every thing safe for the advantage of the college; — the irish students going on tranquilly, as if nothing had occurred. —

In the month of december 1849, Dr Mac Sweeny feeling his health getting daily more impaired, asked permission to be allowed to retire. The minister requested him to remain at the head of the college till another superior was appointed. He then granted him a retiring pension of five thousand francs a year, the largest that ever was given to any one from the revenues of the irish establishment. It was a rare thing for a pension to be obtained, as it required long services. It required in the other administrations of the university, thirty years at least to have a right, and then the pensions, comparatively speaking, were very inferior to Dr Mac Sweeny's. The following is the decree inserted in the « Bulletin des lois, » nº 104, the 31st december 1849.

BULLETIN DES LOIS DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

Partie supplémentaire.

Nº 104.

Nº 2617. — Décret qui accorde une pension à M. l'abbé Mac Sweeny, administrateur des fondations irlandaises en France.

Du 31 Décembre 1849.

Le Président de la République,

Vu la demande formée par M. l'abbé Mac Sweeny, administrateur des fondations irlandaises en France, ten-

dant à obtenir une pension comme rémunération des services qu'il a rendus en cette qualité;

Vu l'article 10 de l'ordonnance du 17 décembre 1818, qui dispose que des pensions pourront être accordées aux administrateurs des fondations britanniques après trente ans de service effectif;

Considérant que M. l'abbé Mac Sweeny, quoique ne réunissant que vingt-deux années de service, a contracté des infirmités dans l'exercice de ses fonctions; que ces infirmités ont été constatées, et qu'elles ne lui permettent plus de rester chargé de la direction du collége irlandais de Paris;

Attendu, d'ailleurs, que cet administrateur a, par sa bonne gestion, augmenté d'une manière notable les revenus de l'établissement confié à ses soins, et qu'il est juste de reconnaître par une pension l'importance de ses services.

Sur le rapport du ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes.

Décrète :

Art. 1er. Une pension annuelle et viagère de cinq mille francs, imputable sur la totalité des revenus des fondations irlandaises établies en France, est accordée à M. l'abbé Mac Sweeny, administrateur de ces fondations.

Art. 2. Cette pension commencera à courir du 1er janvier 1850; elle sera payable au commencement de chaque

trimestre, comme les dépenses du personnel du collége irlandais de Paris.

Art. 3. Le ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes est chargé de l'exécution du présent décret.

Fait à l'Elysée-National, le 31 décembre 1849.

Signé : Louis-Napoléon BONAPARTE.

Le ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes,

Signé : E. Parieu.

In 1850 the reverend doctor Miley was appointed superior of the irish seminary at Paris, and a french clergyman, l'abbé Cœur, was named at the same time, the administrator of the college, or seminary, with Dr Miley; each having his separate functions to perform.

Having given a relation of matters concerning the irish college at Paris in 1803, I must mention the great excitement and joy of the irish exiles there at that period, november 1803, when they heard of the march of general Augereau's corps of army from the frontiers of Spain, Bayonne, to be encamped near Brest, to be ready to embark for Ireland.

Mr Thomas Markey who was following the steff of general Augereau's army apprized his friends of its rapid

march from the spanish frontiers to the coast at Brest, where twenty five sails of the line with transport vessels sufficient to embark thirty thousand troops were lying in harbour.

Captain Murphy who had the rank of grand pilot to the french fleet at Brest, received orders to repair there without delay, to be at the disposition of the admiral commanding the fleet. All this indicated to us that an expedition on a great scale would soon sail for Ireland, and at the same time we knew that Thomas Addis Emmett and Arthur O'Connor had stipulated with the First Consul many things respecting Ireland, when a french army should be landed there; first it was to be considered as an auxiliary one, as the french army in the United States under general Rochambeau's was; then it should be guaranteed that in any treaty of peace between France and England, the independence of Ireland should be maintained, etc. Ten thousand troops with twenty thousand stand of arms, was all that the irish chiefs required to be landed, to accomplish their ends; and one day at Saint-Cloud, the First Consul said to Augereau in the presence of Arthur O'Connor: « general, remember, you « are to be with your army in Ireland, as general « Rochambeau was in America. You will receive and « execute the orders of the irish government, etc. » Mr Thiers, though not very impartial or explicit about the negociations carried on between the french government and the irish independent leaders, still allows that they

obtained terms from the french ministers, which the First Consul confirmed. In his « History of the Consulate and Empire, » vol. IV, page 467. M. Thiers says. « The « minister Decrès had conferred with the irish refugees, « who had already tried to separate their country from « England. They promised a general rising, in the event « of 18,000 french troops landing, with the materials of « war complete, and a great quantity of arms. They sti- « pulated also, as the price of their efforts, that France « should make no peace without exacting the indepen- « dence of Ireland. The First Consul consented to all « these demands, on condition that a body of twenty « thousand irish at least, should have joined the french « army, and fought along with it during the expédition. « The Irish were confident and full of promises, like all « emigrants. However, there were some amongst them « who gave no great hopes, who even promised no effec- « tive aid from the people. »

As I thought Mr Thiers could not produce any proof of his assertion against the willingness of the irish patriots to embrace every opportunity to shake off the english yoke, I wrote the following note to general O'Connor on the subject, in order that he might remonstrate with Mr Thiers on his false appreciation of the irish refugees in France.

Paris, 25th july 1845.

« Dear general,

« I have just been reading the fourth volume of Thiers' History of the Consulate, and I find a couple of pages respecting our intended expedition to Ireland in 1303, which in case you may not yet have received the book, I have copied off for your perusal.

« Yours : M. Byrne.

« Lieutenant-general,
« A. Condorcet O'Connor.
« Château de Bignon. »

The answer I got was very long — the principal points were as follows.

« My dear Byrne,

« I thank you for the extract you have sent me. I am just beginning my memoirs ; you may rest assured I will do my utmost to vindicate the men of 1796, 1797, 1798 and 1804, from all their detractors in France and in Ireland.

« Sincerely yours,

« A. Condorcrt O'Connor.

« Au château de Bignon, 31st july 1845. »

The above few lines from general O'Connor, will suffice to shew how keenly he felt on Thiers' misstatement of the irish exiles in France.

In november 1803 Dr Mac Neven wishing to complete as much as possible the materials he was collecting for the history of the irish insurrection of 1798, before we received orders to march to the coast, used to have each of us in turn at his lodgings, rue de Bussy, to hear him read over what he had already written, to make corrections, and to furnish him with other notes, if we recollected any thing new, to illustrate what we had already given.

Hugh Ware, Parrot, and Mac Dermot on the county of Kildare insurrection; Fitzhenry, Paul Murray and I on the county of Wexford, and county of Wicklow battles and fighting. Councillor James Joseph Mac Donald, captain Murphy, O'Meally, the Gibbons, Father Gannon, Powel, etc., for the account of general Humbert's expedition, landing and capitulation.

Dr Mac Neven's time was so well regulated that he could get through a great deal of business in a short time. He lived near the medical college and attended the public lectures there, and though knowing hew ould soon have his commission as captain in the french army, or perhaps a higher rank, he did not neglect improving himself in his medical profession which he liked.

He liked walking, and whilst enjoying this bodily exercise, he would be continually asking questions and taking notes. — I recollect our last walk together at Paris; he appointed me to call on him one sunday morning early. We went first to the garden of plants, where he wanted to see one of the professors of botany, and when he had finished his business with this gentleman, we crossed over the river in a boat, where the bridge of Austerlitz was built some years later; then passed by the place where stood the famous Bastille, demolished in 1789.

Dr Mac Neven wanted to visit the country house of the jesuit Père-Lachaise, and to make some enquiries of the inmates. — Seeing me look with surprise, as we passed through this cemetery or burying ground (for it was the first time I had been there), at the way the coffins were piled one over another in a long deep trench about seven feet wide, and badly covered at the surface, he asked me how we buried our dead during the rebellion? I told him that altho' we could not procure coffins, at least we had them better covered than they were there, in that ditch before us. — I spoke to him of an eminent physician with whom he had been acquainted, Mr Barney Murray of Gorey. This gentleman, though more than eighty years of age, would ride to our camps to have every thing buried which he thought might cause infection, such as skins of animals, etc., and on account of this conduct, he was afterwards imprisoned as a rebel chief, and narrowly escaped being put to death. —

Dr Mac Neven observed that too much care could not be taken to prevent pestilence; that it was disgusting to see great churches in populous cities made burying grounds; that every time a vault was opened, a plague might be caused. « The Directory did well, he continued, to put an end to having churchyards burying grounds in Paris, and this high ground stands well for a cemetery, if there was more care taken to have the dead properly covered as you said, and it costs nothing to be buried in this open trench. However, separately a grave costs two pounds and is liable to be dug up again after five years. A grave of six feet by three, to purchase the ground for ever, costs more than twenty pounds; which would you prefer? — The two pounds one, provided the lease could to be renewed, I answered. » He laughed and we went on to look at one or two tombstones or monuments, the only ones then erected at Père-Lachaise.— Some twenty years later, it became a city of aristocratic monuments. In december 1824, I had the melancholy commission from poor Mrs Lawless, to purchase ground for two graves, one for her husband, general Lawless, who died on the 25th december 1824 and the other for herself, beside it, where she was buried the 25th of august 1854. — We left this city of the dead to walk to the hill of Montmartre, arriving there, the people were coming out of the church, when I said : « I fear we are not in time « for mass; but perhaps there will be another. » Dr Mac Neven then asked me how we did for mass in the insur-

rection. I told him we had to do without it, as all our chapels where mass were celebrated on sundays, had been burned by the Orangemen, and the priests all hiding, with the exception of Father Roche, Father Kearns and the two fathers Murphy, and these four brave martyrs had no means of celebrating mass, their vestments or sacerdotal garments being all destroyed. Father John Murphy had escaped to a wood, from whence he saw his chapel and dwelling house, burned to the ground, robes and every thing else he possessed. — Though these patriotic clergymen could not say mass, they preached openly and boldly and hourly, to our fighting men, the necessity of the strictest obedience to their chiefs and leaders, to avoid cruel reprisals and revenge, which could only tend to tarnish our just cause, and on no account ever to profane places of worship, no matter of what religious persuasion they belonged to; to observe respect to the female sex, etc. I remarked to Dr Mac Neven how punctually the orders of these priests were adhered to; that no protestant church was desecrated or burned, nor one instance of females being molested. « Well, » he said, « what a pity it is that their memories « should be calumniated by that vile bigot sir Richard « Musgrave. He being a prostitute for hire, nothing bet- « ter could be expected from an historian of his stamp. « So we will speak no more of lord Castlereagh's hire- « lings and tools. »

I have said this was the last day I walked with doc-

tor Mac Neven at Paris, and I may add, the last time we spoke of the affairs of Ireland of 1798 and 1803, as a few days after, appeared in the « Moniteur » the decree for the organization of the irish legion; our occupations became changed, and more important; to me the time spent with doc'or Mac Neven I felt to have been useful to me in every stage of life; he gave me advice on almost every thing which might occur, and no one was more capable of giving wise council than he was; on temperance, in our way of living, dress, etc. — He said to me one day : « you seem to take care of your teeth; » dont shew them too much when » you laugh, not like a certain friend of ours. » I knew he meant captain Sweeny, who had the most beautiful teeth I ever saw. — Doctor Mac Neven was rather under the middle size, extremely well-made and strong, with a fine chest, broad shoulders, superb head and a manly expressive countenance. He was in every sense of the word a perfect gentleman, both by education and manners. His courage morally and physically was often tried; indeed he was bravery itself; his acquirements would have soon prepared him to become one of the first statesmen Ireland could produce, had she had the good fortune to be free and independent.

I have read with interest some of doctor Mac Neven's works, such as his travels in Switzerland, pieces of irish history, published at New York in 1807, his letters on the state of Ireland, during the reign of O'Connell there and his controversy on many points with this agitator.

— It is evident doctor Mac Neven residing in a free country like America, would have published the materials he collected to write the history of Ireland during the period from 1795 down to 1804, had he thought it would have been productive of any good to his native land; the probable cause of his not publishing them was, that he scorned to be thought a mere book maker, or a money speculator, wishing to make out a livelihood.

Though one should avoid speaking of unmeaning quarrels and duels, still when they occur at the moment that the dearest interests of one's country are at stake, and tend to retard political advantages on the point of being obtained, it is due to truth and justice to mention them; therefore I must enter into some details respecting a duel which was thought would take place between doctor Mac Neven and general Arthur O'Connor, when the former resigned in august 1804 his commission of captain in the irish legion, to go and reside at New York in North America.

The legion was in garrison in the town of Carhaix, department of Finisterre, in the month of may 1804, when the First Consul Buonaparte was proclaimed Emperor of the French. The troops of the garrison, with the civil and military authorities were assembled in the place d'armes, the oath or « serment » was read, when all present raised their right hand, saying: « Je jure, » I swear. Then

one hundred cannon shots fired; illuminations at night finished this ceremony. Next day the mayor and his « adjoints » met at the municipality or town house, adjutant general Mac Sheehy and captain Thomas Corbet, in order to sign the procès-verbal, or report, to be forwarded to the home department and the war minister at Paris, of the unanimous manner the splendid ceremony terminated. — Captain Corbet being there as member of the council of administration to sign the procès-verbal, thought fit to remark that an officer did dot hold up his hand and swear, and he named captain Sweeny. —

General Mac Sheehy on returning to his house had the wickedness to send for captain Sweeny, and to tell him what Corbet had been saying of him at the municipality, on which Sweeny came to the field where all the officers were assembled for exercise. He asked Corbet if he had made use of such expressions. Corbet replied, he had no account to render to him of what took place at the municipality; on which Sweeny struck him such a blow on the face that Corbet fell to the ground, and I had to grasp Sweeny in my arms and pull him away being quite close to him at the time, or probabably he would have continued his attack. They were both immediately placed under forced arrest, with sentinels at their doors. — When marshal Augereau heard of this unfortunate dispute, he sent off from Brest the chief of the staff of his army general Donzeleau to make an enquiry about the affair; he was accompanied by general Arthur O'Connor.

The enquiry finished, the corps of irish officers, in their splendid full uniform, paid a visit to the generals before they set out for Brest. — General O'Connor made a speech in english, in which captain Mac Neven thought there were allusions to himself which the general would not have made, only for the difference of their military rank.

It was the first and only time that the irish officers of the legion paid a visit « en corps » to general O'Connor. As they were not under his orders in any manner, it was not required. He remained at Brest, attached to the staff of the army, whilst they were learning the artillery and infantry exercise in the towns adjacent to Brest.

At the end of july 1804 the irish legion was ordered from Carhaix to go to be in garrison at Lesneven, a smal town five leagues from Brest. A few days after its arrival there, the commander of it received a despatch from the general in chief marshal Augereau, informing him that the arrest of captains Corbet and Sweeny was raised, to apprize them of this decision, and to return to them their swords forthwith. Those officers chose seconds, went to the field and fought with pistols. Both were wounded. Captain Corbet died of his wound the same night; captain Sweeny had the ball extracted from his wound and he soon recovered. Captain Mac Neven was his second, and captain Ware was Corbet's.

Shortly after this unfortunate duel, captain Mac Neven sent in his resignation to the war minister Berthier,

and as soon as it was accepted, he wrote a challenge to general Arthur O'Connor then at Brest, in which he mentioned, that he would remain a month at Bordeaux before sailing for America, inviting him to fix a rendezvous, etc. He wrote two copies of this challenge, one of them for marshal Augereau, the other for general Donzeleau, chief of the staff of the army. Mac Neven wished that three officers of his comrades should read those letters, seal them, and put them into the post office box. — As I was one of the three officers, I feel I owe to my country to mention all these circumstances, of two men whose great sacrifices and imprisonment and long sufferings for the sake of freedom endeared them so much to the irish people. It is to be regretted that their personal animosity should have been made known so publicly to the french government, as it tended « not » to the advantage of the irish exiles who continued to serve in the french army at that period.

William James Mac Neven's commission of captain in the service of France, was dated 7th december 1803. He resigned in august 1804 to go to reside at New York, United-States of America. Died 1842 or 1843.

Arthur O'Connor's commission of general of division in the french service, was dated the 24th february 1804. He received the full appointments or pay of a general disponible, not in command, till 1815, when he got a re-

tiring pension of six thousand francs a year, which he enjoyed until his death on the 25th of april 1852.

At the end of november 1803 our excitement was greater than ever, thinking of scarcely any thing except the study of military tactics, and expecting hourly to receive our brevets.

I had bought when I arrived at Paris, the reglement, or ordonnance on the exercise and manœuvres of infantry, and I began to know tolerably well the theory; and as I had had some practice in Ireland in fighting against regular troops, I felt satisfied I could make my way like other officers.

At length the First Consul's decree appeared to have an irish legion in the service of France organized, to be composed of infantry regiments, with artillery and cavalry attached to it. This legion was to be completed on landing in Ireland, to twenty five thousand men.

Our commissions or brevets of officers in the service of France, were dated the 7th of december 1803, and on receiving them, we had orders to march to Morlaix. We were to go by regular etapes or day's marches, or if we wished we might take the coaches, and the distance being 148 leagues, we had twenty one days to make the journey. — Hugh Ware and I decided to make it on foot, as we should be the better prepared for campaigning after

such a long march in winter. — Those officers who had money to pay their places in the coach, could spend fifteen days more with their friends at Paris, and arrive at Morlaix the day fixed by the « feuille de route, » or military order of march.

One day Mr Thomas Addis Emmett read me a letter he had just received (at Paris) from William Dowdall, stating, that he, and John Allen, and a young man of the name of Sandy Devereux, had escaped safely to Cadiz, after many risks and perils. He asked me questions about Devereux. « As to Allen and Dowdall » he said « I « known them sufficiently myself, to answer for them. » I told him that Devereux was one of our hurling associates at Donnybrook Green; that he was from the county of Wexford and employed in the mercantile firm of Cornelius O'Loughlan and company in Dublin; that I did not think he was committed in our unfortunate affairs. — « No? but you see by this letter that he has acted a noble part. — »

Young Devereux took out a passport for himself to go to transact business at Cadiz for his employers. He went and left this passport with Allen and Dowdall where they were hiding, that they might endeavour to make out others for themselves, and to imitate it as nearly as possible. He requested them to have a similar one to theirs made for him, as he would destroy the original passport, lest it might be the means of discovering the false ones,

and that he would take his chance with them through thick and thin. —

A Mr Cummings who had been one of the state prisoners in Dublin, when he was allowed to expatriate himself, went to Cadiz to practice there as a physician. He wrote to Mr Emmett to pray him to obtain for him a commission in the irish regiment in order that he might be of the expedition destined for Ireland.

A Mr O'Kelly an officer of one of the irish regiments in the spanish service being at Cadiz when Allen and Dowdall arrived there, wrote also to Mr Emmett that he wished to make part of the french army to be sent to obtain the independence of his native country.

Mr Emmett gave the names of these five gentlemen to the minister of war, recommending them as true irish patriots, and immediately commissions of sub lieutenants were sent to Cadiz for John Allen, William Dowdall, Sandy Devereux, doctor Cummings and O'Kelly, with orders for them to repair forthwith to Morlaix where the irish legion was assembled.

It being remarked that whilst many of the distinguished and meritorious irish patriots got only the rank of ensigns and lieutenants, others with very inferior claims, got that of « captain, » the highest rank then given, Mr Emmett remonstrated with the minister of war Berthier, who promised him that adjutant general Mac Sheehy charged with the organization of the legion, should

have precise instructions at Morlaix, to report to the war office on the subject, and that he might rest satisfied the injustice should be repaired, as soon as Mac Sheehy's report was received. Some of the injustice was remedied, though not for a month or two later. William Barker, Patt Mac Canna, Patt Gallagher, Valentine Derry, Augustin O'Meally, John Sweeny, Hugh Ware, and William Dowdall received their commissions as captains, and several sous-lieutenants received theirs of lieutenants at the same time.

Previous to our leaving Paris for the coast, a young man arrived from Dublin, Terence O'Reilly ; he was the bearer of a letter of introduction from a doctor Sheridan to doctor Mac Neven ; the latter had just time to present him to general Dalton, before quitting Paris for Morlaix, and as O'Reilly spoke french well, he got on better than others at the war office. He got his commission of lieutenant in the month of january 1804 and joined the irish legion at Morlaix. I am persuaded that he did not consider it a triumph to have obtained a higher rank, and to be placed over so many of his countrymen, such as the following, Paul Murray, Edmond Saint-Leger, Joseph Parrott, William Dowdall, John Allen, and many others, who had only the rank of sous-lieutenants at that time. However O'Reilly's advancement afterwards was slow indeed. It was only after the siege of Flushing in 1809, where he distinguished himself in the irish battalion

there, fighting against the English, that he was recompensed with the cross of the Legion of honour, and later he was named captain in the first battalion of the first irish regiment, then in garrison at Landau near the Rhine, in 1810. In the campaigns of 1813 and 14 O'Reilly served with distinction, and he had the good fortune to get his brevet of chef de bataillon before Napoleon's abdication in 1814. — After the Restoration of the Bourbons, and the battle of Waterloo, commandant O'Reilly retired to Evreux, where he finished his days.

I have often had to mention him in my notes on our campaigns, and I trust I may be excused now for this anticipation. I esteemed O'Reilly as a brave and an honourable officer, and I liked him as an obliging, good comrade, and I cannot forget, that he was one of those that expressed regret that I had not obtained my commission of Napoleon of superior officer before the downfall of Napoleon.

I have mentioned before in this narrative of having met irishmen in Paris, who had come from the United-States, as citizens of that great Republic. — One of them, Mr Harrison, was from the north of Ireland, and a friend of William Lawless and John Tennant of Belfast; and as I was a good deal with these gentlemen, I became acquainted with Mr Harrison, and I must say, I always found him very good-natured and obliging. Holding a high rank in the « mysteries » of Free Masonry, his french

acquaintance was considerable. Previous to the departure of his irish friends from Paris, to join the legion at Morlaix, Mr Harrison gave them a grand dinner, to which he invited also several of his french friends. I recollect when we were going from the drawing room into the dining room, Mr Harrison told his guests that one half of the table would be served with an irish dinner, and the other with a french one. The french gentlemen were placed at the irish half of the table, at the head of which sat Mr Harrison with Mr Thomas Addis Emmett on his right hand and a french councillor of state on his left. — John Tennant sat at the foot of the table. This end was to be served in the french way, and was occupied by the irish guests. Patt Gallagher seeing nothing but soup and some small « plats » of « hors d'œuvres, » and the other end covered with large joints and dishes such as hams, chickens, etc., exclaimed he hoped our friend Harrison was not going to make us dine on frogs, to shew off his wit. — This caused much laughter, and when explained to the french gentlemen, they entered into the joke and enjoyed it. Whenever a piece of game was served at our end, Mr Harrison would ask if the frogs were dressed to our liking. At the head of the room stood entwined a large green flag, with a golden harp in the center, « without » the crown and « Erin go bragh » (Ireland for ever written also in gold letters. The tri-coloured drapeau and the « star spangled banner » on each side of the green flag of Erin, had for us exiles a delightful effect; — we

felt happy and grateful to Harrison for his kind and generous entertainment,

After the Restoration of the Bourbons, when I resided at Paris on half pay, I was certain to meet Mr Harrison any day between twelve and two o'clock, at breakfast, or reading the newspapers, at the Café de la Rotonde, Palais-Royal. He had the reputation of knowing how to buy and to sell french stock, and liked to be thought rich. He had his oddities. He used frequently to go to fashionable places of resort, such as Epsom races and afterwards return cheerfully to Paris and resume his former way of living. He asked me one day to dine with him, and gave me a rendez-vous to meet him on the terrace of the Tuilleries garden at four o'clock. It was in winter, yet he said, he should like to take a little walk before dinner, to sharpen the appetite; we went outside the barrière de l'Etoile, there he went to the restaurant of the Veau qui tette; he saw the eatables on the kitchen table ready to be cooked; he ordered soup, filet de bœuf sauté, a roast fowl etc., to be prepared in an hour when we should return. After walking for half an hour on the avenue of Saint-Cloud we came back and found our table prepared in a room with a good fire. I certainly enjoyed not only the good fare, but the repose, for I had been more than two hours on my legs without resting. A tremendous storm and rain came on, so we were weather bound till nine at night, as there was no possibility of getting a coach When the rain ceased we walked through the mud to

the café de Minerve near the french theatre, and after taking two tumblers of brandy punch, we separated. Next day I saw him at his reception room, as he would call the café de la Rotonde, looking fresh and healthy. « Dont you think » he said, « I could have made cam- « paigns with you? » — « Yes, I replied » provided we « could bivouack every night as we did the last. » — He laughed heartily and was quite vain of having made, as he said, one campaign with me. He was always gay and good-humoured.

In the spring of 1828 Mr William Tennant of Belfast, the fellow prisoner and friend of Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmett, and the brother of commandant Tennant, with two of his daughters was stopping at Paris. I was invited one day to dinner by Mr Tennant, to meet Mr Harrison. The latter began a long story about some service he said I had rendered to Mr Tennant's nephew in 1826, when he was on his way to Greece, with a young man of the name of Emerson. I replied rather displeased, that it was no great service to go with him to buy his sword, pistols, etc. « Never mind « Mr Byrne « said Mr Tennant, « Robert wrote to me at « the time of the whole transaction. » — Harrison then asked me, with a great laugh, « if I had chosen Mr Emerson's « arms? » — I knew he was going to Greece as the correspondent of some english newspaper, and very likely as such, rendered service to the unfortunate Greeks, then fighting for their independence.

Mr Emerson married the youngest daughter of William Tennant and added this name to his own. He has since been a member of the House of Commons in London, and governor of the Island of Ceylon. —

I never was at a loss to learn something of the great men, and great doings going on in the north of Ireland, or in the United-States of America whilst Harrison lived.

One day walking with Mrs Byrne in the Champs-Elysées, we stopped to speak to him, when he exclaimed « you dont congratulate me, sir, on the nomination of « my cousin Harrison to the presidency of the United- « States! » — Poor Harrison! He died lonely indeed, at Paris, in a miserable lodging in the rue Montmartre. Altho' possessed of a good deal of property, he had neither friend, nor relation near him at the time. But such is the way old bachelors are doomed to end their days, when they become too secluded in their habits from their families. Harrison not liking female relatives to be about him, lest they might interfere with his eccentric manner of living, did not enjoy the comforts which from his wealth he was « entitled to. »

Not being encumbered with much luggage, my effects were soon packed up, and I had nothing to buy, for every article for the equipment of the officers had been sent to the depot of the irish legion at Morlaix. — Amongst

them, a quantity of superfine dark green cloth, sufficient for the uniforms of 150 officers; and as our master tailor had at his disposition all the tailors of Augereau's army, a short time would suffice to have them made up.

The officers were advised to have small portmanteaus, not weighing more than fourteen pounds, which they could easily carry under their arm, going on board the fleet at Brest, and also on landing on the coast of Ireland, when they would answer as pillows at the bivouac. I had one of this description already, which held my two shirts, stockings, slippers, etc. So I had not to buy a portmanteau. Having now all things settled ready to set out on my march, save to pay my farewell visits to those dear friends whom I soon expected to have the happiness of meeting in Ireland, (alas! my expectations were not realized!) my first visit was to Mr Thomas Addis Emmett and his amiable lady, his son Robert, with his two little sisters, one of them born in the prison of Dublin, and the other in that of fort George in Scotland.

Mr Emmett kindly enquired of me about my money matters, saying, that he had received another remittance of sixty pounds, from that generous, worthy, irish patriot, lord Cloncurry, to be distributed amongst the irish refugees who might stand in need of money. — I had to shew him a few half guineas, I had still remaining, to convince him that I had sufficient with my feuille de route money, to make the journey to Morlaix, and I told

him I owed nothing, etc. He opened a trunk to shew me two bags of silver, containing lord Cloncurry's remittance, and which he had just brought from the bankers.

Mr Emmett paid me some compliments on the saving way I had lived, and then we embraced and separated. Alas! for ever. His son Robert, about nine or ten years old was waiting in the outer room. He took the small cord or chain from his watch, and asked me to keep it for his sake; which I did carefully, until 1813, when my baggage fell into the hands of the enemy on the Bober.

Mrs Gallagher staying with Mrs Emmett I took leave of her also. — This lady was handsome and highly accomplished, and worthy of her patriotic husband. — I had the pleasure of dining with them at Bordeaux in 1812, when I was returning from Spain, and I was happy indeed to see them so prosperous; he was in the ship-broking trade, and he was carrying on a vast business with the Americans. Their children were grown up very handsome. Poor Gallagher's health was then delicate. — He died at Bordeaux the following year, much regretted by his country men and friends. — To his last moment, he spoke of lord Edward Fitzgerald with the greatest veneration.

My next visit was to Mr Hampden Evans and his family. His son young Hampden, and my fellow traveller

from Bordeaux, returned there, and married a young french lady. It was only some years after that he got a commission in the irish regiment. — I was then far from thinking that I should have at a later period, the honour of being so well acquainted with two of his sisters, Mary (Mrs Lawless), and Nancy (Mrs Putland.)

Miss Evans having married an officer, one of my friends and comrades, it was natural that I should be on good terms with her, on account of her husband, William Lawless, whose military career I had witnessed, but there were other reasons which made her a favourite with all the irish exiles. Having a good fortune, on returning to Ireland she would be sure of being well married there, but one of those exiles pleased her, she loved him secretly, he did not even suspect it, never having paid her more attention than he did to her sisters, and probably miss Evans' secret would never have been known to her family, but for the siege of Flushing by the english in august 1809. — At the news of this town being taken, the destruction of the irish battalion defending it, and its commander William Lawless being killed, etc., etc., Mary Evans fell sick, and for more than six weeks her life was despaired of, and nothing could cheer her.

Mrs Tone being in the habit of going to Mr Hampden Evans's house, and being on the most intimate terms with the young ladies his daughters, might have sus-

pected something of miss Evans' secret, but this secret was only divulged, when she heard the man she loved was no more. She then told her mother, saying, life to her was not now worth preserving, and wondering how Mrs Tone could have survived the death of her heroic husband : to be sure, she would add, her three children must be brought up worthy of such a father. Hearing continually every one who came to her father's house, speaking with admiration of the achievements of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and of the purity of his character, she gloried in the hope, and flattered herself, that the man she loved so dearly, would one day quite surpass him, when their country would be free.

When the news of commandant Lawless's miraculous escape from Flushing to Antwerp with the eagle and the colours of the regiment, arrived at Paris, Mr Evans begged his friend John Sweetman to come to the house when his daughter would be allowed by the doctor to receive visits, in order to prepare her by degrees, to learn the joyful news, lest a sudden communication of it might be injurious to her : he also prayed Mr Sweetman to prevent commandant Lawless (in the event of his getting leave of absence to come to Paris) calling at his house before he had had an interview with him.

That evening at tea, Mr Sweetman, as usual, was asked the news of the day, miss Evans lying on the sofa, and listening to the conversation. He said, that it was reported in some of the newspapers that officers believed to

have been killed at Flushing had escaped to Antwerp, their names not being given. On the following day he was more explicit, and then the conversation was changed to some other topic. — The next evening Sweetman came to tell them that a lieutenant O'Reilly of the irish regiment was one of those who arrived at Antwerp. « Then » said miss Evans, « perhaps Mr Lawless is not dead. » The whole family expressed their opinion, that as he and lieutenant O'Reilly were great friends, they probably escaped together, and that it would be known next day at the war office.

Mr Sweetman promised to go there in the morning to enquire, and to call in the evening as usual, when he hoped to have good news to tell them. — Mr Lawless was already arrived, but very ill and confined to bed, not from the effects of his wound, now nearly well, but with an attack of the Flushing fever, when Mr Hampden Evans called to see him. — Their interview was of an affecting nature. He told Mr Lawless how his friends in Ireland were endeavouring to obtain him permission to return there with his family, and as his daughter Mary was attached to him, he consented to their marriage. Matters on this head were soon agreed to between them, and then miss Evans was allowed to read all the newspapers containing the orders of the day of the army at Antwerp, giving an account of commandant Lawless's arrival there, with the colours and eagle of the irish regiment;

of his brilliant conduct during the siege of Flushing, his miraculous escape from thence, etc., etc.

I was in Spain at this period. — After consulting my own notes and correspondence, besides a mass of letters put at my disposition by general Lawless's son and by our mutual friend Arthur Barker (these letters having belonged to their families), I find, that it was in the month of november 1809 that commandant Lawless arrived in Paris, after his escape from the Island of Walcheren, and I also find by these letters, that the emperor Napoleon was glad to receive one of those brave soldiers who at the head of his battalion fought so bravely against Pitt's brother, general lord Chatham with his thirty thousand seamen and forty thousand of the best land troops that England could produce, whilst he, Napoleon, was far away with his grand army at Wagram, etc. He was also greatly pleased that commandant Lawless had saved the eagle he had given to the regiment and that it had not fallen into the hands of the English, and he named him immediately knight of the Legion of honour, and lieutenant-colonel of the irish regiment, and the year after, full colonel of it, in place of Daniel O'Meara, put on half pay. The regiment being composed of four battalions and a depot, was in garrison. The first battalion in the Island of Gorée, Tennant commandant. The second battalion at Berg-op-Zoom, Dillon commandant. The 3d battalion at Wilhemstadt on the Meuse, Ware commandant. The fourth battalion at Bois-le-Duc,

Hayne chief of it. The depot in the same town, J. J. Mahony major of it. The above were the stations of the battalions when I arrived from Spain at Bois-le-Duc in march 1812, and there I met Mrs Lawless for the first time after her marriage; eight years and four months having intervened since I saw her at Paris in december 1803.

At general Lawless's death on the 25th december 1824, Mrs Lawless purchased ground at Père-la-Chaise, for two graves beside each other, with a double head stone. One was inscribed to general Lawless, the other was unlettered, and could be so seen down to 1854. — The following article is from the « Nation » newspaper, Dublin 2d september 1854. « Mrs Lawless, widow of general Lawless, of the irish legion, died at her residence in Paris, rue de la Ferme des Mathurins, on wednesday night, the 23d august 1854. Mrs Lawless was born in Ireland, but was early in life an exile from her native land, with her father, Hampden Evans esq. of Portran, the friend of lord Edward Fitzgerald and of Thomas Addis Emmett, and one of the distinguished band of irish patriots of 1798, who devoted life and fortune to the independence of Ireland. Mrs Lawless was worthy of her illustrious husband and father, possessing a very sound understanding, and being ever actuated by the purest and the noblest sentiments. Throughout life she shewed the most tender and affectionate nature towards her husband and children, and to all connected with her. »

Mr Hampden Evans' two other daughters were married after they returned to Ireland. Nancy, to Mr George Putland, a worthy gentleman, with a large fortune. — Their Dublin residence in Lower Mount street, soon became well known for the charitable fancy balls and other splendid entertainments given there, as well as for the annual distribution of articles of cloathing and covering for the poor. — At their country mansion of Bray, their benevolence and bounty was still greater : the widows and orphans of the unfortunate men lost at sea, and belonging to that neighbourhood, were sure to get pensions from Mrs Putland. Indeed this amiable lady identified herself with every liberal and generous manifestation for the good of her native land.

After the Restoration of the Bourbons, she and her husband came to France to visit her sister and general Lawless at their country house near Tours, and for many years Mr and Mrs Putland were in the habit of spending the winter at Paris, when general Lawless and his family came also there to be near them. — I was living then at Paris, on half pay, and I found it very agreeable to meet these amiable families, as well as many of my old comrades and friends, whom I was sure to see at their houses. -- Mrs Putland gave very splendid entertainments and saw some of the best french society, as well as distinguished persons of other nations. — Paris being then so much frequented by foreigners of the highest station, Mrs Putland's hotel, place Vendôme, became one of those

greatly considered on account of the guests received; such as, Lafayette, lord Cloncurry, and the patriots of their stamp of every other country.

In 1822 a young and valued friend of mine, doctor Halliday, went with Mr and Mrs Putland as their physician to Rome, and a tour on the continent, and through this gentleman I learned many acts of their generous bounty, and their sympathy for the persecuted patriots, wherever they passed.

I shall mention one circumstance which will shew Mrs Putland's warm irish, patriotic feelings. Knowing that she was well acquainted with general Lafayette's family, and that Mr Gustave de Beaumont, son-in-law to Mr George Lafayette had just published his work on Ireland in 1839, in which I observed the omission of the names of the principal protestant and catholic leaders, martyrs, during our struggles in 1798, I asked Mrs Putland to be kind enough to shew Mr de Beaumont some notes, I had felt it my duty to make on his book, on account of the incorrect information he had received in Ireland: she readily took charge of my notes for M. de Beaumont and accompanied them with a letter from herself in which she expressed to him her regret that he had omitted her father's name amongst the patriots of 1798. This letter shewed her fine feelings, and how worthy she was of being the daughter of Hampden Evans.

Mrs Putland gave a large dinner party at her hotel, place Vendôme, to which Mrs Byrne and I were invited, to meet monsieur and madame de Beaumont and to whom Mrs Putland introduced us. — I must say I was quite satisfied and pleased with M. de Beaumont's frank manner, telling me at once that he thought I ought to publish any thing I found not correct in his book on Ireland, etc. — I had agreed in consequence with a printer to publish a certain number of copies of my notes, when I saw Mr de Beaumont's name as one of the candidates to be a member of the french academy; and as one of his claims to this honour was, his recent « admirable work » — « L'Irlande sociale politique et religieuse. » — I felt it was not the time to publish any criticism upon it. Besides, he was the first french gentleman of station who for a long time, had written on the sufferings of Ireland under her task masters, in such bold, eloquent language.

I will here give a copy of Mrs Putland's letter, and my notes on M. de Beaumont's book.

Paris, le 6 février 1840.

« Ma chère dame,

« Un grand admirateur de monsieur de Beaumont, le colonel Byrne, ayant appris qu'il préparait une nouvelle édition de son bel ouvrage sur l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse, m'a prié de lui faire passer quelques obser-

vations que lui a suggérées la lecture d'un ouvrage d'un ordre tellement supérieur et plein de vérités. — Mais monsieur le colonel ayant pris part lui-même à la lutte entre le gouvernement anglais et la partie libérale de l'Irlande, a été à même de savoir bien des circonstances oubliées ou inconnues à ceux qui n'avaient pas les mêmes avantages, ou les mêmes intérêts à connaître la vérité. Moi, fille de Hampden Evans, qui, bien que protestant, a risqué sa vie et une belle position dans la cause de son pays, je n'aime pas à voir son nom oublié et sans l'honneur qu'un tel dévouement mérite.

« Je vous prie de croire à ma haute considération.

« Votre dévouée,

« A. D. PUTLAND. »

A madame de Beaumont.

TRANSLATION OF MRS PUTLAND'S LETTER TO MADAME DE BEAUMONT

« My dear Madame,

« A great admirer of monsieur de Beaumont, colonel Byrne, having learnt that he was preparing a new edition of his excellent work on the social, political and religious state of Ireland, has begged me to forward to him some observations which have occurred to him on read-

ing a work of so superior a style and so full of truth. — But colonel Byrne having himself borne a part in the struggle between the english government and the liberal party in Ireland, has been able to know well many circumstances forgotten, or unknown to those who had not the same advantages, or interest in knowing the truth. I, a daughter of Hampden Evans, who though a protestant, hasarded his life, and a high position in the cause of his country, do not like to see his name forgotten and without the honour that such devotion merits.

« I pray you to believe how sincerely.

« I am yours,

« A. D. PUTLAND. »

To madame de Beaumont.

NOTES ON M. DE BEAUMONT'S WORK « L'IRLANDE SOCIALE, POLITIQUE ET RELIGIEUSE. »

The increased importance which Ireland has of late years acquired in the politics of Europe, as well as the intrinsic merit of monsieur Gustave de Beaumont's most excellent work entitled « l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse » has induced one deeply interested in the subject, to make the following observations on a few mistakes which M. de Beaumont has been led into. These

observations are not written from any desire to cavil at what M. de Beaumont has written in so good a spirit, but rather to aid him in diffusing a more general knowledge of the question amongst his countrymen, already so well inclined towards Ireland.

As the insurrection in Ireland in 1798 is connected with all that has occurred in that country since that period, a knowledge of many of the details is necessary, in order to understand the history of Ireland anterior to its union with Great Britain, as well as to understand its condition since that union took place.

M. de Beaumont does no justice to the many distinguished irish protestants who sacrificed their lives and fortunes in the cause of the independence of their country. To those not acquainted with the history of the insurrection of 1798, a perusal of his work would convey the idea that none but the poorest and most miserable peasantry of Ireland were engaged in the efforts made at that time to shake off the yoke of England; and also, that they, after calling in the aid of France, had shrunk from the danger, and had not dared to face the english forces when the moment came for the stand to be made. The facts are very different and well known to all those who have studied the history of Ireland during that period.

The colour given by Mr de Beaumont to this insurrec-

tion, representing it as a mere revolt of ignorant, wretched peasants, is not only erroneous, but if viewed in that manner, one cannot comprehend how lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Mr Wolfe Tone came to take a part in it, for M. de Beaumont cannot avoid mentioning these two illustrious patriots in making allusion to the insurrection.

The united irishmen who rose against the english government, had at their head a great number of enlightened men, both catholics and protestants, and of great wealth, who occupied a distinguished rank in society. Amongst many others I could cite, I shall confine myself to naming some of the most remarkable.

PROTESTANTS

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.
Arthur O'Connor.
Bagnell Harvey.
Cornelius Grogan.
Hampden Evans.
Tennant of Belfast.
Hamilton Rowan.
J. Russell.
W. Hamilton.
W. Corbett.
T. Corbett.
Thomas Addis Emmett.
Napper Tandy.
The two Shiers.
Sam Nelson.
Councillor Sampson.
Chambers.
Mat Dowling.
Captain Perry (Anthony).
Wolfe Tone.
Robert Grahame.
Captain Keogh.

PROTESTANTS AND PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS

Edward Hudson.
Hugh Wilson.
Robert Hunter.
Sir Simon Butler, Bart.
John Russell.
Thomas Wright.
William Levington Webb.
William Hamilton.
Richard Kirwan.
Sir Deane Swift, Bart.
William Weir.
Thomas Bacon.
George Cumming.
Joseph Cuthbert.
Reverend W. Steele Dikson.
Doctor Drennan.
W. Putnam Mac Cabe.
Henry Haslett.
William Sinclair.
T. Sinclair.
Robert Mac Gee, M. D.
Israel Milliken.
Gilbert Mac Hirain.

Robert Byers.
S. Kennedy.
Robert Hunter.
Robert Orr.
Hugh Grimes.
William Kean.
James Burnside.
James Greer.
Rowley Osborn.
Mac Turner.
William Sims.
John Robb.
James Hope.
Reverend Steele Dickson.
Reverend William Porter.
Reverend Mr Barber.
Reverend Mr Mahon.
Reverend Mr Birch.
Reverend Mr Ward.
Reverend Mr Smith.
Reverend Mr Stevelly.
Reverend Mr Mac Neill.
Reverend Mr Simpson.

PROTESTANTS

John Colclough.
Reverend Mr Jackson.
Henry Munroe.

Arthur Mac Mahon.
D. B. Warden.
Oliver Bond.

Teeling.
Sir Edward William Crosbie, Bart.
Henry Hughes.
Nicholas Gray.
William Young.
Mac Cracken.
Robert Simms.
Reverend William Sinclair.
Doctor Mac Donnell.
John Tennant.
Mr Lowry.
Doctor Dickson of Portaferry.
Reverend Mr Porter.
Reverend Mr Simpson.
Reverend Mr Sinclair.
Reverend Mr Willy.
Reverend Mr Hull.
Reverend Mr Glandy.

And above thirty more presbyterian ministers, all equally respectable by their abilities and for the consideration they enjoyed in the country.

CATHOLICS

Garret Byrne (Ballymanus).
William Byrne. d°
William Michael Byrne (Newtown Mount Kennedy.)
Esmond Cane.
Fitzgerald (county Wexford).
Edward Roche.
Michael Redmond.
P. Redmond.
William Lawless.
Edward Kennedy.
James Farrell.
Edward O'Reilly.
Mat Byrne (of Reveillor).
Doctor Esmond.
J. Devereux (general).
M. Aylmer.
Ledwidge.
O'Sullivan.
Dillon.
John Sweetman.
Ferdinand O'Donnell.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD. — Brother of the duke of Leinster, accompanied by Arthur O'Connor, had an interview with general Hoche at Basle in Switzerland in

the spring of 1796. Returned to Ireland, he was one of the principal organizers of the system of the United irishmen, and having been bred a soldier, was to have the command.

In the spring of 1798, having been denounced before all was ready for the general rising, he was obliged to hide, but was betrayed and discovered by Reynolds (a United Irishman), to the agents of government. He attempted to defend himself, and shot two of the police men who had come to seize him, but being wounded in the struggle died a few days after in prison of his wounds. Lord Camden, the Viceroy, refused, to let his brother lord Henry Fitzgerald see him when dying.

BAGNELL HARVEY. — A gentleman of large landed property from 5,000 liv. sterl. to 6,000 liv. sterl. per an. in the county of Wexford. He commanded the insurgents at the battle of Ross and was afterwards taken prisoner and executed in the town of Wexford.

CORNELIUS GROGAN. — A gentleman of more than 11,000 liv. sterl. per an. in the county of Wexford. A most benevolent, excellent man. He was executed at Wexford and his property confiscated.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR. — A member of the irish parliament in 1795. He made that year the finest speech that ever had been heard in parliament, in favour of catholic eman-

cipation, for which he was desinherited by his uncle lord Longueville. He was one of the most active in organizing the United Irish. In endeavouring to get to France, in 1798, he was taken prisoner in England and was tried at Maidstone, along with Allen, Quigly and others; being there acquitted, he was brought back to Dublin on another charge and sent a prisoner to fort George in Scotland, where he remained till the peace of Amiens in 1802. He was only liberated on condition of expatriating himself for ever. On coming to France in 1802, he was named by the First Consul a lieutenant general and appointed to command the irish in the expedition to Ireland in 1803. He married the only daughter of the marquis Condorcet.

HAMPDEN EVANS. — One of the patriotic volunteers of 1780, possessed a large fortune of 8,000 liv. sterl or 10,000 liv. sterl. per an. — Father of a numerous family, he was one of the most active from the first commencement of the system of the United Irish, and took a leading part in it, offering to sacrifice his life and the greater part of his fortune in the cause of his country. He was sent a prisoner to fort George and liberated at the same time and on the same terms as Arthur O'Connor. He came to Paris where he brought up his family.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMETT. — One of the first lawyers in Dublin and one of the most virtuous and most patriotic

of men. He was a member of the irish Directory with lord Edward Fitzgerald and was arrested in 1798. He was sent to fort George. Liberated and expatriated in 1802 like the other prisoners of fort George. He was chosen by the irish in Paris in 1803 to be the agent from the provisional government of Ireland to the First Consul and french government, which situation he held till 1805, when finding there was no prospect of an expedition to Ireland, he got his passports and went to America, where the Congress passed a decree, by which, contrary to the usual term of ten years, he received his naturalization 24 hours after landing there. He rose to great eminence as a lawyer in his newly adopted country and died at New-York.

NAPPER TANDY. — A wealthy man in Dublin. He was one of the first and most active of the united irish. He escaped early to France where he got the rank of general of brigade. He embarked three times in the different expeditions for Ireland. The last time, the vessel in which he was, was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. He went to Hamburgh, where he was given up by the senate to the English. He was kept a prisoner at Dublin until 1802; it was in consequence of the senate of Hamburgh thus violating the laws of neutrality and giving up to the english government Napper Tandy, colonel Blackwell, William Corbet and Harvey Morris, that Napoleon in 1800 levied so high a fine on the town of Hamburgh

after taking Hanover. He threatened to put several of his english prisoners to death, if the english government dared to execute these irish gentlemen.

THE TWO SHIERS. — Two brothers. One of them a lawyer in high repute at Dublin. Curran made a great speech in their defence at their trial. They were both executed at Dublin in 1798.

HAMILTON ROWAN. — A man of very large property. A volunteer of 1780, and one of the first and most active in organizing the united irishmen. He made his escape in a remarkable way to the continent.

He lived to return to his country and to see catholic emancipation carried, sitting under the gallery of the House of Commons in London the night the bill was passed in the spring of 1829.

WILLIAM HAMILTON. — A councillor now in America.

THOMAS RUSSELL. — A prisoner at fort George, an exile, and returning to Ireland in 1803 and being engaged in Robert Emmett's affairs, he was tried at Dublin, then taken to the North and put to death. He had been originally an officer in the army.

WILLIAM CORBET. — Now a general in the french service. He was one of those given up a prisoner to the en-

glish by the senate of Hamburgh, in violation of the laws of neutrality in 1798. He escaped in a wonderful manner from the jail at Kilmainham near Dublin.

CAPTAIN PERRY. — A gentleman of fortune in the county of Wexford. A very fine character, brave and patriotic. He was taken a prisoner before the insurrection of 1798 broke out. His hair was cut off, and a hot pitch cap put on his head by the soldiers of the North Cork militia. He was released out of the prison of Gorey, when the town was taken by the insurgents and made their general. He retained the command through the different actions. When all was over, he was taken prisoner with a priest of the name of Kerns, and both were executed without any trial.

CATHOLICS

Sutton.
Sweeny.
J. Hay (of Wexford).
John Cormick.
Hugh Ware.
John Allen.
Quigly.
Merth Mernay.
Joseph Mac Donald.
John Gibbons.
Austin O'Mally.
Pat Mac Can.
Wal. Derry.
Richard Mac Cormick.
John Keogh.
Edward Byrne (of Mullynahach).
P. Murray.
Thomas Murray.
Reverend Quigley (executed at Maidstone).
Reverend Kearns (executed at Kildare).
Reverend John Murphy (executed at Tullow).
W. Murphy.

Peter Finnerty.
John Mac Can.
Thomas Doorley.
Doctor Mac Neven.
W. Barker.
George Lubé.
T. Markey.
Tony Mac Can.
T. Burgess.
Francis Breen.
Furlong.
John Kelly.
Nicholas Murphy.
Thomas Cloney.
Thomas Branghall.
Edward Lewens.
Garrett Grahame.
Philip Neill.
E. Tennet.
J. Doyle.
D. Kervin.
Robert Carthy.
P. Byrne.
Reverend Philip Roche (executed at Wexford).
Reverend Michael Murphy (killed at the battle of Arklow).
Reverend John Redmond (executed at Gorey).
Charles Teeling.
Bartholomew Teeling.
Bernard Mahon.
Reverend F. Kavanagh.
Reverend Mac Stafford.
Reverend H. O'Keon.
Reverend M. Prendergast.
Reverend Mr Harrold.
Reverend Dennis Taaffe.

All these protestant and catholic gentlemen, and a great many more, equally respectable, were either killed in fighting against the english troops, or executed by the english government after the insurrection was suppressed, or put into prison or obliged to expatriate themselves Many are yet living in France and America, in which countries they have distinguished themselves in various professions, and have received the honours and rewards due to their merit.

It is not just in an author to seek to throw a veil over the history of efforts made by virtuous and patriotic men

in the cause of the independence of their country; and it is not easy to comprehend, how Mr de Beaumont could do it, he, who is evidently the advocate of liberty, and apparently disposed to do justice to the oppressed irish. One can only attribute it to his aversion to a part of the irish aristocracy, on account of their conduct towards their unfortunate country, and particularly those of them who live out of Ireland, and who have no sort of sympathy with the irish people, although possessing property in Ireland. Amongst those who took a part in the insurrection of 1798 there were a great number of catholic gentlemen, holding land as farmers but descended from those who had been deprived of their property in land, at the time of the Reformation, and under Cromwell, and above all under William the III, merely because they were catholics. They were allowed to take leases of land for 21 and 31 years, but never to buy it before the year 1782.

There were also amongst those who joined the insurrection of 1798 many rich merchants, lawyers, advocates, doctors of medicine both catholic and protestant, and some protestant dissenting ministers. In short, a great many men who were held in high esteem and consideration either on account of their wealth, or their families, character, talents, or their enlightened opinions.

Mr de Beaumont might have found all these particulars in the Memoirs of Wolfe Tone; and if he had read

the « History of the rebellion in the county of Wexford » by Mr Hay, he would have seen what class of men acted then against the british government. — The work published by doctor Mac Neven at New York in the year 1807, and written conjointly by him and Mr Thomas Addis Emmett (and which he does not appear to have consulted), would have shewn him the wise and patriotic views of these able men and he would have conceived a higher opinion of the chiefs or leaders of the national movement in 1798. M. de Beaumont would not have passed over so slightingly the events of that epoch; they merited certainly a higher place in the history of the political state of Ireland. — In fine, it was the men of 1798 who prepared catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, and all which has been obtained by the catholic association, or that future associations will obtain ; and though these men have been despoiled of all they possessed in the land of their birth, and have been separated from all they cherished most in it, still they have the consolation of knowing, that the efforts that they made to free their country from oppression, have not been made in vain.

Mr de Beaumont says[1] : « That at all times Ireland has « been the object, or weak point of England, to be attack- « ed by her enemies. That when republican France

[1] See page 327, of the 2d volume of M. Gustave de Beaumont's work « l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse ». (F. B.)

« struggled against the european coalition, of which « England was the soul, she could imagine no better way « of resisting it, than by transporting an army into Ire- « land; and that with this view, she made in less than « two years, three successive expeditions. Certainly « these divers attempts at invasion have not been suc- « cessful, and Ireland has always responded so badly to « the attempts of the foreigner, that she has no right to « be reckoned an auxillary on whom the enemies of En- « gland can count with certainty. »

Here are the facts. Neither the french Directory nor the consular government kept the promises made to the irish patriots, who only asked for ten thousand men, and 40,000, stand of arms.

Disappointed by general Hoche and his army not landing in december 1796, as they expected, and reduced to despair by the persecution of the english government whom their appeal to France had irritated more and more against them, they began an insurrection, which was but partial.

The general insurrection which was projected in 1798 after the definitive system of the « united irish » had been organized, failed because lord Edward Fitzgerald and several other chiefs were betrayed or arrested. — The insurrection only broke out in three or four counties, such as Wexford, Kildare, Carlow and Wicklow. — The

county of Wexford alone sustained for a long time the shock of the whole british force, and won the victory on many striking occasions. — If general Humbert had landed with his thousand frenchmen, in the month of june 1798 when the patriots of the county of Wexford were still under arms, instead of landing in the month of august, when they were dispersed and discouraged, all Ireland would have risen; that which she wanted was a rallying point; her independence would have been immediately proclaimed, and every shadow of an english government, or Orange faction have been annihilated or forced to surrender.

Altho' general Humbert had landed too late, and when the spirit of the united irish was quite broken, still as he advanced into the country, he found the people every where ready to join him; but they were without arms, and he had not brought those which had been promised them. Humbert surrendered to lord Cornwallis, who was at the head of 30,000, men; and the unfortunate irish who had followed Humbert, were left on the field abandoned to the mercy of the english. — Many of those irish patriots were immediately shot and many were transported or hung.

England having been obliged during the war with France, to keep constantly more than forty thousand men in Ireland, or on the coast of great Britain, watching

the movements of that country; and as she could have employed these troops most advantageously on the continent, Ireland aided France most efficaceously, though indirectly, in her war with England.

Had M. de Beaumont read general Foy's observations on the insurrection of Ireland, perhaps he would have formed a different opinion. — In the 2d book of the 1st vol : of general Foy's works, published by his widow, are the following observations.

« England had also a Vendée ready to break out : that « was « Ireland, » oppressed as it was under the double « weight of political and religious oppression. The an- « nals of that country, from the day it was invaded by « its neighbour at the end of the 12th century, are a long « recital of expropriations and massacres. Towards the « close of the year 1796 a fleet and an army under the « command of general Hoche, were sent by the executive « Directory of France, to free the unfortunate irish. — « The ships were scattered by a storm, a few shewed « themselves on the west coast of Ireland, but none ever « attempted a landing.

« The year following the treaty of Campo Formio re- « established peace on the continent. The french troops « were collected in great bodies on the coasts of the « Ocean and the Mediterranean; and the different french

« armies took the names of the countries they were des-
« tined to invade.

« Almost the whole force of France, divided into seve-
« ral corps, and commanded by the most illustrious
« general of the republic, Buonaparte, made a part of
« the army of England.

« Mr Pitt who then directed the councils of our ene-
« mies, availed himself of these circumstances to rouse
« the military spirit of the people of England. The
« alarms which our threats had awakened were all at
« once dissipated when it was known at London to what
« point the armament from Toulon was directed. — If
« Buonaparte and his brave soldiers had landed in Ire-
« land, instead of being transported into Egypt, other
« fortunes would have awaited the world. But romance
« was preferred to history. — Ireland expected us, — Ire-
« land which clings to us, and which resembles the french
« character by the ardent and impressionable genius
« of her people and by hatred for the common enemy.

« Although neglected by their allies, the irish took
« up arms in the month of may 1798. The insurrection
« had been foreseen. — The Island was covered with en-
« glish troops of the line and militia devoted to the go-
« vernment : they fought with cruelty in an unjust war.
« The commanders did nothing but sack and deci-
« mate.

« No succour came from abroad to the united irish. Of

« various incomplete expeditions sent out from the ports « of France, one only reached its destination, and then « it came too late. It was composed of a thousand men « a sort of forlorn hope, commanded by Humbert, an « ignorant but intrepid soldier, who had the rank of ge- « neral of brigade. »

M. de Beaumont speaks of the vicious and depraved character of the irish, as of a fact never to be doubted.— (See the 6th chapter of the 1st vol.)

On what grounds does he support such an accusation? Does he cite a single fact to support it? No. — For the most simple comparison between the criminal statistics of Ireland and those of France and of England would have convinced him, that there are infinitely more crimes committed in France and in England than in Ireland.

M. de Beaumont says, the irish are lazy, idle, etc. But this is rather a vague accusation and quite without foundation. The irish labour very diligently in England and Scotland, in the United States and else where, and we have never heard it said, that they refused to work in Ireland, when the government or individuals gave them employment.

To shew that the irish are not more disposed to crime,

cruelty and violence than the french or the english, one has only to consult the statistics of crime to be found in the annals of the courts of justice in the three countries. But the regard shewn by the insurgents to women of all ranks during the insurrection of 1798 and their respect for the protestant churches, are convincing proofs in favour of the national character. They gave themselves up to no reprisals, altho' their churches and chapels were demolished by the english troops.

In page 350 of the 1st volume of M. de Beaumont's work, there is the following passage, speaking of the irish : « he has notoriously a sort of invincible aversion to « truth. Between truth and falsehood, tho' he may be « quite desinterested, one may reckon on his preferring « the lie. »

It is not necessary to contradict such an assertion. — It suffices to appeal to the human heart to refute it.

Purity of morals between the sexes is a virtue that the irish possess in a high degree, and which is acknowledged by M. de Beaumont, and even by the bitterest enemies of the irish nation. As the virtues go hand in hand, it is impossible for a people who are distinguished by the exercise of one, not to possess others; and when one thinks of the sentiments of honour and tenderness which animate those who practice this virtue, they ought

not to be regarded or spoken of as a people without virtue or principle.

Amongst the wives and daughters of the other irish exiles of whom I had to take leave before starting for the coast in december 1803, was, Mrs Tone, with her three children, two boys and a girl. The latter was a fine grown girl of twelve or fourteen; she had the misfortune to lose her and one of her sons at Paris, some time after. Fortunately her other son lived to publish his heroic father's admirable memoirs, which prove to the world, that Ireland would have been a free country, governing herself, had the general in chief, Hoche, been on board the same vessel as Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the Bay of Bantry, on Christmas day 1796.

Mrs Tone was in every respect worthy of being the companion of her lamented husband. She was very well mannered and very obliging to her friends. I recollect in 1806 when our regiment was on march to Mayence, that captain Barker had to leave his son Arthur, then nine years of age with Mrs Tone, who kindly kept him nearly a month with her own children, till he was placed in the irish college, where he finished his education in 1815. Mr and Mrs Barker were ever grateful to Mrs Tone for her kindness on this occasion; and indeed their son Mr Arthur Barker, though so young then remembers

being the playmate of Tone's children as an event not to be forgotten.

Though Mrs Jackson, the widow of the reverend W. Jackson, one of the first martyrs to the independence of his native land, had but a small pension to live on, still she had her son and daughter very well educated. Mrs Jackson was clever and well informed, and her children availed themselves of this advantage. They were clever and sprightly. — Miss Jackson was married to a merchant at Havre. — In 1820 Mr Warden and I signed a paper for her to obtain a passport for Italy, where she went to visit her mother and brother who were residing at Leghorn.

Of all the exiled irish ladies in Paris in 1803, poor Mrs Hamilton was the most to be pitied; she had heard of the melancholy end — the trial and execution — of her beloved uncle Thomas Russell on whom she doated, and every hour she feared she would hear that her husband had shared the same fate, a reward being offered for his apprehension. It appeared impossible for him to procure a safe hiding place, or the means of escaping from a country, where terror of every description was reigning, with martial law and all its horrors. However William Hamilton was not sold and betrayed into the hands of his enemies, as was the unfortunate Russell.

To finish my visits, I had still to call on MM. John Sweetman, Mat Dowling, Richard Mac Cormick, Edward Lewins, Delany, Dr Mac Mahon, etc. These patriots were stopping at Paris, hoping they might soon be called on to co-operate in their civil capacity with us, once we were landed in Ireland. Poor Arthur Mac Mahon had an attack of paralysis the day before I left Paris. — My friend and former comrade Paul Murray, not feeling the same activity and power of marching that he had when we were together in the Wicklow mountains in 1798, the day after he received his commission, set off for Morlaix on foot, intending to take the coach occasionally, when tired with walking.

Hugh Ware and I agreed to set out on foot and to march the whole way to Morlaix, without incurring the expence of either horse or coach-hire. He came to sleep at my lodgings in the rue de la Harpe, the night before we set off : he having had to give up the hired furniture he had had at his own lodgings. — At break of day we took our little portmanteaus under our arms and brought them to Mr William Lawless's apartment in the rue de la Loi (rue de Richelieu); he kindly promised to bring them with his own baggage by the coach to Morlaix. He told us that he, Mac Neven, Sweeny, Tennant, Gallagher and Lacy had retained the six inside places of the diligence, or stage coach, leaving Paris for Morlaix ten days after, and we might be sure of our portmanteaus on arriving there.

We then took leave of captain Lawless, who was still in bed, and we marched off to Versailles, where Ware had given a rendez-vous to his cousin Joseph Parrott, captain Macguire, Lambert, John Reilly, Fitzpatrick, and James Mac Egan, a lad of fourteen years of age After we had breakfasted and visited the chateau, waited to see the famous clock strike, and the cock turn out and flutter its wings, the only remaining fixture in this once renowned palace, the scene of intrigue, debauchery and artificial greatness, we set out again, to make another etape (or day's march and halt) on the road to Rambouillet, where we got billets of lodging and passed the night.

Hugh Ware being an admirer of country scenery, a judge of land, and of architecture, well read and versed in history, it was a great advantage to me to have him as my fellow traveller. He would wish to examine every mansion or chateau near the road, and tell us something of their antiquity or renown. That part of Normandy through which we passed to Alençon, was rich and well cultivated. One night it blew a terrible storm. Next morning we found on our march, the road in many places strewed with fine trees, torn from their roots by this whirlwind. We said, what a pity that the expedition was not ready at Brest, as the english fleet, must now be off to Torbay, from its blockading station before Brest.

It was after such a storm that general Hoche's fleet sailed with his expedition in 1796 for Ireland, and passing at Rennes, it brought to our recollection that he had his head quarters in that town previous to embarking, and that it was there that he got the proclamation translated and printed in the portuguese language, by a priest of that nation, in order to baffle the english spies, who thought in consequence that Hoche's expedition was destined for Portugal. —

This part of Britany through which we were passing, reminded us of our own country ; the climate nearly the same; fine pasturage to be seen on every side; the cattle generally of an inferior race, cultivation much neglected, and the poor people only beginning to recover from the bad effects of their civil wars. However our journey continued to the end to be agreeable indeed; marching four or five leagues before breakfast, and six or seven again before we reached the town where we passed the night; and though in the month of december, we had time to take a view of the churches, or any thing curious, before going to dinner.

We remarked that the country people returning from their fairs and markets, generally had taken a hearty glass of cider brandy, and their dresses were quite different as we approached Morlaix. We arrived at this town

after a long day's march, late at night, and next morning paid our visits.

We had the satisfaction of again meeting many of our friends. Lawless, Mac Neven and the other officers who travelled by the coach, only arrived the day before us. We got billets of lodging. Mine was with a Mr Premcour, a receiver of contributions, by whom I was most graciously received. I had invitations from this gentleman and his lady to evening parties, which was a great advantage to me in learning french.

My valued friend Val Derry had arranged for our mess, at the hotel de France, where we had an excellent table, and in the best part of the town, near the bridge, on the quay. Mr and Mrs Barker lived next door, and Thomas Markey was just arrived from Bordeaux. He gave us a splendid account of general Augerau's army, with which he had been on the frontiers of Spain. It was now assembled in the neighbourhood of Brest, ready to embark for Ireland. The adjutant general Mac Sheehy, who was charged with the organization of the legion, accompanied us to the magazine, where we received our swords, epaulettes, etc., and he gave orders to the master tailor and boot maker respecting our uniforms. Five days after, I had mine, and I was completely equipped and ready to embark. — General Mac Sheehy was exceedingly busy receiving the officers who were arriving every day and by every stage coach from all parts of France, and giving

his orders to have them equipped forthwith, ready to embark. — We were truly glad to see Allen, Dowdall, Sandy Devereux, Cummings and O'Kelly arriving after their long journey from Cadiz. Allen and Dowdall's escape was fortunate indeed, for the state of Ireland was such at the time they were hiding in the neighbourhood of Dublin, that it was thought impossible for them to procure means of getting away.

Morlaix was the rendez-vous of the irish exiles in january 1804. Mr et Mrs Barker met amongst them many of their former friends, and I recollect spending a most agreeable day at their house, when they entertained at dinner a number of the officers; such as adjutant general Mac Sheehy, Mac Neven, Lawless, William O'Meara, Mandeville, Masterson, O'Gorman, Derry, Fitzhenry, etc. Captain Barker seemed quite happy to have at his table that day, officers who had been in the irish brigade before 1792, and others who were by his side at the battle of Vinegar Hill on the 21st of june 1798, where he lost his arm fighting for Ireland's rights. — Our evenings were spent agreeably enough, and our morning occupations were highly amusing; learning the position of a soldier without arms, marching in quick and ordinary time; learning the manual exercise with the musket, etc.; we had the best french instructors, who told us, we should in a short time be capable of becoming instructors ourselves to teach others.

Unfortunately adjutant general Mac Sheehy, notwithstanding his great activity and talents as a staff officer, was not equal to the task of organizing a political corps like the irish legion, composed of patriots, all of whom had suffered in their country's cause, but differing on many points as to the best way of redressing her grievances. He was young, and wanted experience in irish matters. The following narrative which I wrote from notes that I kept on the service of the irish legion, will shew in a great measure why Mac Sheehy failed in his mission.

My friend colonel O'Neill being engaged collecting materials for writing the history of the irish brigades in the service of France, 'till they ceased in 1792, asked me, in 1837, to furnish him with notes on the organization, services, and campaigns of the irish legion, and particularly about the first regiment of this legion, which had been so much distinguished in Spain and in Germany, at Flushing, Astorga, Lowenberg on the Bober, Antwerp, etc., down to the month of september 1815, when it was disbanded at Montreuil-sur-Mer. — Nearly a year after I had given my notes to colonel O'Neill, I was not a little surprised when he told me one day that he was going to get them published along with a small manuscript he got from Mr Warden, on the affairs of Ireland in 1797 and 1798, extremely well written, as indeed every thing Mr Warden wrote was; it was relating to the period he

was concerned in, till he escaped to America. — I observed to colonel O'Neill that my notes were not prepared for the press; to which he replied, that competent judges to whom he had shewn them, told him they might be published in the shape they were; and he then read to me part of the introduction he was preparing for his first volume, at the head of which was to be Mr Warden's work, consisting of about twenty pages. — A few days after this, poor O'Neill had a slight attack of apoplexy, and in consequence his physicians ordered him to refrain from the application of either reading or writing. He however had his friend colonel Mac Sheehy going as usual to the archives at the war office, taking notes and collecting materials for the history of the irish brigades; and he employed my friend Mr Rafferty to translate all these notes; for he intended to have his work published both in english and french at the same time. He could not have chosen a more fit person than Mr Rafferty, for he quite entered into the spirit of the undertaking, like a true irish patriot as he was, and though he had a situation which kept him very busy, he contrived to find time for the translation, and O'Neill was sure it would be well done, as Mr Rafferty was a good french scholar, and he wrote the english language in a pure, bold style. He had to translate also many latin inscriptions; for colonel O'Neill went down into the vaults of the churches where any irish were buried, in order to copy from their tombstones, names, deeds, etc.

Colonel O'Neill was at great expence getting notes from the archives of foreign countries, where irish troops had served, as he intended his history to comprise those of Austria, Naples, Spain;— from Spain particularly he had got some very valuable documents, through his correspondent at Madrid, about the three irish regiments which had been in the spanish service : Ultona, Ireland and Hibernia; a friend of mine, captain Canton, who had served in one of those irish regiments in Spain, being at Paris at the time, also furnished colonel O'Neill with many notes and a great deal of information respecting the spanish army, and the way the irish were employed in it.

At the royal library in the rue Richelieu, colonel O'Neil got the gazettes or newpapers of the reign of Louis XIII, in which there was mention of the irish then in the french army; from these, and the military annuaires, or army lists, he got many things he wanted to aid him to complete his biographical history of the irish who had to fly from their own country and learn the military profession in a foreign land.

Altho' colonel O'Neill was prohibited by his medical adviser, any serious application as to writing, still his work advanced under his direction, and he wished much to see it printed and published at Paris in english and french. —

About the middle of july 1844, we had a most agreeable visit from colonel O'Neill, alas! it was the last. He came to invite Mrs Byrne and me to dine with him and spend the evening at madame de Beaulieu's, where we were sure to be well entertained. He was in high spirits and looking extremely well. He was very fond of music, played on the flute, guitar, clarinet, violin, etc., etc. Madame de Beaulieu had an excellent piano. — This very amiable lady was the daughter of one of Benjamin Franklin intimate friends, when he resided at Paris as the representative of the United States of America. She used to shew us, with much pride, a little wax figure which her father had got made of this great statesman in his simple dress of the republican minister, and some of his hair was carefully preserved and put on the head of the statuette.

Poor O'Neill seemed very happy that evening. He not only played on various instruments, but sang well, and that evening sang several airs, Mrs Byrne accompanying him on the piano.

A few days after, he was writing a letter, when he felt another attack of apoplexy; he had just time to ring for his servant, fall on the floor and bid him send for a priest, the doctor and his cousin young O'Neill, professor of mathematics at the college of Sainte-Barbe. To the latter he gave the key of his desk, saying, when I am no

more you will get my will there have it executed. The doctor had every thing applied which is usual in such cases. He then left him with his confessor. I was sent for; when I arrived he was speechless. He died in the night after a long suffering. —

Young O'Neill being his executor and heir had the funeral service, and indeed every thing else, honourably conducted. — Some days after, poor O'Neill's savings, amounting to about thirty two thousand francs, was divided according to his will. To his man servant and his wife, he left six thousand francs, all his clothes, bed linen, and the greater part of his valuable furniture. — To madame de Beaulieu three thousand francs. — To colonel Mac Sheehy one thousand francs. — To Mr Barker five hundred francs. — After paying the physician, funeral, churchservice expences, a handsome monument in the cemetery of Mont-Parnasse, young O'Neill had the remainder with his library, and his study furniture. To me he left his sword and general Foy's memoirs in four volumes. — To Mrs Byrne a work she had read but returned to him, which he knew she would like to have, as the author of it was an acquaintance of her lamented brother Francis Horner at Paris[1] in 1814. Viz : « Travels

[1] See a letter from Francis Horner to Mr Dugald Stewart. In the « Memoirs and correspondence of Francis Horner, » 2d vol., page 203, of the 1st or London edition ; and 2d vol., page 196, of the 2d or Boston edition. (F. B.)

in the east, » by monsieur CHEVALIER, bibliothécaire en chef, or head librarian to the Pantheon library and the college of Henry the fourth. M. Chevalier had been tutor to sir Francis Burdett. He was the friend of colonel O'Neill. — Unfortunately this work had been lent to some one, and young O'Neill could never learn to whom. He regretted much that he could not execute that part of his cousin's will, which deprived him of the pleasure of giving Mrs Byrne this memorial of colonel O'Neill. This work is, Mr Chevalier's travels in the east, at the time he was attached to the french embassy at Constantinople.

Young O'Neill brought me back my Mss notes, and he kindly gave me poor O'Neill's portrait, copied from the original. I told him if he intended to go on with the work his cousin had begun, I should be happy to give him all the assistance in my power. He replied that he had not time for such an undertaking then, but that the papers and materials collected should be carefully preserved.

He was highly educated, having finished his studies at the polytechnique school. He was destined for the artillery, but in consequence of being short-sighted, he became a professor of mathematics and he is considered one of the first, as the college of Sainte-Barbe, where he gives

his lectures, prepares more young men for the polytechnique school than any of the others in Paris.

I was very glad to have got back my manuscript, and as it had been carefully read and revised by my lamented friend, I was the more desirous to have it published one day along with my memoirs of what I had witnessed in Ireland before coming to France.

Colonel O'Neill, after reading my notes, asked me to make one change only, which was, to say, that it was the « ministry, » and not the minister of war, Clark, the duke of Feltre, who had, in the most brutal manner given orders in 1815 to have several distinguished irish officers arrested and sent out of the french territory, the land of their adoption, and after all their campaigns and honourable services. I was sorry I could not comply with his request, as it would have been inconsistant and ungrateful of me. For one of the ministers, the duke de Caze, who was then charged with the police of all France, allowed me to stop at Paris, in order that I might have time to remonstrate against the crying injustice of the duke of Feltre, the war minister, who persevered in insisting that I should quit France, and so late as 1817, when it was expected at least the persecution of the half pay officers had abated. Alas! that was not the case, which will be seen in the biographical notice on general Clark, duke of Feltre, in this volume. I repeated to

colonel O'Neill my regret that I could not make the change in my notes he desired.

I feel it necessary to mention these circumstances now, because the 2d volume of my memoirs commences with those notes on the organization of the irish legion in the service of France, under the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration of the Bourbons.

As I have already mentioned the names of some of the irish exiles I met at Paris in 1803, I must also speak of the brave irish patriots with whom I became acquainted after the peace of 1815.

I met at Tours in 1816 Mr John Lubé of Summer Hill, Dublin; he was residing there with his wife and children, and his house soon became an agreeable rendezvous for Ware, Allen, Hayne and myself; indeed it could not be otherwise, as all our opinions and sympathies harmonized with each others; besides, Mr Lubé's brother George, who had had to escape to America, had been the companion of William Aylmer, and Hugh Ware in the insurrection of 1798; and Mrs Lubé's brother, was John Cormick, at whose house in Thomas street, Dublin, lord Edward Fitzgerald frequently met his numerous friends. Mr Cormick escaped to the United States, where he settled, and never was allowed to return, though he was led to expect that a permission would be given him, in

1822, to go to Ireland for a few days on family affairs ; I met him at Paris in company at that period with general Lawless and Edward Lewens, both these gentlemen seemed satisfied with the account Mr Cormick gave them about the way he effected his escape to America, etc.

In 1818 Mr John Lubé left Tours and came with his family to reside at Paris, and as I had permission from the minister of war to stop there until I was employed, I again found Mr Lubé and his amiable wife endeavouring to make their house agreeable to the irish who frequented at that period the french capital. I saw at their evening parties many persons of great celebrity afterwards; such as, young Balzac, counsellor Lalor Shiel, counsellor Denis Lubé, the companion of the great John Philpot Curran ; he was Mr Lubé's eldest son. With him I spent many agreeable days, he was so entertaining, and full of anecdotes on irish affairs.

I recollect meeting Mr Lubé one morning in the spring of 1818 in the Luxembourg garden ; he told me he was going to Dublin for a short time on business, and that he wished to wait on the reverend Dr Murray, the catholic archbishop of Dublin, who was then stopping at the irish college at Paris, to take charge of his commissions for Ireland. I accompanied Mr Lubé to the college, as I had some small parcels to give to his Lordship, which were committed to my care by his friends in Ireland We met

at the college in company with Dr Murray, the catholic primate of all Ireland, the reverend Dr Curtis, whom, I knew in Spain in 1810 at Salamanca, where he was superior of the irish college, ere he became the stipendary of the english general Wellington, and, as they say in Ireland, disgraced his cloth; — we did not renew our acquaintance. I found him, from being a tall, splendid looking man, as he was when I saw him, now completely broken-down and stooping.

I always remember the morning of the 13th of february 1820. Mr Lubé was very busy seeing to the coach office two irish ladies who were returning to Dublin, when he heard of the assassination of the duke of Berry; he feared the coach might be delayed in consequence. — Mr Lubé resided at the hotel of the duke de Clarence in the rue Grenelle-Saint-Germain, just near my lodgings in the rue des Saints-Pères, so that we met frequently, which to me, at that dull period for french half-pay officers, was indeed a great pleasure.

A good irish patriot Mr Parks had, like John Cormick to go and seek a home in some of the cheap back settlements of the United States of America, where he had to live with his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, on very limited means, for several years, till a near relation bequeathed to him a large fortune. He then came with his family to live in Paris, and through our mutual

friend Mr Warden, the american consul, we became acquainted, which was to me another source of pleasure, as Mr Parks was one of the frankest and best of men. He used to delight in giving a description of the frugal way he had to live in America, and his own occupations there, cutting wood, making the fire, getting the kettle boiled for tea, before his wife got up in the morning. —

Mr Parks occupied an hotel in the rue Vaugirard which belonged to Mr Boulay (de la Meurthe) one of the last faithful ministers of Napoleon, and as his family kept an apartment for themselves, where they generally resided in winter, they were very much at the balls and evening parties given by Mr Parks and his amiable family, and where I saw a great deal of the best french society. I there became acquainted with colonel Simon Laurier who was one of the many victims of the re-action and persecution carried on against the half pay officers after the second abdication of Napoleon; he was cashiered and deprived of course of his half pay; he however, did not despond; he betook himself to a species of commerce, which, with every thing else, tended to bring to light the injustice of the Bourbon government. — He allowed wine merchants to put his name over their shops, and retail and sell wine for the benefit of colonel Simon Laurier. He was assisted, in this undertaking by the high minded, independent patriots of the day, particularly so, by the worthy Laffite. — I met in 1834, being in garrison with the 56th regiment at Nantes, colonel

Simon Laurier, who was then commanding the department. Of course we had many a pleasant chat about our friends at Paris, and the great changes that had taken place there in the interval. — He was witty, and amiable in his manners. He got promoted soon after to the rank of general of brigade.

An irish family of which I had heard much, as possessing all the sentiments of true patriots, arrived in Paris in 1820. — Mr John Prat Winter of the county of Meath, at whose house sir Francis Burdett stopped, during the memorable trial of Roger O'Connor at Trim. Mr Winter came to Paris with his large family, consisting of, his wife, five sons and four daughters. They first took up their abode at a boarding house, n° 30, rue Cassette, until he had his house, n° 17, boulevard des Invalides furnished, where he resided for several years, and where he received some of the best french and foreign society.

Mr Winter's sons were well educated, distinguished young men, and real irishmen. Arthur, the second son, like all the family longed to see Ireland well governed, and independent, but seeing no chance, at that period, of her shaking off the english yoke, he wished to go and fight with the Greeks, and aid them to obtain their independence. His father had subscribed largely to their sacred cause, as he was the friend of lord Byron. He readily consented to allow his brave young son to proceed to Greece and join lord Byron at his head quarters at Misso-

longhi, where he was appointed one of the principal staff officers. After the lamented death of lord Byron, young Winter joined the greek army in the mountains and shared with them, all their miseries, dangers and glories, for nearly two years, till from fatigue, a bad wound and sickness, he finished his honourable career in a village called « Gastonni » on the road from Pyrgos to Patrass, and as I had the command of the former town and district for a short time in 1828, I learned all the sad tidings about my dear friend young Winter, which brought to my mind the affliction of his family in Paris, when they heard of his death His poor father used to take such pleasure in reading to me his son's letters from Greece, and his sanguine hopes of success in the noble cause he was fighting for; and though the melancholy death of lord Byron threw a damp over him, still he did not despair. Such was his irish fortitude to bear up against adversity, and few indeed of the vast number of « Philhelenes » who fought for grecian freedom, had made greater sacrifices to obtain it than he had done, abandoning his family and home, where he could enjoy every comfort, except that of seing his own country as she ought to be, « great, glorious and free. »

Every member of Mr Winter's family that I had the pleasure of meeting at his house, were, like himself, truly irish ; his brother, though a clergyman of the church of England, wished a perfect tolerance and equality between every religious persuasion, and conse-

quently an end put to the protestant ascendency in Ireland, which he would say was the worst of despotisms. His sister, miss Winter, was highly educated, liberal and strong minded. She had an independent fortune of her own, and made a good use of it. She, with her nephew John Winter spent a long time at Rome; he was studying the fine arts, and succeeded in painting.

Mr Winter being appointed guardian to two orphan boys, sons of his cousin, of eight and nine years of age, had them brought over to Paris to make part of his family, and he had them sent to a french-day-school. One evening that the eldest of these boys was sitting beside me, on a sofa, I asked him how he got on at the school with the french lads. « Oh! » he replied « very well, for if they « were to look angry at me, Bill would soon knock them « down. » I then asked him what profession his brother Bill was intended for. — « Oh! » he said, « I am to have « a fortune, and I shall be rich enough to make Bill a « captain Rock. »

The children being sent to bed, Mr Winter wished to know the conversation I had had with young Bumford. When I repeated it, he exclaimed : « That's John's teaching, » meaning his butler who had been one of the insurgents of 1798. When I added « John Prat? » there was a general laugh. « Oh! no, Mr Byrne, » said Mr Winter, « I dont want to make captain Rocks of the boys, but I « trust I shall be able to have them well educated in their

« own country, without sending either of them to Ox-
« ford or Cambridge; and once of age, they will judge
« for themselves the part they will have to act as irish
« citizens and patriots. » — « Captain Rock » had just been published (1824). Young Bumford not only saw all the family enchanted with it, but he had to be reader for the servants who could not read, so it was not wonderful at his age, that he hoped for the renown of the « Rocks » for his brother, who though younger, was much stronger and stouter made than he was.

Some months before Mr Winter left Paris, he sold his furniture and gave up his house on the boulevard des Invalides, and hired a handsome furnished apartment in a more central part of the town, the rue Godot de Mauroi, a street near « what was to be » the Temple of Glory, now the church of the Madeleine. — Mr Winter continued as usual, to receive a great deal of choice company at his new residence, and he made with his amiable family, many agreeable excursions to the country in the neighbourhood of Paris. To one of these I was invited, not as a partner, but as a guest. We were fourteen in number, two coaches, twelve inside, and two outside. We spent the first day at Mortfontaine, the beautiful mansion of king Joseph Buonaparte. We saw the fleet of ships on the lakes, the groves, the gardens, etc. This residence belonged, or was then occupied by Mr Shickler, a prussian gentleman who kept it in the greatest order,

quite superior to what it was in the king's time. Mr Shickler being immensely rich, he spared no expence on his establishment. I never saw any thing to equal his stables, the mangers of which were of white italian marble. And the same luxury was lavished on every other part of the concerns. When we arrived, Mr Shickler was busy getting his fleet ready to sail, but he postponed his voyage until our visit was over, and shewed us the greatest attention and politeness whilst it lasted.

Our second day's excursion was to Ermenonville, once the residence of the celebrated Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and where the proprietor of the vast domain and château, Mr Girardin, spared no expence to perpetuate the remembrance of the philosopher; throughout what is called the desert, are slabs of stone bestrewed, half covered with moss, and on which are inscribed lines from Rousseau's various works; and altho' Mr Winter was not a great admirer of his, still we spent the first day visiting them, as he wished to explain to us many incidents and curious anecdotes to which these inscriptions referred. — We thus passed the morning in the desert, and the evening gaily at the hotel « Jean Jacques, » where we had right good fare.

Next morning we went to visit the small island in the lake, where Rousseau had chosen his final abode. The monument was simple, with appropriate inscriptions, and carefully preserved tho' his remains were transferred to the Pantheon at Paris, to be placed in that temple be-

side Voltaire, Mirabeau, etc. « Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante. » — We then took a drive through the beautiful forest of Ermenonville; it being the after season, and the trees beginning to lose their verdure, we saw many artists taking sketches and studying the autumnal tints.

Mr Winter returned with his family to Ireland in 1827, leaving amongst his wide circle of friends and acquaintances at Paris, a great blank, for he was indeed much esteemed, and much regretted by them all. He was fond of an intercourse with young people of literary pursuits, and I recollect meeting Mr Salvandy frequently at his house.

Mr Winter published a work on the best way of educating and governing the irish people. His style was pure and refined. He did not agree with some catholics who were anxious to have mass celebrated in the language that the people could understand. — He thought it better to make no change. — Would to God all the protestant gentlemen in Ireland were patriots as John Prat Winter was !

Mr William Murphy of Mount Merrion, better known as Billy Murphy of Smithfield, Dublin, was one of those brave irish patriots who was appointed by the united irish organization to have co-operated in the county of Kildare

with lord Edward Fitzgerald, William Aylmer, Hugh Ware, etc., in the rising of 1798. — Poor lord Edward having met with his cruel and untimely end, Mr William Murphy effected his escape to Lisbon, where he took refuge till the bloodthirsty executions, tortures, imprisonments, etc., had in some degree abated; he then ventured to return to his native land, and resume his station in Dublin, as a sales' master and a merchant By his talents and industry, he soon realized a great fortune, carrying on all with the utmost assiduity and honour in his commercial transactions. He became the close friend of the immortal Henry Grattan, and of the truly sincere patriot lord Cloncurry, and took an active and an influential part in the politics of that period with those statesmen.

Although I had often spent agreeable evenings at Mount Merrion with Mr Murphy and his amiable family, it was only at Paris, in 1824, that I could properly appreciate his worth and talents, and the immense services he might have rendered to Ireland as one of her senators, had she been independent and able to make her own laws. — It being Mr Murphy's first visit to Paris, he had much to see, and as I was unemployed at the time, we were together almost every day seeing sights. He took handsome lodgings in the rue Saint-Honoré, near the church of the Assumption. He brought his daughters, Margaret and Fanny, from the Sacré-Cœur, where they

had been for their education, to join their mother, and their elder sister Katherine, and their brother John, so they were a party of six : four ladies and two gentlemen.

One saturday I brought them tickets to go next day sunday, to the king's chapel, to hear high mass and where all the royal family were to be present. — Gentlemen not being admitted into the chapel in pantaloons, and Mr Murphy not having brought his « ball dress » from Ireland, he had to get silk small clothes made up in haste for the ceremony at the chapel; they were so badly made that all the young folks, as well as he himself laughed at his appearance. — However they were all well placed in the chapel, and were amused with the sight. — As the palace of the Tuilleries could only be visited when the king drove out, Mr Murphy and his family availed themselves one day of his majesty's absence to see every thing. It was the last time Louis XVIII left the Tuilleries alive ; he died on the 16th of september 1824.

One day Mr Murphy told me, that if a tract of marshy, waste land, or a lake (such as Mrs Doyle Lawless had purchased near Carcassonne in the south), was for sale, in any part of France, he would buy it, provided it was susceptible of improvement, and that he had commissioned his friend Mr Donaveu to be on the look out, as he had resided a good deal in France. On my asking if there were

not waste lands in Ireland. « Oh ! » he replied « thous-
« ands of acres susceptible of becoming the finest land ;
« but what security have we, unemancipated catholic
« serfs, to make such purchases in Ireland? We have no
« Buonaparte there to encourage and protect us, as
« Mrs Lawless had at Carcassonne. » He added, that lord Cloncurry and he had often and often spoke of the great blessing it would be to the poor irish to have the waste lands cultivated. But their plans and schemes on the matter could be of no avail, till a law was enacted on the subject; and he feared that the english and scotch members in the House of Commons would never pass such a one. And it was that fear which made it grievous to think that a nation of so many millions of inhabitants were deprived of the right of making their own laws.

In every conversation I had with Mr Murphy on the state of Ireland, I learned something new from him of her wants, and the possible remedies for these great evils; and indeed I was much struck with his simple, bold language, sound opinions and noble sentiments in speaking over all these matters. It made me think what a useful member he would have been in an irish parliament. The splendid fortune which he realized for his family, is a proof that he would have been adequate to fill the situation of financial minister, or chancellor of the irish exchequer.

Mr Murphy regretted that there was no good history of Ireland, and said that the antiquaries could not agree as to the origin of the pillar towers. He wished to buy Mac Geoghan's history bublished in french in 1758, but strange to say, we could not get it, although before the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, it was to be had at many of the old book shops. My friend abbé Lynch who was arranging the library of the irish college, gave me a copy, which I got bound in two volumes, and sent it by my young friend James Power to Mr Murphy in 1826. It was the second edition of Mac Geoghan's history of Ireland.

One sunday we went to see M. Denon's museum of natural history and egyptian antiquities on the quai Voltaire Though none were admitted without a permission signed by the oriental antiquarian himself, still all the rooms were crowded. Mr Murphy being interested in the egyptian collection, wished me to ask M. Denon for explanations. I told him as miss Fanny spoke such good french she would be sure to get all the information he desired : she was then about twelve years of age, and very handsome. The moment she spoke to M. Denon, he was so struck with her beauty and manner, that he made her take his arm and conducted us through every part of the museum, explaining every thing to Mr Murphy, in the most amiable way possible; so that all the attention and honours were paid to our party, thanks to miss Fanny's knowledge of french.

Mr Murphy returned to Ireland and left miss Fanny at a boarding school in England. Mrs Murphy, John, and the two young ladies Katherine and Margaret went to spend the winter at Tours, but they saw the great funeral procession of Louis XVIII going to Saint-Denis, before leaving Paris; and the next year 1825 in the month of june they witnessed the grand entrance of Charles X coming from Rheims, after being anointed and crowned there, going to Notre-Dame, where the Te Deum and a great ceremony took place.

They returned in the autumn of 1825 to Ireland for miss Murphy's marriage to Mr Johnstone. — When John was married he came to reside in Paris (rue Monsieur), for some time. — I recollect spending the evening in his company the day before I set out for Greece in 1828, at a dinner party given by our worthy friend colonel de Montmorency Morris. — We saw a great deal of William and James Murphy, every time they were in Paris. I must say better, or more unassuming young men I never knew.

I have often mentioned how my military career was stopped by being placed on half pay in 1816, and remaining in that situation 'till 1828 before I got employed, the law being, that no officer could obtain promotion but those presen with their regiments. As I was allowed to reside at Paris during that long period, I had thus an opportunity not only of spending my time ad-

vantageously, following the public lectures at the french colleges, but of knowing what was going on in unfortunate Ireland, and of becoming acquainted with many of her best citizens who were continually visiting the capital of France, after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. This in some degree compensated for the loss I sustained in not getting the advancement I was entitled to in the french army. According to regulation then, one half of the captains were promoted to the superior rank by seniority; and as I was at the top of the list, I should soon have been named lieutenant-colonel.

I was very glad to meet doctor Drumgold; he was on his way back from Rome, where he had been sent in 1819, by a catholic committee that occasionally met in Dublin, to regulate matters with the Holy See. His mission was much spoken of at that time, on account of the altercation his co-partner, the Wexford Friar, Father Hayes, had with the Pope's prime minister cardinal Gonsalvi. The latter had the reverend Mr Hayes arrested and put into prison, for having used some intemperate language, as he said; however as Father Hayes, though educated at Rome, was not a roman subject, he soon got out of prison.

Doctor Drumgold gained great notoriety without, he assured me, ever having merited it. The irish Orangemen used to drink his health after « the glorious, pious and immortal memory » as the man who let the cat out of the

bag, meaning the treatment reserved for them, the moment the protestant ascendency was put down.

Doctor Drumgold was not only a well bred and well educated man, but exceedingly tolerant and humane. He was no doubt a staunch, good roman catholic, ready any day to die for his religion and country. — He lodged at a boarding house, rue Cassette, n° 36 ; as I lived close by, we were much together, and followed the public lectures at the different colleges, but more particularly those at the college du Plessis, on account of the eminent professors employed there, Thénard, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Lacretelle, etc. The last, one day in his lecture, was praising queen Elizabeth beyond measure, as the greatest of potentates, without making the slightest allusion to her cruelties and turpitudes towards her irish subjects. Doctor Drumgold thought fit to write to him in consequence of this omission, and gave him long extracts from every history that had been published, on the way Ireland had been governed during that long and infernal reign of the virgin queen Elizabeth, etc. Nothing could be more candid and amiable than Monsieur Lacretelle at his next lecture. After reading, as was his custom, the notes which he had received in the interval, he dwelt particularly on the one concerning Ireland, and added, that he had not terminated queen Elizabeth's reign. It will suffice to state, that ere he finished, she was painted out, worse, if possible, than Cromwell, for her monstrous, cold-blooded murders in Ireland. — Doctor

Drumgold came then away satisfied, and saying, what all who attended Monsieur Lacretelle's lectures thought, that he was one of the best and most impartial of lecturers, both on ancient and modern history.

Mr Lewens being desirous that his friend doctor Drumgold should hear to advantage the eloquent divine, the bishop of Hermopolis, the abbé de Frayssinous, at one of his conferences then so much followed at the church of Saint-Sulpice, had places one sunday kept for us near the pulpit.—On leaving the church, Lewens said, « Well « doctor, I hope you are pleased with all you have « heard. » — « Quite the contrary » was the reply. « I « did not expect to find a pulpit profaned with the name « of Louis the fourteenth. It is too bad to be mixing up « such men with religion. I feared mademoiselle de La « Vallière and all his other mistresses would have been « mentioned also. »

Lewens could not get him to change his severe remarks, or to think more favourably of the conference. Such was Drumgold's honesty and frankness, and profound knowledge of history. — He said he had formed his judgment and would stick by it.

I called one morning on doctor Drumgold, and found him greatly distressed, indeed shedding tears. He was reading a letter from his sister. — He said : « she is not « dead to be sure, but she is so to me, for she is going

« into a convent. » — « I am the cause of all » he exclaimed, « by staying away so long from home, where « we lived so happily together. » Not being married, the separation was more distressing to him. This was the worthy Drumgold, whom the irish Orangemen painted out as a cruel fanatick, capable of having them all murdered.

Doctor Drumgold had been to visit general Lawless, colonel Ware, and Allen at Tours, and he spoke with delight of the agreeable time he spent with those brave « exiles from Erin. » At general Lawless's country house Rochefouret, near Tours, there was a large room with three beds; Lawless used to quit his own, to spend the night in that room and have a real chat with such guests as Drumgold, Allen, etc. Doctor Drumgold thougt Allen was a man of such firmness of character, that he would have been fit to fill the highest situation in Ireland.

Doctor Drumgold returned to Ireland by Brussels in the winter of 1820 and 1821. — I gave him a letter of introduction to my friend the reverend Mr Cowan, who belonged to the cathedral church of that city. — This worthy priest introduced him to some of the first families of the place, from all of whom he received the greatest attention and kindness, during the three weeks he remained there.

Before he left Brussels, he wrote me a long letter on

the political state of the country; and often have I since remarked the justness of his views, and observations.— Castlereagh and Wellington, he said, think they have secured the peace of the world, by making Holland a great kingdom for the prince of Orange. They little thought, he added, that the Belgians detest the Dutch yoke, if possible more than the irish do the english one, and will avail themselves of any occasion to shake it off, even to become french, if no other alternative is left them. Such were doctor Drumgold's opinions at that dark, desponding period, when the despots of the holy alliance were in all their might using every stratagem in their power to oblige the people every where to relinquish all hopes of having any participation in the goverment of their country.

Poor father Hayes did not long enjoy the notoriety he acquired at Rome with doctor Drumgold. He returned to Wexford to see his family, and endeavour to recover his health which was much impaired. He came to Paris for medical advice; two of his sisters accompanied him, and a few days after their arrival he expired at his lodgings in the rue de Beaune, sitting in his chair, conversing to the last moment with his friends, and not suffering the least pain.

The good, worthy doctor Halliday, who attended him, had the funeral arrangements and church service, all properly done. He was interred in the burying

ground of Père-la-Chaise, with the usual ceremonies.

From the little I saw of Mr Hayes, he appeared to me a very amiable man, with very pleasing manners; and though in the last stage of a decline, his conversation was very animated and very bold, when speaking of the poor irish. He was considered highly educated, and well-informed on every thing respecting the government, or rather « misgovernment » of Ireland under her foreign rulers. — What a pity it is, that such men are called away prematurely. He was only thirty three years of age when he died.

Mr Harvey proprietor of the Dublin newspaper, the Freeman's journal, one of the best organs and advocates of the catholic rights and interests published in Ireland, came to Paris on the death of his uncle, colonel O'Kelly-which took place in that city in 1818. — Mr Harvey and his only child miss Harvey inherited large fortunes be, queathed to them by this relative. Mr Harvey came to Paris upon business, and for the education of his daughter.

I was much with him, and I must say that I learnt much from him on irish politics, he being the editor of a newspaper so widely circulated and so much read; having correspondents in every part of the country he knew well the political feeling of the true lovers of irish freedom, and he often told me curious anecdotes of their schemes and plans to force an intolerant and bigotted

english parliament to grant a catholic relief bill. « One of these lovers of freedom », prepared with Mr Harvey, in his private study, an article for the Freeman's journal. A few days after, at a great meeting, he heard this article spoken of in a very unbecoming manner, as he thought, and by the person at whose instigation it was written. He thought he owed to himself as well as to the interest of the newspaper which he directed not to let such unfair criticisms pass unnoticed, and in consequence he asked a friend, Alderman Mac Kenny, to require an explanation. This gentleman said : « My dear Harvey, « you are a young editor, and if you wish to forward the « views of those men, who think every thing they « say necessary, for obtaining the smallest concession « from the british government, you must expect some- « times to hear unpleasant language. » — Mr Harvey's rejoinder was, that he was sorry liberty could not be gained without such sacrifices.

Mr Harvey passed several years on the continent, particularly in Italy and France; in the latter country he resided a good deal at Paris and Versailles. In both places he saw some of the first society, and gave many splendid entertainments Miss Harvey being handsome and highly accomplished, had of course many suitors, and offers of marriage from many of the first nobility of France, dukes, counts, etc. Such titles would no doubt have been tempting to a young lady, not professing the

fine patriotic irish feelings of miss Harvey; but to her they were of no value in comparison of being the wife of young Henry Grattan, the son of the immortal Grattan of 1782. This decision on her part gladdened the heart of her father beyond measure, — He said, he had all his wishes realized in seeing his daughter united to the son of the great champion of irish freedom. Mr Harvey returned to Dublin in 1827, but he did not live to enjoy the happiness of seeing his beloved daughter's marriage, which only took place after his demise.

An irish gentleman, Alderman Mac 'Kenny came to spend some time at Paris with his family; he was a staunch irish patriot and had acquired the sympathy and esteem of the catholic population of the city of Dublin, for he was one of the first protestant Lord Mayors who ventured to check the insolence of the orangemen, and to prevent, them, on the anniversaries of the first and twelfth of july, from degrading and disgracing themselves by intoxication and all kinds of ruffianly conduct towards those citizens who did not wear the orange colours ; he was abused by these fellows for not giving the festival toast of the « glorious, pious and immortal memory », when he presided as lord mayor; as it had always been given by his predecessors, his omitting it was a crime never to be forgotten or forgiven by them.

I saw Alderman Mac Kenny with great pleasure. He was frank and kind in his manners. Through him I learned a great deal about the political state of Ireland.— Being on the most friendly terms with O'Connell and Shiel, he frequently spoke to me of their vast talents, their disinterestedness, and the great services that might be expected from their exertions to force the english parliament to concede a real emancipation, and by which the tithes, minister's money and other evils would be abolished. These were Mr Mac Kenny's opinion in 1825. — Two or three years later, when he returned to Paris, I found him less sanguine on many points, though he allowed it would be gaining a great advantage to have catholic members sitting in a british house of parliament. He feared however that their numbers never would be sufficient to obtain justice for Ireland. He told me, he completely coincided with lord Cloncurry and others of his friends, in thinking that nothing short of the irish having the power of making their own local laws could avail to remove the existing evils; still he hoped a catholic relief bill might be granted, because it would afford an opportunity to irish orators to expose to the world the grievous state of their unfortunate country.

Alderman Mac Kenny speaking one day of O'Connell's too violent language in his speeches, said, that he had a serious conversation with Shiel on the subject, and that they were obliged to agree, that as « John Bull » was

continually throwing dirt at them, it required a person to fling it back, and that no doubt that task had been well performed. Mr Mac Kenny was very impartial, and regretted much that the political state of parties needed such reprisals.

Mr Richard Dillon was a Dublin gentleman who prided himself on having been the fellow state prisoner, in the noble cause of Ireland's freedom, with such patriots as Hampden Evans, Thomas Addis Emmett, doctor Mac Neven, Arthur O'Connor, etc. Living near Oliver Bond's house in Bridge street, and hearing on the 12th of march 1798, that his friend was in distress, he went in to see him, when he was arrested and brought off to prison, with the provincial delegates, William Michael Byrne, etc. Although he had nothing whatever to do with the meeting to be held on that memorable day, when the perfidy of the notorious informer Reynolds came first to light, that monster betrayed and sold his fellow man and his country to the foreigner for lucre. He obtained high situations and emoluments from the british government, and lived on the continent with his family in the greatest luxury, on the blood money paid him in advance.

Mr Dillon resided many years at Paris, with his daughter and her family; when they went to live at Dijon, he preferred remaining at Paris, to enjoy the society he could not find in a provincial town. Although

more than seventy years of age, he was very cheerful, indeed quite like a man of thirty. He was very hospitable and generous, and availed himself of every occasion to procure amusement for his friends. On one of these he wished to treat me to a Saint-Patrick's day dinner, got up in honour of Ireland's great poet, « Thomas Moore ». It took place at the Cadran bleu on the boulevards, and was presided over by « Wellesley Pole Long, nephew, to the duke of Wellington. — I did not accept Mr Dillon's kind invitation, because I thought a french officer on half pay, who had fought against the English in Ireland in 1798, and in Spain and Portugal in 1809-10 and 11, would not feel it very agreeable to be listening to the speeches and toasts, laudatory of the heroes of Waterloo; though I should have been delighted to have heard the author of the beautiful verses :

« There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
« As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet! » ,

That country (the vale of Avoca), was the home of my dear mother's ancestors, the Grahams, and her birth place, and where I, when a youngster, spent many happy days, roaming on the banks of the Avoca, and in the cherry orchard of the wooden bridge, etc.

The Saint-Patrick's day dinner went off pretty well, with choice toasts from the chair, and many gay songs,

appropriate to the occasion, sung by Erin's great bard. The company however broke up rather early, that is to say, the chairman Long Wellesley, Thomas Moore and several others retired. But the majority remained at the table to finish the great festival, as it ought to be celebrated on such a day. — Another chairman, and another croupier were named, and drinking in bumpers was resumed in honour of distinguished Irishmen, when a young man, (the son of Mr Thomas Warren of Dublin, and Mr Dillon's great friend), heard a name that did not please him, and turned down his glass and said, that he hoped they were not going to add to those already drank, Reynold the informer. On which a cry was heard of « put the fellow out! » Warren jumped up, and defied the cowardly scoundrel to repeat the cry. A patrole of french soldiers was called in, and Warren was conducted to the guard house. He not being in uniform, handed his card to the officer in command. — On it was written « lieutenant Thomas Warren, garde du corps » (king's body guards). This officer hastened back to the Cadran bleu with Warren to endeavour to discover the foreign scamp who had had the audacity to offend one of his majesty's officers, but all had fled, except worthy Mr Dillon who waited with his carriage to bring his friend Warren home, and young Barron of Waterford.

Early next morning Warren came to ask me to be his second. He related to me all the particulars about the

Saint-Patrick's day dinner, but said, as yet he could not tell me the name, nor the address of the man with whom he was to fight the duel, he hoped however that our friend Mr Dillon would be able to inform us; so we drove off at once to the boulevard Montparnasse, to the residence of Mr Dillon. Tho' this gentleman agreed with all the account given by Warren of the « row », and of the cry « put the fellow out! » he could not say who the person was that had uttered it. — Mr Warren had then no other alternative but to get the following article published in Galignani's newspaper.

« The gentleman who made use of the expression « put « the fellow out! » at the Saint-Patrick's day dinner, is « respectfully invited to send his address to lieutenant « Warren, hôtel des gardes du corps, quai d'Orsay, the « 18th march 1820. »

The editor of the newspaper refusing to insert the article, Warren left several copies of it in the reading room at Galignani's; those with other copies he distributed amongst the officers of the garrison, his comrades, sufficed to make all Paris hear shortly of the row at the Cadran Bleu on the boulevards, and how it terminated.

At a family dinner, where abbé Powel and I were the only guests, Mr Dillon in speaking of the dangerous position of the state prisoners in 1798, his son-in-law not agreeing with him on every thing, he exclaimed « John

Boylen, you were doing your duty as a « loyal subject,» in the merchant corps of yeomanry, as Daniel O'Connell was doing his, in the Lawyer's corps, escorting poor lord Edward Fitzgerald from Thomas street to the prison of Newgate, whilst we the prisoners at Kilmainham jail expected every moment to be butchered by the hired assassins of the castle. — A bow of assent being given to all he said, Mr Dillon resumed his good humour and filling two small glasses with brandy said : « Come, abbé « Powell, as we should say in Ireland, let us take a drop « of the « creature » after our « fish, » not a morsel of which composed the dinner, and it happened to be a day of abstinence. The abbé lodging at the irish college, went away early. — Mrs Boylen wanting to apologize for not having fish, on account of living so far from a market, made her father enjoy his joke the more.

Mr Dillon one morning shewed me a nice green dress coat, which his tailor had just brought him home. We dined the sunday after at Mr Frank Thorp's rue de la Paix, nº 11. — I could see that the dinner party was mostly irish, as Mr Dillon shook hands with them all on entering the drawing room; he then sat down beside a lady to whom he said: « Mrs Butler, knowing I should « have the pleasure of meeting you here at dinner, I put « on my best green coat. Oh ! the sweet, lovely colour, so « cherished in our own dear little Island, green Erin, « beyond the seas, etc. » On asking my friend, doctor

Halliday who the lady was, to whom Mr Dillon was paying such court, he replied : « She is the daughter of the notorious Hunter Gowan, but as he had fourteen daughters, she may be one of those who did not approve of their father's cold blooded murders, house burnings, etc., and other outrages committed by him in the county of Wexford previous to the insurrection of 1798. »

Mr Dillon was a good patriot, with a great deal of irish humour. — After spending many years away from his native country, he returned there to terminate his long and honourable career, with his daughter and numerous grand children, at an advanced age.

Mr Frank Thorp realized a handsome fortune in Ireland, as an exchange broker at Dublin. After the restoration of the Bourbons he came to reside in Paris (rue de la Paix, n° 11), in 1815. He bought into the french 5 per cent stock or funds, when they were very low, « fifty thousand pounds sterling, » and when those funds rose above par, he used to say, « well, my « fortune is doubled without any trouble; the least I can « do, is to have some people occasionnally to dine with « me from the country where I made it. » — And indeed he was most hospitable and gave very splendid entertainments, both at dinner and in the evening. — When we happened to meet in our walks he frequently begged me, if I had no other engagement, to come and

share their family dinner, which were very sociable and pleasant; the party consisted of Mr Frank Thorp, his wife, her sister Mrs Todrich, doctor Todrich his step-son and brother-in-law, and our good friend doctor Halliday. The ladies were very kind and amiable in their manners, and I was very happy at these little dinners. Besides, doctor Halliday was one of my best friends and one of the truest irish patriots I almost ever knew. He was an accomplished, gentlemanly young man, a great linguist, speaking and writing french and italian like a well educated native of France and Italy. The french physicians allowed that doctor Halliday had the great advantage of having been received at Edinburgh as well as at Paris, doctor of the faculty of both these universities where he took out his degree, and where he made the most profound studies. He was quite at the head of his profession, when it pleased God to call him away from this world to a better, when in the prime of life, not forty years of age.

His love of irish freedom equalled that of Robert Emmett, or of any of his cotemporaries. He used to read to me sometimes extracts from a manuscript he intended one day publishing on Ireland's wants, and the remedies to be sought for from a foreign parliament. The composition was beautiful, breathing the bold aspirations of a people seeking their rights and determined to be free; but his health became so impaired that he could not finish it. — His brother who published the irish gram-

mar would have rendered service as a linguist, but he died young also.

There was no sacrifice, pecuniary or otherwise, that doctor Halliday was not ready to make to forward the interests of his native land.

In 1833 sir Jonah Barrington wishing to get printed and published in english at Paris, his « Rise and fall of the irish nation, » and not being very flush of cash, doctor Halliday brought him to stay in his house, n° 11, rue de la Paix, and paid a person to aid him in having the manuscript copied and prepared for the press. The volume was soon printed and published. Doctor Halliday paid all the expence. He hoped that book might contribute to keep alive amongst the irish, the love of their country and its independence ; and though it did not contain many particulars which occurred at that sad period of 1800, still it was well to have it, not on account of its being dedicated to lord Plunket, the « father of the Hannibals, » but because it might prove useful at some future time to historians telling the way the irish got rid of their foreign yoke.

In 1836 doctor Halliday was about asking permission from the government at Paris, to establish there a small infirmary, where he could have a few beds, and treat at his own expence there, the poor irish in Paris, who had

no means themselves to pay medical attendance and what was necessary for them in their sickness, in order to get cured. Before this plan could be accomplished, the poor fellow finished his own honourable and humane career, much lamented by his friends and acquaintances in France as well as in Ireland.

One circumstance I must mention, to shew what a kind friend he was. — When I received my appointment in august 1828 to go upon general Maison's staff on the expedition to Greece, I wrote to those of my comrades in the provinces, whose commissions I had been in the habit of executing at Paris, that I was quitting that city for « Morée. » Doctor Daniel Halliday happened to be at Dieppe at the time; his reply was an affectionate letter, with an order on his banker for a thousand francs, thinking I might be in want of money for my out fit; and I recollect with pleasure, how he in 1835 assisted in getting my dear Fanny and me married, engaging Bishop Luscombe to come to marry us at the Embassy, etc, etc. — She only knew him for a short time, still she could well appreciate his great worth.

Doctor Todrich being one of the eminent physicians at Dublin, and a member of the college of surgeons there, had to go frequently to the mansions of the gentry in the country in his professional capacity, and from him I heard a great deal about one of my fellow rebels of ninety eight. — Doctor Todrich was at lord Povercourt's in the country, the day the famous and brave Michael Dwyer

surrendered himself to his lordship, to be transported to Botany Bay, after his many marvellous escapes in the Wicklow mountains for five years; what was wonderful, and one may add « beautiful, » he was not betrayed during that long period, though a great reward was offered for his discovery and detection. To the honour of the poor mountaineers, not one could be found to be bribed by british blood money.

Baron Larrey, Napoleon's surgeon general, being intimate with doctor Todrich, was often a guest at Mr Frank Thorp's table. I recollect one day the company being greatly entertained with his simple relation of his own duties in the campaigns of the french army. — Masséna, he said, being generally in command of a corps away from the emperor's head quarters, he was the only one of the marshals with whom he was not acquainted, 'till the battles of Essling and Wagram in 1809; then under difficult circumstances they became intimate. — Great rafts of trees floated down the Danube by the enemy, carried away the bridges leading into an Island where Masséna's corps of army was placed. His communication with the emperor's head quarters being completely intercepted, he had to pass a terrible night in that island without provisions; the next morning baron Larrey went to report to marshal Masséna. He found him stretched on the ground, wrapt up in his mantle, like a great « bear, » and with a beard of several day's growth. — « Well,

« doctor, » he asked, « how are our poor wounded get-
« ting on? » — « Tolerably well, marshal, » replied Lar-
rey, « I have just had a good cup of bouillon distributed
to each. » — « What, » he exclaimed « bouillon? could
you let me have some? » A cup of it was brought him,
which he drank off and never enquired what meat it was
made of. The next day when he met the emperor, he
thought he could not give too much praise of the care
doctor Larrey had taken of the wounded.—Napoleon said
with a smile. « Yes, marshal, but my fine artillery hor-
« ses made the soup you found so good, and my soldiers
« cuirasses served as pots to boil it in, » etc.

Five years afterwards, one morning in 1814 going along the quai Voltaire to the hospital of la Charité, rue des Saints-Pères, to visit the sick and wounded there, baron Larrey was accosted by a man in an old blue outside coat, whom he did not recognize. « How, » said this person, « you dont recollect Masséna? » — « Oh! prince,
« you were always in uniform when I had the honour of
« being with you. I beg your pardon, » replied Larrey. After some more conversation, Masséna invited him to a family dinner, which the doctor accepted with pleasure, as he was desirous of knowing the ladies as well as the young men of Masséna's family. However the day of the dinner, he was surprised on entering the drawing room, to see no ladies, but about thirty men, all in coloured clothes, wearing decorations and ribbons, some of them

with one leg, others with one arm, etc. « Doctor », said Masséna, « I asked you to a family dinner; well every « one of us here, was of the family in the island on the « Danube, the night you procured to us all such good « bouillon, and rendered also other services to several of « those gentlemen. Allow me to present you, general, « colonel, etc., » continued the marshal, till he named all the guests of the dinner party. Baron Larrey declared to us, it was one of the happiest days he ever spent, which we readily believed.

Though I frequently saw baron Larrey at the grand army of Silesia in 1812, and that it was he who amputated our colonel, general Lawless at Lowenberg on the Bober, the 21st of august 1813, I never had any conversation with him 'till this day, and I must say, I was very glad to have made the acquaintance of so remarkable and worthy a man; and I regret not having taken more notes of the many interesting anecdotes he told us of Napoleon, and all the french marshals and generals of his time. — To hear accounts of valiant men is always agreeable, but it was doubly so then, when they were kept in the back-ground and persecuted, as was the case after the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.

Remaining as I had to do, so many years on halfpay, unemployed at Paris, I had often the melancholy duty of accompanying the funeral car of great warriors to their last abode at Père-Lachaise, and there to hear speeches

and orations pronounced over their graves, by officers to whom their noble deeds were well known. General Thiébaud was affecting and eloquent over marshal Masséna; and as I had the honour of serving in the army commanded by that great captain in Spain and Portugal, I indeed felt those speeches deeply, — as I did those made some time later over general Foy, general Lawless, etc.

The evening as well as the dinner parties were always agreeable at Mr Thorp's. Two or three card tables for écarté (then so much in vogue), were placed in the drawing room, encircled by ladies and gentlemen betting on either side, and an animated conversation going on at the same time. One night poor Ireland was the theme. Some of the company remarking how absurd it was to be keeping up agitation continually in that country, count Noé, a peer of France and chamberlain to Louis XVIII, took up the defence of the irish. He said that he hoped no one could doubt his principles as a royalist, and a lover of kingly government, but were he an Irishman, he would be an « agitator, » a rebel if necessary, to force the english to give the same laws to Ireland that she enjoyed herself, and to emancipate the catholics there, and put them on a perfect equality with the other inhabitants of Ireland. I must say I was much taken and pleased with count Noé's frank and generous defence of my unfortunate country. Coming from a gentleman of his station, and who had served for many years in the british army,

made it of still greater value than if it had been made by a person who did not know England so well as he did.

Amongst the ladies who I often met at Mr Thorp's were, Mrs and miss Wiseman, the mother and sister of a young man then studying for the church at Rome, and who has since been appointed by his Holiness cardinal of Westminster.

Mr Thorp's country house when residing in Ireland, was near Butter's town lane; the parish priest of that chapel, the reverend Father Ryan, came to spend some time at Paris. He received the kindest attention from Mr Thorp and his family; they considered him as one of their old friends and thought they could never do enough to make his visit agreeable. He told me that though Mr Frank Thorp was not a catholic, he was always one of the first to subscribe largely to every charitable collection for the poor of his parish, and he used to say to him in Paris, « reverend doctor, tho' I » am away from the green Island, you may count on me as if I were there, whenever you are in want of money for your poor. Many traits of the kind have I heard of Frank Thorp, from his acquaintances whom I met in Paris.

In 1826 Mr James Power, his mother and sisters came to France, and brought me a letter of introduction. They spent nearly a year at Paris and Versailles. A more worthy family could not be. I was much taken with James

Power's good opinions. He often spoke to me of the honourable way his father had realized a very large fortune, and of the great anxiety he felt himself that he should make a good use of it, when he came to inherit it. — In the year 1827 Mr John Power and a part of the family came to Paris. He was a man of a good understanding and of no pretence; his only ambition then seemed to be, to be considered a good irish citizen : at that time he was not thinking of being a « baronet. » He often regretted that the catholic population of Dublin, had no burying ground, like that of Père-Lachaise at Paris. I went with him to get all possible information. On his return to Dublin he consulted with his friends there about purchasing ground there for the purpose, and contributed to carrying it out, as indeed he did to all the charitable institutions of his country.

Mr and Mrs Dillon (of Dame street, Dublin), and their two daughters, were at Paris at the same time that the family of the Powers were there. Mr Dillon died soon after at Bellevue near Sèvres and his widow and daughters returned to Dublin. — To the moment I started for Greece in 1828, I had the pleasure and advantage of meeting at Paris frequently, good irish patriots, and thereby I acquired a knowledge of the political state of Ireland, and of the wish prevailing there of being emancipated. Through Mr James Power, I became acquainted with Mr Cassidy of Munsterevan. This gentleman called on me the day I was lea-

ving Paris for Greece. He was desirous to get a manuscript left with him by his wife's uncle, Judge Johnstone, printed and published at Paris. My friend Mr Arthur Barker was kind enough to promise me that he would assist Mr Cassidy and have all done to his mind. The book was a commentary on the memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, major general in the service of the republic of France, in which the moral and physical force of Ireland is discussed and examined from authentic documents, by colonel Philip Roche Fermoy.

NARRATIVE OF MY CAMPAIGNS IN GREECE

Nothing could surpass my joy when I got my commission on the 8th of august 1828, to make part of a french army going to procure the independence of Greece; indeed it was nearly equal to what I felt on leaving Paris in 1803 for Brest, then hoping that I should accompany a french army destined to liberate Ireland from the english yoke. Alas! the poor irish were not so fortunate as the Greeks were in 1828 to get rid of their task masters.

The english ambassador sir Charles Stuart finding that colonel Corbet and I were appointed on the staff of general Maison the commander in chief of the french army going

to Greece, waited on the minister of war, general de Coux, to say, that it would be « agreeable » to his « government » if we were not employed. The minister told him, we were naturalized frenchmen, and only appointed in our turn by seniority, according to the law and military rules; besides, from our honourable service, we were well entitled to the appointments we had received. The minister was quite glad when colonel O'Niel told him that we had left Paris for our destination, as he thought that the ambassador might go to speak to the king.

When colonel Corbet and I arrived at Toulon, the first division with generals Maison, Higonet, and Tiburce Sebastiani, had sailed. The second division commanded by general Schneider, with which we embarked, sailed a few days after. Our voyage, or passage, was very tedious, on account of the vast number of transport vessels, more than sixty sail, carrying, and loaded with provisions, and escorted by war ships; all this for the unfortunate Greeks in the Morea, where nothing reigned but devastation.

Notwithstanding our long passage, we arrived off the coast of the Morea, nearly at the same time as the general in chief with the first division. He gave orders immediately to land our little army, consisting of 15 thousand men then. We soon knew the force of the enemy we

had to meet in the field : it was of course composed of all the turkish army and an army of twenty five, or thirty thousand egyptians, organized by european officers, and commanded by the famous Ibrahim Pascha, the son of Ali Pascha the vice-roy of Egypt.

General Maison had taken all the necessary measures to have made the egyptian army prisoners of war; their want of discipline, not resembling any thing like regular troops, would have rendered it an easy task. The infernal english diplomacy wished to lessen every chance which could gain honour and fame for the french army, and interfered.

The three admirals, the french, russian and the english, took on themselves to allow Ibrahim Pascha to embark with all his army and return to Egypt, leaving all the strong places in the Morea in the possession of the Turks, viz : Navarino, the citadel of Coron, Moden, Patras, etc.

Having had a letter from one of the chiefs at the war office, colonel O'Niel, to the chief of the staff of the french army, I was sure to be actively employed. — The first of october 1828, colonel Trezell brought me despatches to take to general Schneider, who was embarked with his brigade and had orders to sail to Patras. The same day general Maison passed the review of the

two other brigades and the regiment of cavalry. Ibrahim Pascha wishing to see the review, having all his fine horses embarked for Egypt, I had to escort him from where he landed on the coast to the camp, more than a league; he seemed delighted with the review, particularly with the cavalry. It was remarked that he drank plenty of wine at breakfast.

The 2d of october 1828 I was ordered to go and take the command of the town and district of Pyrgos. I marched with a regiment of cavalry and a few companies of infantry, quite sufficient to open the road and beat any Turkish army we should meet. I had orders to correspond with the general in chief at his camp at Navarino, and with general Schneider at Patras.

During the few days I commanded at Pyrgos, I learned many particulars respecting the brave young Arthur Winter. After lord Byron's death at Missolonghi, he and many others of those brave « Philhelenes », left the town and went to join the greek army in the mountains. He received a wound there, but it was not of that that he died; he was suffering the greatest want and misery for a long time before. What a pity that such men should be under the rule of foreign tyrants, and not able to live in their native land! —

General Schneider attacked the citadel of Patras and

forced the turkish garrison to capitulate and surrender forthwith. Those troops were « parked » for several days on the beach, waiting for transport vessels to take them to Smyrna. I was ordered to Patras and appointed a member of a sanitary commission which was to meet every day.

Every precaution became necessary, for we risked losing more men by sickness than we did by fighting against the turkish army.

General Maison had witnessed how the irish regiment served in Silesia, in the campaign of 1813, for we were in the same corps with him the 5th and on the 21st of august 1813 at Lowenberg on the Bober. He saw colonel Lawless have his leg carried away with a cannon ball, and ten minutes after, he received a desperate wound in the breast himself. Again before Antwerp in 1814 he had the irish regiment under his orders at the advanced posts before the town.

The chateau de Morée, two leagues distance from Patras, was a fortress of the greatest importance to the turkish government, and had a garrison of seven thousand troops ; general Maison summoned the governor to surrender. He got an insolent answer, and of course decided at once to besiege the fortress, the chateau de Morée. A camp of french troops was instantly organized before the place and a regular siege begun. The trenches

were obliged to be opened at a great distance, on account of the country offering no hillocks to cover the approach. When the breach was made and practicable, the garrison surrendered at discretion, and their arms, pistols, sabres, yataghans, etc., were distributed amongst the french troops as trophies. General Maison appointed me to command the chateau de Morée; a great honour indeed, as it was considered one of the first of the turkish empire. It and the fort of Romelia on the other side of the gulf completely impeded the passage of ships into the gulf of Lepanto, for the cannon balls nearly carried across it, it is so narrow at that part.

Colonel Corbet had the command of the citadel of Navarino, and the advantage of seeing the ships of the line coming from France, sailing into the bay there, whilst I had that of witnessing the works making and carrying out the fortification at the chateau de Morée. — Several companies of the sapeurs of the genie were employed there augmenting and improving all the out works; amongst the officers commanding these troops, was the patriotic Cavaignac, who afterwards filled the high station of chief of the executive of the french Republic, under the constituent assembly in 1848.

The greek admiral Miollis assembled his little fleet to attack the fort of Romelia; he had a sixty gun frigate made a present to him by the Americans of the United

States; after a bombardment of two hours the fort capitulated, to the great joy of the poor Greeks; they had then the passage free without obstruction on either side, into the gulf of Lepanto.

The obstructions were to come now from the diplomacy. England did not wish to see Greece become a strong independent state, on account of her Ionian islands; nor did Russia, lest it might be an obstruction at a future day to her views and designs up on Constantinople. France was disinterested and in every instance wished to see the Greeks allowed to govern themselves.

In 1829 Capo d'Istria decided to besiege the town of Lepanto by sea and land.

The Pallycars, or irregular greek troops, evinced great courage; whilst the little fleet was bombarding the lower part of the town, they attacked the upper part which stood on a hill, and after hard fighting and great losses, they succeeded in getting possession of a part of the town, where they had to fortify themselves and kept open the communication with their camp.

The turkish pascha finding he had no chance of reinforcements, consented to capitulate with Capo d'Istria's brother. — I was anxious to visit the town, and went with a few of the officers from the château de Morée. We found the venerable old pasha, the governor, much disgusted to be marched a prisoner of war from the town

that had belonged for such a length of time to his ancestors, and to be escorted by greeks troops, was humiliating indeed. The Turkish pride could put up with any thing sooner than this last mortification.

A more judicious thing could not have been thought of than to have allowed the Greeks to have all the merit of taking Lepanto, for it caused a gloom to be cast over the turkish nation, whilst it elated and raised the spirits of the Greeks.

Capo d'Istria began to shew his talents and aptitude to govern, to the country. He had such gracious manners that we were much taken with him. One day he came to visit the château de Morée, I told him how I wished to present to him the officers employed there with me, and how much they all desired to have this honour. — Without having the appearance of saying any thing to flatter them, he paid them the greatest compliments. « It is not enough » he said « to say, you execute and obey the or- « ders of your chiefs, you execute and obey the dictates « of a good conscience; there is not one of you that is « not doing more than he need, because it is for the « sacred cause of liberty, and to aid the unfortunate « Greeks to shake off the Turkish yoke; and now gen- « tlemen, allow me in their name, and in my own, to « offer you our most grateful thanks. »

Several Greeks of the first families of Patras were

with him; they were accompanying him to the town of Lepanto.

I had the garrison under arms when he was going away; we were on the beach, where a boat waited to take him to the frigate. He came and shook hands with all the officers, and embraced me in the most affectionate manner.

Capo d'Istria had already done a great deal with the little means he had, to encourage industry and good institutions; he had schools established in the poorest villages, and in less than a year, every child of ten years of age could read and write. But the protecting powers, particularly England and Russia, wanted to fix the limits or boundaries of Greece before the enemy was driven out of the country. They could not agree, only they made it evident they were not disinterested in the aid they were furnishing to the unfortunate Greeks, when it was known, that a position was created for the husband of the princess Charlotte of England, prince Leopold, who announced his nomination to Capo d'Istria. — The greek government then recommended him, on account of the great necessity of the country, to be sure to bring plenty of money with him, and to be decided to change his religion. — Then he might rest satisfied he would be well received.

The president Capo d'Istria finding that prince Leopold

declined accepting the title of king of Greece, became more energetic and determined to make the Morea an independent state, with its own institutions, thinking the Greeks would soon learn to govern themselves without foreign aid. He took no heed of the war then going on between Russia and the sultan, tho' he knew well that the Turkish garrison of Varna had to capitulate after a protracted siege of several months, and the russian army was thought to be on its march to Constantinople. — The president wishing to raise a regular army, asked for a french general who would undertake the difficult task of organizing it. General Trezell accepted the mission and acquitted himself in the most disinterested manner, receiving no pay but what he got from France, as a french officer. He not only organized and disciplined the battalions, but he lived amongst them, marching and countermarching. He formed a camp at the « Pirœus, » where they learned the french manœuvres and evolutions of the line.

The composition of the battalions as to the officers was excellent. The chiefs were men who distinguished themselves either with general Fabvier or other greek leaders or chiefs during the war; and the other officers were young Greeks, equally well noted for their bravery.

The composition of those battalions was according to the french system.

A « chef de bataillon, » a captain adjutant major, an

adjutant sous officier, formed the staff, eight companies to the battalion; a captain, lieutenant, sous lieutenant, to each company, with a serjeant major and fourier, four serjeants, eight corporals. two drummers; all comprised with the private soldiers, amounted to one hundred in each company. At the head, the grenadier company, six centre companies with the company of voltigeurs or light flank company. I have seen four of these battalions organized as above stated, and at exercise and manœuvering with precision as french troops. This proved the aptness of the Greeks to learn and improve themselves. The officers understanding, and I believe speaking french, the instructors sent from the french regiments had less trouble in teaching them.

Thus whilst a regular army was rapidly progressing in its organization, to be able to defend a greater extent of territory than the Morea, the french government spared no expence to have all the fortifications of the different towns and citadels repaired and extended, according to modern science; particularly the château de Morée where I commanded, and there my daily recreation after the service and reports of the morning were concluded, was to accompany the officers of the « genie, » who were charged with superintending the works going on in the different parts of the fortification.

I spent my time very agreeably besides. In my quality

of governor of the castle, I had to do the honours and to receive the curious tourists and visitors, who generally consisted of the navy officers arriving at Patras, after some long voyage. They used to hire horses immediately, in order to go and visit every thing worth seeing in the environs, and as the distance was only two leagues and a half, I was always sure to be favoured with the visits of these brave seafaring men.

The recent siege, when a Turkish garrison had to capitulate and surrender to the french general Maison, gave great celebrity to the chateau de Morée. Three or four of those naval officers were visiting the place one day, when one of them asked me, if I had not been in garrison at Flushing in 1808. — I said I was, on which he put out his hand and wished to know if I recollected him. « Oh « yes, I do; you are the young ensign who often dined « beside me at Holder's hotel on the quay, when you had « permission to spend the day on shore; you belonged to « the french ships of the line that were guarding the « mouth of the river Scheldt. » He was quite flattered by what I said, and although twenty years had elapsed, he still recollected the names of several officers of the irish regiment, and was sorry to hear that captains Dowdall, and Mac Cann and others, with whom he was acquainted, were killed at the siege of Flushing by the english in 1809.

He was captain of a frigate, and one of the first to be promoted, his companions told me. They also told me how very slow the advancement was in the french navy. — Of course I told them it was equally so in the army.

I must say, that throughout my campaigns, the intercourse I have had with the navy officers, has always been most agreeable, and from many of them I have received the greatest attention. Admiral Rosamel, during the short time he had the command of the fleet stationed at Navarino, shewed me the greatest kindness.

On marshal Maison returning to France, general Schneider got the command of the army of occupation left in Greece. — General Higonet being a member of the chamber of deputies, returned to France, as did general Tiburce Sebastiani.

General Schneider established his head quarters at Modon. The lieutenant colonel of the 58th regiment commanded at Patras, and I had to correspond with, and send by him, regular reports to head quarters.

General Trezell accepted the rank of major general in the greek service but not the emoluments of the situation: his french appointments quite sufficed, for he was a real soldier, who could live on very little and bear up against privation better than military men in general. He cared

little how or where he slept. I recollect one night he would not allow me to have a bed prepared for him; he wrapped himself up in his mantle and slept on the floor, and he was the first up in the morning, quite brisk and refreshed and ready for another march. To add to these qualities, his love of liberty and good institutions for his own country was the dream of his long career. He gloried in the participation he had in procuring the independence of Greece ; to him the greeks were indebted for the rapid military instruction they acquired in one year.

In the autumn of 1829, the fortifications of the chateau of Morée being completed by the engineers, I got orders to receive a greek garrison of the regular troops, to have them installed in the fortress, and to give up the arms and ammunition of every sort there, to the greek commander, taking his receipt.

When I had all matters terminated with this officer, I took my leave of him and marched with the french garrison to Patras, where we embarked for Coron. — And now I must say, that never before did I execute a military order with greater pleasure. Gratifying indeed it was to an exile to have had the mission to give up this important fortress to the descendants of the heroes who so often fought on the shores of the gulf of Lepanto against the cruel Turks.

The weather being very fine, our voyage to Coron was

like a sailing party of pleasure, in sight of the Islands every day. I was on board the frigate « Venus; » it was crowded with officers. The captain made me a very comfortable bed in his saloon, and not being troubled with seasickness, I enjoyed myself much. — In passing the isle of Ithaca, I was reminded of Ulysses and Telemachus. —

When Coron was taken in october 1828 the Turks with their garrison evacuated the town. The poor greek population that was living outside in huts under the walls of the place, were allowed by the french general to occupy the Turkish houses. Of course they took the best, so that the troops on landing were for some days before they were properly installed ; but the officers of the genie soon had barraks prepared, and we found many advantages at Coron over the chateau de Morée, as to provisions, and many other things, so that our sojourn at Coron was much more agreeable. I found it particularly so, as the brave 58th of the line, which was with me at the chateau of Morée, completed the garrison of Coron. I had many friends amongst its officers, such as de Selve, François, etc.

The church, which had been a Mosque, was nicely cleaned and brushed up, and the greek orthodox service was regularly performed there and was well attended.

On the fourth of november 1829, the fête of Charles X, a great ceremony with high mass, « Te Deum, » etc., was celebrated in this temple with all the usual greek

splendour, which indeed far surpasses the roman catholic church for the gorgeous dresses, etc. Our chaplains being all absent or sick, we attended the fête in honour of Charles X in the greek church.

General Schneider came to inspect the 58th regiment, and spent a few days at Coron before he returned to his head quarters at Modon. — He told us we might expect to pass the winter at Coron, and that we ought to endeavour to spend our time as cheerfully as possible. — It passed away. — We took pleasant walks every evening after dinner, returning to a coffee house to take refreshments, play at some game etc., 'till eleven o'clock. — I availed myself of the little military duty I had to perform at Coron, to go and visit Sparta, Mistra, Messina and other ruins ; but at that time the country was covered with modern as well as ancient ruins ; nothing escaped the Turkish savages. All was a scene of desolation wherever they had passed. I can never forget the sight of the poor greek children, half naked, sallying from behind the ruins of the burnt villages with little bits of white paper or white rags of some kind, on switches, to welcome us on our march from Navarino to Patras, in october 1828. Indeed it was consoling to see the unfortunate inhabitants shewing their gratitude to the french army in the best way they could. From Pyrgos a deputation of the people of the town met us near the river and brought pastiches and grapes for the soldiers. I was

quite proud to see this as I remained to command the town and district for some days, to encourage the inhabitants who were still away, to return to their houses. It was curious to see some of them having great difficulty to discover their own former dwellings, so levelled and ruined was every house and garden.

In the month of december 1829 general Schneider received orders to return with the army of occupation to France, after he had seen that the Greeks had taken possession of their towns and strong places.

They had then a regular government, with all the elements to have an army of their own, quite adequate to guard their frontiers against a turkish invasion. The french troops were to be embarked at Navarino to return to France. The 58th regiment left Coron and marched to Navarino.

I remained at Coron with the genie and a company of artillery for ten days, waiting the arrival of a battalion of the greek regular troops, to the chief of which I had orders to give up the place, as I had done at the chateau of Morée, making an inventory of the arms, stores, etc.

Whilst waiting the arrival of the greek troops to come and take possession of the town of Coron, a terrible explosion took place at Navarino; the lightning fell on the powder magazine of the citadel, blew up the walls, and shattered and split open all the houses. On that which

colonel Corbet and his secretary occupied, some stones of several hundredweight fell; however they had the good fortune to escape unhurt. The first battalion of the 54th regiment was embarked before the explosion took place; the 2d battalion being still in the citadel, had a great number killed and wounded, as had the company of sapeurs and artillery. It was lamentable to see so many of those fine fellows with their legs and arms amputated; were it after fighting a great battle, they would often say, it would be all fair to leave our members on the field there, but to lose them this way, is too bad.

When I gave up the town of Coron to the greek commander, I marched with the french troops to Navarino, there to wait our turn to embark for France. Colonel Corbet had the goodness to have one of the houses in the citadel ready for me, and its being adjacent to his, I found myself quite comfortable. We dined together and took pleasant walks in the evenings, and expected to have still to stop ten or fifteen days before vessels sufficient to embark us all would be assembled in the bay of Navarino, when one night despatches for general Schneider came, with counter orders, not to embark any more troops, and that all those that had not yet sailed, should be landed and kept to assist the « Genie » in having the citadel rebuilt, and the powder magazine made proof against bombs and lightning.

This counter order caused great disappointment to the officers and troops who expected to return to France. Colonel Corbet and I were glad to remain, knowing as we did that Greece then needed french aid and french protection more than at any other moment, in consequence of the party spirit fomenting through the country against the president Capo d'Istria.

CONCLUSION

Mr Byrne was at Navarino when the revolution of july 1830 took place at Paris, and it was there he received his commission as chef de bataillon of the 56th regiment of the french line, then in garrison at Grenoble.

He lost no time in sailing for France, and made a most agreeable voyage aboard a french ship of war, the captain of which, like almost all the french naval men he ever had intercourse with, he found a most gentlemanly, wellmannered man. — As a superior officer coming as a passenger aboard a ship of war, he of course enjoyed many advantages and comforts.

When he joined the 56th regiment at Grenoble, it was commanded by colonel Bugeaud, afterwards marshal Bugeaud.

From Grenoble the 56th went to Besançon, from Besançon to Dijon, — and in 1832 it marched from Dijon to Brittany where it was sent to help to put down

the insurrection which had been got up by the duchess de Berri and her partisans.

Mr Byrne intended writing a very full account of his campaigns in Greece, and of the five years he passed in the 56th, of the civil wars in Brittany, etc. His intention unfortunately not having been completed, for he has left but 24 pages of manuscript regarding his services in Greece, it now remains to be told the very great satisfaction he ever expressed which he had in serving in the 56th.

Amongst the superior officers, lieutenant-colonel Thiery (afterwards general Thiery), and Mr Viaris were his great comrades. Their abilities and intelligence, their opinions and whole character, the services they had seen, all made their society a very great resource to him. He formed friendships too with several excellent men amongst the captains.

He was ever fond of the society of the young; the generous tone of their sentiments, their hopefulness of the future, were all in unison with his own feelings, and he found the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants of the 56th a very choice set of young men. Many of them have since risen very high in their profession.

The 56th on coming to Paris in 1835, was stationed at Courbevoie and Ruel, and while Mr Byrne was at Courbevoie he gave in his resignation to Louis Philippe. He

was in perfect health, but seeing no prospect of war, he thought that after such a long military career and so many hard campaigns, he might retire with honour.

On leaving the 56th he was much affected by the expressions of regret of the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants, who came in a body to his apartment to bid him farewell and to invite him to a splendid dinner. There the many beautiful and affectionate and respectful speeches that were made in his honour quite overpowered him.

As he fixed on Paris for his home on retiring from active service, he had the pleasure of receiving his former brother officers frequently at his house there.

When at Nantes in 1832 he received the cross of officer of the Legion of honour from Louis-Philippe. — It was in 1813 that he was made a chevalier (or knight) of the Legion of honour by Napoleon I. In those days the number so distinguished was very limited.

Mr Byrne being of a very social disposition, had much enjoyment in the society of his large circle of friends either living at Paris or coming there occasionally. It was very gratifying to him to find such old comrades in exile as colonels Allen and Ware, preserving to their last days, the vigor of their minds and all their fresh feelings towards Ireland. — When the 56th went from Dijon to Brittany, colonel Ware met Mr Byrne on the bridge at Tours, on the arrival of the troops there in boats. They

had not met for several years, so as the regiment was to be off in the morning, the two friends did not think of going to bed, but sat up all night enjoying each other's conversation.

Mr Byrne had great pleasure in the society of women of cultivation of mind, who possessed also generous feelings towards the oppressed, as he himself had. But no guests were more welcome to his house, than intelligent, high-minded, young Irishmen and Scotchmen.

His great friend and comrade Mr Viaris on taking his retreat, came and settled in Paris, to be near his daughters mesdames Tourgueneff and Vigogne. On his death in the summer of 1859, Mr Byrne wrote the following article for one of the public journals.

« GAETANO VIARIS, of a noble family at Turin, was a young officer in a Piedmontese regiment at the time when his country was annexed to France (in september 1802). Being desirous to follow up his military career under the great Napoleon, he took service in the 111th regiment composed of Italians; in which he soon arrived at the rank of captain. His regiment was attached to general Friant's division, and under that intrepid leader distinguished itself greatly at the battles of Austerlitz (1805), Iena (1806). Friedland and Eylau (1807), and Essling and Wagram (1809). At the grand army the emperor seeing the name of captain Viaris so often in the orders of the

day of his division, named him a baron of the Empire. Napoleon announced this honour with that gracious familiarity of manner which he sometimes assumed in order to signify his especial favour. At a review of the regiment, after asking Viaris his name, he took hold of him by a button and said. « Monsieur Viaris, tu es ba- « ron, n'es-tu pas content? » — » Ah yes! Sire » exclaimed the delighted Viaris, « and I hope I shall know « how to die for your majesty, to prove it. » — « Nay, « rather endeavour to live to serve me, » rejoined the emperor. After the battle of Iena, Viaris was decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of honour. He received the cross of officer of the Legion of honour on the 30th of may, 1837. He prized these rewards of his merit as a soldier far beyond all hereditary titles.

At the battle of Moscow, and in the retreat from Russia, the 111th regiment, ever in the thick of the fight, suffered dreadfully. In 1813 Viaris was placed on the staff of marshal Davoust at Hamburg. Like Antwerp, that city was not evacuated by the french troops till after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814.

The emperor Napoleon, on his return from Elba, in march, 1815, appointed M. Viaris chef de bataillon in the imperial guard. He remained one of the last upon the field of Waterloo, and there he received the last of his many wounds.

He did not follow the emperor to Saint-Helena, but went into exile in Switzerland, hoping to be able to organize some plan for the freedom of his native land. Piedmont having been detached from the french Empire, was under the yoke of the Holy Alliance, the worst of tyrannies. After some time he was compelled to leave Geneva, which was completely under the rod of Austria, and to seek a new place of exile. He repaired to Edinburgh, with his wife, an accomplished german lady, and their four children. There they met a most hospitable reception, and were treated with every respect and friendship.

In 1828 Mr Viaris returned to France, and after the revolution of july 1830, he was appointed to the command of a battalion of the 56th regiment of the line. It was at Grenoble that he joined his regiment; and there he met an irish exile in the service of France, who was returning from the greek war of independence, and who had just been appointed to command another battalion of the 56th. Between these two arose a friendship, made up of a sympathy of habits, feelings, and opinions, such as is known only to military comrades, and which never declined till poor Viaris was no more.

The french army now engaged in the glorious mission of liberating Italy, and chastising the tyrants who attempted to enslave Piedmont, ought to feel that they are paying a debt of honour, when they think of the

torrents of blood shed by such men as Viaris in the service of France. Oh! that he were alive now to rejoice in the triumph of the arms of France and Italy!

The military career of Viaris was quite arrested by the restoration of 1815, yet, after the revolution of 1830 he might have obtained rapid advancement had he availed himself of the influence of his friends who were well with the court. But he could not stoop to solicit court favour. His only ambition was to maintain his patriotic independence. And but a short time before his death he said to a friend, who gently upbraided him with his uncompromising attitude towards the court: « Were all to be acted over again, I would do as I have done. »

« Gaetano Viaris lived and died the pattern of a true soldier. »

The son of Monsieur Viaris is now a colonel of artillery in the service of France and high on the staff in Africa.

Adolphe Danner, a lieutenant in the 56th under M. Byrne, distinguished himself greatly in the war of the Crimea, and received for that a decoration of rank in the order of the Bath from the queen of England.

He is now a general of brigade and commanding at Perigueux.

The « baron E. Maire, » the son of a distinguished officer who received his title of baron on the field of battle from the emperor Napoleon, was a sous-lieutenant in M. Byrne's battalion of the 56th. He is now colonel of the 8th regiment of the line.

At the battle of Solferino in june 1859, he received three gun-shot wounds, besides several contusions from split shells. He had to command his regiment of which he was lieutenant-colonel, at that battle, his colonel having been disabled at the fight at Montebello. — The battle of Solferino began at four in the morning; before mid-day, colonel Maire saw 18 officers fall quite near him. By 5 in the afternoon 22 were hors de combat. Colonel Maire wrote to Mr Byrne in the month of november from the hospital at Milan, where he had remained in consequence of his wounds, after the battle, and signed his letter, with much affection your « ex sous-lieutenant. »

Another officer who distinguished himself in Italy, and in whom Mr Byrne felt much interested was, colonel O'Mally, afterwards when in China, promoted to the rank of general. He is the son of his old brother officer in the irish legion, captain Austin O'Mally. It was ever a gratification to Mr Byrne to hear of the honours gain-

ed by his brother officers or their sons. — He might be said to have a disposition for happiness to his last days as when starting into life That which cast a cloud on his enjoyments was, thinking of the melancholy condition of his poor fellow countrymen in Ireland.

It filled him with anger and with sorrow when he considered the rich produce of Ireland, her vast agricultural exports, the luxury in which the upper classes in Ireland live, and yet, the deplorable state of the great mass of the people, so completely without the common comforts of housing, cloathing or food.

He felt a devotedness of attachment to Ireland, which perhaps only an exile can comprehend. He saw that nature had done much for Ireland and her people, and that with wise and energetic and benevolent exertions on the part of the influential classes, the peasantry might be comfortable and happy, and the land of his birth and his affections « great, glorious and free. »

On reading these memoirs, it is impossible not to feel indignant at the injustice and persecution Ireland has suffered from England, and by which such a man as Miles Byrne was forced to throw himself into all the miseries of civil war. That war was not raised to support the claims of a pretender to the throne, or to aid one sect or faction against another, but it was the honest effort of virtuous, patriotic, high-minded men, having a deep

stake in the country, to better it's condition, and to throw off an oppressive government which has ever regarded irishmen as aliens.

When these generous and patriotic men failed in their efforts to emancipate their native land, they were obliged to seek a home on a foreign shore. — They found it, and likewise the honours they so well deserved.

On friday, the 24th january 1862, Mr Byrne died, at his house in the rue Montaigne, « Paris. »

Throughout his life he enjoyed a course of good health, favoured by his very sober habits; thus he had none of the maladies of old age.

He had had a cold, but only kept his bed the last two days; suffering nothing, except a degree of weakness which he thought would go off with his cold. — Preserving as he did, his usual cheerfulness, his clear, vigorous mind, his warm affections and lively interest in what was going on in the world, there appeared no cause for alarm.

That last friday, my sister Mrs Power having received letters from our niece lady Lyell in London, and from her sisters at Florence, he was particularly anxious to hear their contents. — He was much interested in hearing about America from lady Lyell, as she wrote so

much from what she heard from her distinguished and valuable American friends at Boston and New-York; the letters we had from Florence were equally interesting to him, as my brother and his family were living in very choice italian society there.

From Mr Byrne's earliest years, he regarded the government of the United States of America, as founded by Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, etc., with the greatest admiration; — and with veneration, for its giving a refuge, an asylum, to the oppressed and persecuted of other nations. — He was greatly grieved at the civil war between the States of the north and the south, but he felt hopeful of the ultimate result, and had no fear of the union being broken up; on the contrary, he expected it would probably be stronger than ever, and also be purified from the blot of slavery. — His aspirations after the emancipation and regeneration of Italy, were equally ardent. — His love of freedom and the well-being of his fellow creatures was confined to no country or race, and he was ever ready and active to do good and to serve others.

Never was there a more affectionate friend or relation, feeling keenly and deeply the sorrow caused by the death of such friends as colonel Ware and colonel O'Niell. The tender interest he took in the children of his friends and relations shewed his gentle nature; he knew how to talk to the young, and he used to speak with pride and

gratification of the promise of future abilities, which he thought he saw in some of his young nephews, the sons of one of our nieces.

Those now alive who knew him will remember well his fine tall manly figure and his sweet countenance beaming with benevolence.

All his admirable and amiable qualities made his loss be felt the greater and more afflicting.

He was very cheerful and happy-looking all friday; about eleven o'clock at night, he appeared to be falling asleep, — but alas, life was gone!

He lies interred in the cemetery of Montmartre He was followed to his grave by many mourning friends, who knew well how to appreciate his virtues and high qualities. —

The inscription I have put upon his tomb tells the simple truth.

FANNY BYRNE.

ICI REPOSE

MILES BYRNE

CHEF DE BATAILLON AU SERVICE DE FRANCE,

OFFICIER DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR,

CHEVALIER DE SAINT LOUIS.

NÉ A MONASEED, DANS LE COMTÉ DE

WEXFORD EN IRLANDE,

LE 20 MARS 1780,

MORT A PARIS

LE 24 JANVIER 1862.

DANS SA LONGUE CARRIÈRE

IL S'EST TOUJOURS DISTINGUÉ PAR LA DROITURE

ET LA LOYAUTÉ DE SON CARACTÈRE

ET PAR L'ÉLÉVATION DE SES SENTIMENTS.

SINCÈREMENT ATTACHÉ A L'IRLANDE

SON PAYS NATAL,

IL A FIDÈLEMENT SERVI LA FRANCE

SA PATRIE ADOPTIVE.

APPENDIX

—

Copy of a letter from colonel Maire of the 8th regiment of the line to Mr Byrne.

« Milan, 5 novembre 1859.

« Mon bon et cher commandant,

« Lorsque j'ai reçu votre aimable lettre du 2 juin, qui ne m'est parvenue que le 15, les mouvements rapides que nous opérions dans la Lombardie me laissaient peu d'instants disponibles ; j'avais d'ailleurs la responsabilité du commandement du régiment depuis Montebello où mon colonel avait été blessé. J'attendais donc le premier mo-

ment de répit pour vous écrire une lettre aussi longue que possible, quand la bataille de Solferino est arrivée sur les entrefaites. L'engagement avait commencé à quatre heures du matin; vers le milieu de la journée j'avais déjà vu tomber autour de moi dix-huit officiers et je restai seul officier supérieur, blessé moi-même, mais pas assez grièvement, pour abandonner encore la partie : à cinq heures du soir, le régiment avait vingt-deux officiers hors de combat, et j'avais pour ma part reçu trois coups de feu et deux éclats d'obus.

« Malgré la gravité de mes blessures, je me suis tiré d'affaire. Après un séjour de quatre mois à l'ambulance, j'entre en convalescence et j'espère que l'usage des eaux l'année prochaine complètera ma guérison.

« Je dois dire qu'on m'a indemnisé de mes blessures en me nommant colonel du 8e de ligne, quand j'avais à peine un an de grade de lieutenant-colonel. Je compte rentrer en France dans une huitaine de jours pour rejoindre mon nouveau régiment.

« Il n'y a qu'une quinzaine de jours que je peux me permettre d'écrire, et je ne le fais encore qu'avec assez de difficultés, ce qui vous expliquera mon affreux griffonnage.

« Je compte aller à Paris vers le mois de janvier quand je serai un peu plus consolidé, et je serai très-heureux de vous y voir ainsi que madame Byrne, que je prie de vouloir bien agréer mes plus respectueux hommages. Et vous, mon bon et cher commandant, veuillez recevoir la

nouvelle assurance des sentiments les plus affectueux et les plus dévoués de votre ex-sous-lieutenant.

« Baron E. Maire. »

P. S. — Si vous voyez Ferdinand Danner, soyez assez bon pour lui offrir mes bonnes amitiés.

E. M.

Upon Mr Byrne's lamented death at Paris, on the 24th of january, 1862, there appeared in the « Union » (a Paris journal), the following article, written by an old brother officer lieutenant-colonel Mac Sheehy.

NÉCROLOGIE

« Le 27 janvier ont eu lieu à Saint-Philippe du Roule, les obsèques d'un de ces hommes héroïques dignes d'être cités en exemple aux générations présentes et futures. Le chevalier Byrne, vaillant officier de notre ancienne armée, était un chef de bataillon en retraite, chevalier de Saint-Louis, officier de la Légion d'honneur, l'un des derniers survivants de l'insurrection irlandaise de 1798, à laquelle il prit une part glorieuse, notamment aux combats d'Oulard Hill et de Carigrew Hill.

« Quand les forces si considérables envoyées d'Angleterre et commandées par lord Cornwallis durent condamner l'Irlande à n'être plus qu'une province anglaise et que Robert Emmett voulut tenter un dernier effort pour délivrer sa patrie, en 1803, Byrne fut encore un des plus fermes et des plus actifs soutiens de cette nouvelle insurrection, qui échoua encore comme la précédente. On sait le sort qui attendait Robert Emmett. Son frère dut gagner l'Amérique, où il devint un avocat distingué.

« Byrne put s'embarquer pour la France et mettre son épée au service de sa nouvelle patrie d'adoption. Incorporé dans l'infanterie, il tint d'abord garnison en Bretagne et fit partie de cette légion irlandaise qui, émule glorieuse de l'ancienne brigade de ce nom, fournit tant de braves soldats, dont les noms se trouvent encore dans tous les rangs de l'armée, depuis le sous-lieutenant jusqu'au maréchal de France.

« Byrne, après avoir gagné ses premiers grades à Landau, à Mayence, au camp de Boulogne, se distingua surtout en Espagne et en Portugal. En 1814, Carnot le mit à l'ordre du jour lors du siége d'Anvers. En 1828, il partait pour l'expédition de Grèce, et reçut le commandement du château de Morée. Au retour, il fut nommé chef de bataillon au 56e de ligne : ce fut son dernier régiment ; aussi, un de ses anciens lieutenants, « le colonel Danner », en accompagnant les restes du vieux gentilhomme irlandais à sa dernière demeure, a-t-il, d'une voix profondément émue, prononcé ces paroles :

« Au bord de la tombe du digne commandant Byrne, « je viens représenter ses anciens compagnons d'armes, « ceux surtout au milieu desquels il avait atteint le « terme de sa carrière militaire.

« Il avait laissé parmi nous, avec le modèle de ses longs « et honorables services, le souvenir bien plus rare des « sentiments les plus élevés, du cœur le plus loyal, le « plus généreux.

« C'est ce culte de haute estime et de vive affection « dont nous l'avons entouré, de près ou de loin, dans sa « noble vieillesse, que nous venons encore professer ici, « dans les regrets que nous lui témoignons, et qui seront « chez nous ineffaçables comme sa mémoire.

« Au nom de tous vos anciens amis de l'armée, au nom « de vos élèves du 56e régiment, adieu ! notre brave et « excellent commandant, adieu ! »

MILES BYRNE under the name of colonel X.. by J. M. from a letter to the « Irishman » a Dublin newspaper, dated, Paris, 15th january 1860,

« Many a stately old « militaire » is to be seen in the streets of Paris, with white moustache and the small red rosette on his breast; but there is « one » amongst those war-worn ancients whom I wish I could bring vividly before the eyes of your reader, for a reason which will presently appear. Walking on some of these bright winter

days along the avenue of the Champs-Elysées, you may see a tall figure, the splendid ruin of a soldier d'élite, bearing himself still erect under the weight of eighty winters. Aged as he is, the impression which his aspect gives you is not that of a feeble venerableness. The grey eye is keen and proud; the thin face bronzed and worn by war and weather, and the whole bearing of that antique roman head, give the idea, not of decrepitude, but of a certain dashing gallantry. The features are very fine and delicately cut, with the undefineable thorough-bred look, mobile and plastic to every impulse of feeling, of merriment, resentment, benignant kindliness, as they could have been even in the flush of his golden youth. For in truth he is of those rare beings who never grow old; and though he should fill up his century of years, he will not be venerable.

« You perceive that he has the cross of an officer of the legion of honour, and twined with the rosette of that orders is the chocolate-coloured ribbon of the Saint-Helena medal — a decoration which our Anglo-Saxon brethern do not admire,

« An old officer, then, of Napoleon-le-Grand. His rank is that of chef de bataillon, equivalent to that of colonel in the british service, and for all present purposes it will do well enough to call him colonel X... — He has marched over half Europe, and stood full often at the head of his

regiment on the « rough edge of battle » ; served in Spain, in Germany, in Greece, and at Flushing, so that I suppose he has well won his decorations and appointments.

« In all this there is nothing extraordinary. Five hundred french officers, now living, have done all this; and walk when so incline in the Champs-Elysées, fine old heroes, too, with fire still glowing under the grey ashes that strew their heads, and a spirit of fight yet, in any stirring cause. Nevertheless, if you knew all, you would gaze still more earnestly on the face of colonel X... than on that of any of his compeers; for in truth he is the last link that connects our enlightened (but rather shabby) generation with yet older and more terrible scenes than those in which he won his crosses. Other and earlier memories cloud at times his clear grey eyes; and through and beyond the battle smoke and thunder of all Napoleon's fields, he has a vision of the pikemen of New Ross, and hears the fierce hurrah on Oulard hill.

« That is to say, this colonel X... before he served under Napoleon the first, served under Father John Murphy. He was but a youngster of eighteen, when an uncle and his son-in-law, gentlemen of Wexford county, were shot down in cold blood at their own doors by a detachment of the « Ancient Britons » lest they might have been perhaps implicated in the united irish society, or would, could,

or should be there after implicated. Bands of the peasantry whose houses had been burned down, were ranging the hills, and at length, in desperation, under Father Murphy and the tall youngster, now colonel X... they went to meet the Wexford militia cavalry on their march, barricaded the road before them and behind, went in on them with pikes and forks, — sand one of the captains, one observer and one serjeant escaped alive to tell the tale that the rebels were « up. »

« Shortly after, on Oulard hill, the insurgent stood ranged, with a common meering ditch in front, waiting the assault of several regiments advancing to attack them. The regiment of North Cork militia led the assault and arrived first on the brow of the hill, when the light-limbed pikemen, with the same young X... in their front, leaped the ditch, and swept down upon the North Cork in a tempest of steel.

« The men were fresh, the pikes were thirsty; the soldiers would have run if they could, but these agile mountaineers, long of wind and unembarrassed by knapsack, were upon them in a few strides, and the North Cork militia being suddenly abolished, disappeared from all army lists and muster « effectives » from that day.

« Throughout all the campaign of those few but bloody weeks, X... had his share both in victory and in defeat. He and his men were beaten at Arklow ; but on the other

hand he had the gratification of destroying general Walpole's force.

« Again, he unhappily missed the righteous sacrifice of Ballyellis, where those atrocious « Ancient Britons », basest and bloodiest of Carhampton's banditti, were piked to the last bandit.

« At Vinegar hill, he led a band of pikemen, and through that long and disastrous day, helped to keep the last strong hold of the insurrection against a british army of twenty thousand men.

« When all was lost, he joined Holt amongst the Wicklow mountains, and kept the banner of the cause flying to the last. In fact it was not until, by the failure of Emmett's attempt, Ireland was ruined and lost for that generation that he entered the french service in the irish legion.

« Here then, is one of the « french colonels » who has somewhat to add to the account they keep open. He, as well as they, has the debt of Waterloo to balance; the stain and sting of Saint-Helena to wash out; and over and above, he throws into the debtor side of the book, Vinegar hill to be atoned. Not that there is the slightest shade of malignity in the noble old man; nor so much as a vindictive feeling; but there stands the account open. He knows that a just God reigneth on the earth; as a

frenchman and as an irishman, he feels that the balance must be struck; and, whenever the shifting scenes of diplomacy appear to open a prospect that a kind Providence is about to bring the hour of final settlement, even now, — even in this his day, — a flush burns on the ancient warrior's thin cheek, and the hand that has swayed the sword for two generations trembles like a « maiden's. »

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